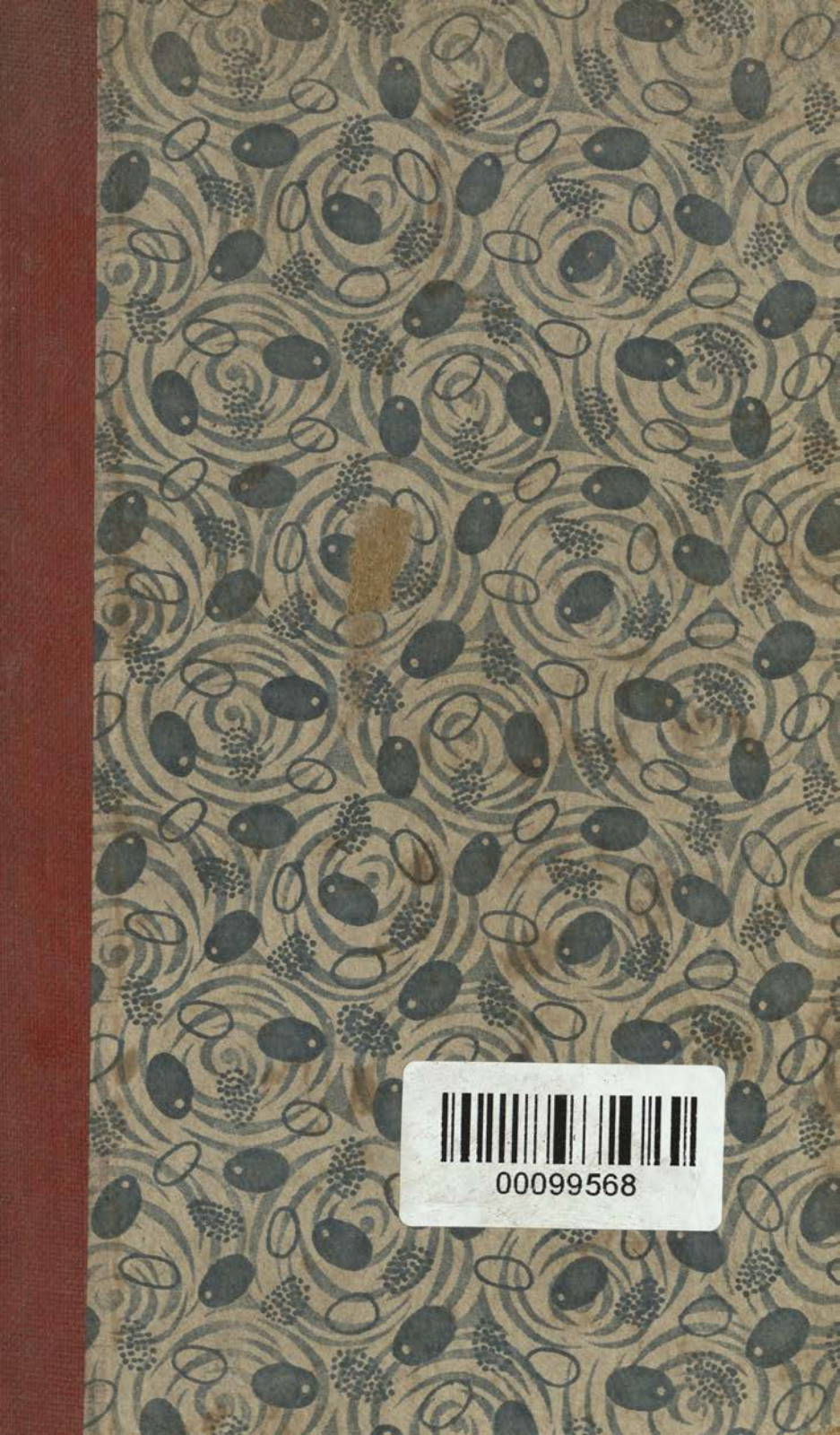
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THE ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE

FROM JUNE, 1828, *TO JUNE*, 1833.

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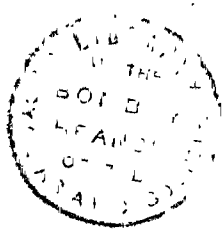
IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.



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THE

RIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 1.—JUNE, 1828.

TIGER HUNTING.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

Sir,

From the moment your right-welcome and long-wished-for advertisement caught my eye, I determined not only to become a subscriber, but, as every sportsman should do as much as is in his power, to try my hand as a contributor, in the hope of being able to add a little to the pleasure a periodical of this kind cannot fail affording. It is, in my opinion, a duty incumbent on every true sportsman to do his utmost to given the first production of the kind as yet published in India, more especially as it cannot reasonably be affirmed that this portion of the British Empire is not able to afford ample means of furthering the object in view to as great a degree as is requisite. What, indeed, is to prevent the Indian Sporting Magazine from rivalling its more ancient namesake in England, at least in field sports? A man must be sanguine indeed to expect racing in this country to come near Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket, and Doncaster; but still, though we cannot come up to the mark on that score, surely the Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay Turf Meetings afford more than ample materials to fill the racing portion of the Magazine you have so laudably and high-spiritedly got up? It has always appeared to me extraordinary, that at so large and so sporting a place as Calcutta, where, amongst other things, a pack of thoroughbred English foxhounds afford such splendid sport, no periodical of this nature has yet made its appearance.* Once or twice, indeed, letters were inserted in one of the newspapers, which, though few in number, gave much pleasure to those in whom the heat of the climate had not lulled all sporting feeling; but whether from a lack of anecdote, or from the writer having broken his collar bone or some other member in one of the *raspers* he so well describes his friends as *swinging at*, I cannot say, but certain it is they soon ceased, and from that time to this I should not have recollected the hounds were even in

* We believe our correspondent is mistaken in this instance. There *is* a Racing Calendar published at Calcutta monthly.—Ed.

existence was it not for an occasional notice to this effect—"The Calcutta Hounds meet this day, at——." Now, Sir, this very notice invariably creates such a sensation in me, that not once, but fifty times, have I determined on having—if it is but one run with them; but as often have such serious obstacles presented themselves as to present the possibility of so long a trip, and I have nothing for it but to take a gallop with the Ahmednuggur pack; or to try my hand and blade at what many think the more noble and animating sport of hog-hunting. Leaving this interesting discussion for a future opportunity, and resting assured that such true sportsmen as our brother foxhunters at Calcutta will not fail to enliven your pages with anecdotes of a sport of such paramount interest to all who have ever had but a *breathing* of it at home, I proceed to the subject I have selected for this letter, not from any preference of it to the other noble sport of which I intend (should my present labours prove acceptable) to treat in some future number, but from the circumstance of my never having met with a minute description of a *tiger hunt* in all its bearings, not to mention the excessive ignorance of everything concerning it which I have lately unexpectedly witnessed. In this noble sport, it is scarcely necessary to say, a good steady elephant is everything—and as very erroneous ideas exist as to the powers and management of this animal, it may not be amiss to give a slight motion of what he *can* do, and at the same time correct some strange fancies in which the good people at home are apt to indulge, as to whether a Bentick or Chifney bit be the better adapted for holding our formidable friend, or whether a good thick rope round his trunk is not better than eith To men living in India, one wo suppose the mode of manag this animal could be no secret, to my utter surprise I fo the contrary to be the case a very short time ago, which r be my excuse for entering on s a subject in this place. F then, for the benefit of those utter darkness on this impor point, this huge beast, so far f having bridle, bearing rein, curb, is entirely managed b man sitting on his neck, w ropes as stirrups, and armed w an instrument sharp at the po and the crook. This being press with the point to his head, for him forwards; on either ear w the crook, sideways; and on t forehead in the same manner, st him. On the management of t instrument the paces and directi of the elephant depend, to utter exclusion of the strong ropes and very best reins that e were made. To a want of kno ledge on the point I have just plained, a gentleman of my quaintance very nearly met w a serious accident. Riding one evening on an elepha the owner of which was incli *for lark*, a sign was made to Mahout* to put him into his b pace (no joke in a shaking point o view), which was no sooner done than my friend was informed, in a tone of despair, that the bridle had slipped out of his mouth, and tha he was running away. Thinking that every moment was precious, and scarcely giving time for a "Good God!" my friend was or all fours on the ground, having leapt from the howdah,† a heigh

* Pronounced the first syllable short and last long,—the native name for the driver.

† Howdah, the box in which th riders are seated—it contains two seats in front and one behind. There is no

full ten feet! In spite of the ence of the most approved dles, it is perfectly surprising at this huge and clumsy animal *do.* It is not even reasonable expect a person to believe the vers it has until he has actually n them exercised. In fact, n tiger-shooting on the banks of e rivers, or in *descending steep nes*, to a man unaccustomed he sort of thing, all recollec- of the tiger is completely and the only thing to think s, how, in heaven's name, to pe *going bodily to the bottom.* ppose yourself, for an instant, sporting reader, seated on a ge beast, in a *shut up box* full feet high, on the edge of a k full ten or fifteen more, ut to make the best of your y to the bottom without going y much out of the perpen- ular. Suppose yourself on the nt of descending, and looking d at a large thorn bush about ty feet distant as the point most ly to pitch on in case of a fall tis enough to turn your blood l and try your nerve to its ut- st. Riding over the stiffest ntry is a mere joke to it—*there* have but a horse to fall on u; *in this* you have a monster, e of whose feet would crush a an to atoms. The only resource o an inexperienced hand is, to do what is often done at home when rawing a large and difficult cover, x-hunting, in a part of the coun- y to which you are a stranger— hat is, to keep your eye on a real ood one, and you won't be far rong. Just so in what appears o small dilemma in tiger-shoot- g. The best thing to be done to watch your more experienced friend's countenance, and if he does not appear alarmed, depend on it there is very little occasion for you to be. A little experience, however, soon removes the alarm that every man, let his nerve be what it will, must naturally feel in his first crossing a difficult country; for when once the method by which the elephant descends and ascends places that seem for so clumsy an animal actually impracticable becomes understood, the risk appears so very trifling, if any, indeed, that all feeling of alarm is soon lost. This method is simple enough—on descending, he drops his hind quarters to the ground while he stands erect on his fore legs, taking each step with the greatest caution —on ascending, the reverse takes place, dropping on his fore whilst erect on the hind quarters, and in this manner, slow but sure, he ascends places that no horse could, even with the best and boldest rider on his back. So far, then, there appears but little danger on a quiet elephant, but in the case of one that charges or runs away from a tiger, a seat in the howdah is not the most enviable situation in the world. In either of the two cases, not only is there the risk of falling into any ravine the elephant may suddenly come on, but a far greater—that of being carried against the branches of trees; for although he takes good care not to hurt himself, he forgets his friends in the howdah, who, whilst *he* passes under, come in contact with the boughs. Such accidents but seldom indeed occur, probably from the resorts of tigers being in jungles where large trees are rarely to be met with, as well as from sportsmen not being fools enough *often* to put themselves in jeopardy on brutes of such dispositions. When an elephant *does* take to his scrapers, it is wonder-

om for lounging—in the front is a box nning along the width of the howdah, put powder horns and balls in: the owdah is tied round the elephant's body ith strong ropes and chains.

ful *(considering the animal)* the rate he goes at. He is quite incapable of raising himself into a canter; but notwithstanding, when at the height of his speed, which is a sort of shuffle, neither resembling a trot or a walk, will keep a horse at a hand-gallop for some considerable distance. Hurried over an unknown country at this pace, at an elevation of ten feet from the ground, with not the smallest command over him, in momentary expectation of coming on to the steep bank of a ravine or advancing full on a clump of low spreading trees, every one of which appears to have a branch, as it were, expressly made for the purpose of dashing the howdah to atoms, a man must have nerves indeed that is not considerably discomposed; and I think may be fairly said to have very strong claims to an apartment and strait-jacket in the nearest lunatic asylum should he venture tiger-shooting on an obstreperous animal for the future. It may very naturally be asked, what the Mahout is doing whilst the elephant is running away? Why, he is digging the instrument up to the very crook into his head, with just as little effect as if he was striking it into a log of wood. Bad as this extreme is, almost as bad is the other, that of charging and chasing the tiger. This dangerous habit, destructive of all sport, is usually brought on by taking the elephant straight up to the tiger, and allowing him to trample on him when dead. From this he becomes so ferocious and impatient, that the instant he even smells his game he charges into the thicket where the tiger is lying, without the possibility of the sportsmen getting a fair shot from the excessive motion, so that the chances are ten to one against killing, and at least those odds in favour of an accident. Leaving these two unpleasant extremes, must now take a look at a thoro tiger-hunter, an animal on wh back there is *as little* danger, not *less*, than in any other spor the world. To give a man a re for this diversion he should initiated on such an elephant a now to be seen in Candeish, property of a sportsman, w whether in the howdah or saddle, is possessed of nerve skill as very, *very* few can eq and none surpass. Such a pe picture of patience, gentleness, boldness as this animal exhi when in the field, cannot but co mand the admiration of every who has been fortunate enough witness it. From 8 in the mo ing until 6 in the evening, of enough, has he been toiling wh ever bidden in the heat of broiling sun in the hottest mo in the year, without apparen any other feeling than that pleasing his master. Draw somewhat too much, however, his patience one day, in a differ cause from the one in which have been viewing him, the M hout received a lesson which will recollect to the last day his existence. Thinking, I s pose, that the poor beast's tience was proof against ever thing, he thought fit to mak away with some of his wheate cakes (with which every elephan is fed once a day). How long th elephant put up with this is n known, but it is clearly evident was at least tried one day to often, for at feeding time, comin up to the elephant as usual, th beast seized him in his trunk, an after having shaken him till h could scarcely speak, took up good thick stick (part of t small branch of a tree on t leaves of which he feeds) in h trunk, and belaboured the Maho unmercifully, until rescued h

ne of his assistants. I need rcely add, no more bread was len. If by some means we ld manage to instil into our rses the propriety of thus taking law into their own hands en their grain is stolen (a thing ich takes place regularly every in more than half the gentle- n's stables throughout the ntry*), we should be spared sight of the bags of skin and e which are daily to be wit- sed, as well as the cause for *der*, how the deuce one's horses p so thin though *stuffed* with ain—if we could see the pockets our grooms we should soon see here the stuffing lies! I have ard of horses in England who uld not allow a man to come to their stall from the time their ain was thrown down until it as all eaten. I wish we could t a little sense of this kind into e heads of our high-bred little rabs! This letter having al- ady, Mr. Editor, far exceeded hat I originally intended on the bject of the elephant, with om I have not yet done, I ll confine myself for the sent to the *implements* of tiger- oting, reserving the particulars a party in which I was but ately engaged for your next num- er. It would be unpardonable, whilst on the subject of implements, not to mention a *piece of artillery* that I lately saw whilst in Candeish, admirably adapted for this sport; it is a double-barrelled $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounce detonating rifle: the makers I have forgotten, but there are so many excellent gunsmiths in equal repute, that the name is of very little consequence. This, and another exactly like it, were purchased in Bombay but a short time ago, and are the only ones of the kind ever sent out to this presidency. No sportsman, fond of tiger-shooting, should hesitate to commission a tool of this kind from England: its weight is a matter of not the least consequence in a howdah, where it never need be handled until the instant it is to be made use of—in fact, in my opinion it is much in its favour (the trouble of carrying it being disposed of), as it prevents the aim being disconcerted in pulling the trigger, which, in a light gun, unless on a rest, appears to be unavoidable. A single ball taking effect is ample for anything short of a full-grown tiger, and even with the largest its weight and size are such as to render his escape, after a body wound, almost impossible. To any gentleman commissioning one, I strongly recommend the bullet mould being made a trifle smaller than usual, which will remedy the inconvenience of being obliged to hammer at a light ball at a moment when quick loading is of the greatest importance. The balls should not be so small as to require cloth round them, which would almost be as bad as the opposite extreme, for it is not always that there is time to spare to stop the elephant, and the adjusting the cloth during the motion attendant even on a slow walk would be no easy matter. To prevent the chance of an acci-

* We cannot help thinking that the frauds practised by Ghora wallahs, so universally known, might be put a stop to if gentlemen would but condescend to *see* their animals fed, or entrust the duty to a Portuguese servant, with whom and the horsekeepers there is little or no sympathy. A friend of ours, possessing no inconsiderable stud, invariably has his cattle brought to the door of his house, each with its allowance of gram portioned out in gram bags. He takes a peep into the bags, which are then slipped over the horse's ears, and the animals are never sent from the door till every grain is eaten. The consequence is, that the poor beasts are always in capital condition.—Ed.

dent, all guns used in the howdah should have *stops*—to *set* them is the work of a moment, and when it is recollected how small and confined a thing a howdah is, and how, by a sudden jerk of the elephant at the moment of loading, you may be thrown against your friend, or he against you, and considering how easily his leg might, in the confusion, strike the cock of your gun, the danger will appear not only *not* a fanciful notion, but a thing which is really not unlikely to happen. Even putting that aside, nothing is so common as to draw up the gun when loaded with a good deal of force, in order to get it quickly up to the shoulder; and considering the small space between the box for your powder-horn and balls *in front*, and the projecting ledge of the seat *behind*, there is a very great probability of its striking either the one or the other, especially if there be any great motion —should it unluckily happen to be the cock, the force with which the gun is taken up would be quite sufficient to draw it back, and if not enough to *hitch* it at the *full* cock some serious accident is almost certain. None but detonators should be brought on an elephant—putting aside the quickness and certainty of fire in these guns to what the flint ones can boast, another solid advantage exists, that of saving your own, or your friend's, *face*, as the case may be. A man who has never felt what the powder from the touchhole of a flint gun can effect, may perhaps think lightly of this advantage; but those who *have* felt it, know full well it is a solid one. A *self-primer* is the very devil, and *never* should be admitted—not only *might* a man lose his eye, but is *certain* of suffering excruciating pain whenever a self-primer may be fired within two feet of his face. It frequen does and must happen that yo companion's gun be within ha that of, and indeed *nearer sti* your face, whenever the tiger m on your side of the elephant, stead of straight ahead, or nea so. In the exigency of the m ment the gun is discharged, wi out any recollection or thought what must infallibly happen, at the time the greatest compos and nicety of aim are requi How my brother sportsm might command their temper a coolness with half a charge powder lodged fairly in the faces, I can't of course say, b this I know, that I myself, n being blessed with the temper the quaker, who, when his fing was crushed in the door of t mail, quietly begged the guar to "be good enough to open t door again, as he had jammed h thumb," should be apt to lea the tiger to charge, and conte myself with a volley of *blessin* as the most approved way of co ing the rage with which I shou be burning. I would not s "*thank ye*" for a sportsman t could not be roused when at critical moment anything g wrong. I love to see a ma wound up to a pitch, and the fairly out with it in good round style—there is something English in it. A man that screws himself up and restrains, is sure to be sulky; and of all things in the world that I detest from the bottom of my heart, is a sulky sportsman! I recollect a story told of a friend of mine now in England, which, though I don't know how it will appear on paper, amused me not a little at the time: he was tiger-shooting on an elephant belonging to a well-known hand at this work (who can show a list of one hundred royal tigers slain in the short space of two or three

rs), who is now, however, lead-
a more quiet life in Bombay.
e tiger was found, and on turn-
round a tree in pursuit of
r game, a large branch struck
howdah with such violence
nearly to throw out my friend,
, intent on the tiger, was quite
repared. Taking for granted,
e hurry of the moment, that
ompanion had done it on pur-
, and without even thinking of
impossibility of his being able
o so even if he had tried, he
ned round towards his compan-
, saying to him (who was also
odged), showing not the most
ene countenance in the world,
ome, I'll *thank* you not to do
t again." What with the
wder in my face and this last
ecdote, I find, Mr. Editor, I
ve completely forgotten the
hout, who, insignificant as he
ks perched on the elephant's
k, is, I assure you, a personage
t deserves no neglect. I never
one of these poor fellows
sed and dancing from side to
e at every motion of the ani-
l's neck but that I pity him
ost heartily—on the *back* of an
ephant it is bad enough, but the
aking *he* undergoes must at
st shorten his life some twelve
fifteen year. He should be as
atient and bold as the animal he
anages. Woe be to the poor
east who should happen to have
passionate driver and violent
aster. The least thing going
rong puts the master into a gale,
hich is instantly showered on
he Mahout in whole volleys, and
s instantly paid off by him on the
lephant, who for every well-
urned oath receives a dig in the
ead. The liberties, indeed, taken
with the poor brute's head perfect-
y astonishes a man at first, but,
ike the eels, I suppose, the elephant
gets accustomed to it, for it is all
aken quietly enough, a point
which relieved me from some anxiety the first time I lost sight of the instrument up to the crook in his noddle. As I observed above, he ought to be bold as a lion, for in the first place he is no great distance from the ground, the very top of his head being only on a level with the bottom of the howdah (which is at least a foot high, and more from the floor to the seat), his feet hanging down nearly to the bottom of the elephant's ears, and defended by them; and in the second place, from the head being the most likely part for a tiger to spring at. With this staring him in the face, and in the momentary expectation of a charge from a furious tiger, a man not possessed of cool courage is very likely not to bring his elephant properly up, and still more likely to add not a little to the *unsteadiness* of the beast, should he be at all *so* inclined. This animal, like every other, soon finds what his rider is made of. Let a bold rider cross a horse usually ridden by a timid sportsman—what spurring and screwing there is at the very first fence. It cannot be expected, then, an elephant should be steady whilst the Mahout is trembling! I am certain that many a one that runs away might be brought well to the *scratch* by a real good Mahout. On coming into action he should not be taken too close—twenty yards is quite near enough to insure a good aim, and when stopped for the fire his head should be turned to one side or the other—not straight facing the tiger. Sometimes, when a tiger is very close and will not come out, it is requisite to go close, but the maxim above is a *general* rule. On the tiger being killed, many persons give to the elephant, as a reward, some sugar, or something of that kind; whilst others allow

him to kick and trample the carcase, which is as certain a thing to teach an elephant to *charge* as can be devised, a fault, as before observed, very *nearly*, if not *quite*, as bad as *running away*. I once heard of rather an awkward accident happening to a Mahout, who, it will appear, runs other risks than those from the tiger. A gentleman, by some extraordinary mismanagement, when firing at the tiger, shot the Mahout in the leg, who immediately turning round with his hands joined (after the native style when addressing a great man) and the greatest coolness imaginable, thus informed his master, "*Your slave is wounded.*" Leaving the Mahout for the present, I must proceed to explain some little points, lest I should mislead. I said some time ago that, when once acquainted with the method by which the elephant gets up and down steep places, all fear vanishes — now what I wish to explain is, that there *are* predicaments which for an instant turn a man's blood cold, even after he has seen what the elephant *can* do. These are narrow but deep channels cut by the heavy rains at the bottom of ravines, and sometimes covered with grass. Now a place of this kind, though a mere jump for a horse, still appears very awkward for an elephant, who has not the power of springing. There is nothing for it but to step over, and the pause before this said step is made, although it clearly shows what care the animal is taking, still causes such a strain on the nerves, that even habit cannot reconcile — at least to me. I do not profess to have the nerve many men have, and (as they say in the House of Commons) I am free to confess that whenever I saw the huge feet surely and steadily planted on the opposite side, I felt a very heavy load taken off, though not, a all, without a bit of a twinge w a piece of the bank just beh his paw rustled through the g to the bottom. One can sc imagine any place near the of a bank sufficiently solid to port such a weight as that large elephant—and probably is the reason why the idea of ger does not wear off as soon other cases. This, bad enoug absolutely *nothing* compared what it is when the elephan pressed at what he either th he cannot do or won't try—t comes the rub—all the res plain sailing to this backing filling work. The constant tempts of the animal to get a from the place, and the numl less digs at his head by the hout, each accompanied witl grunt such as paviours are in habit of saluting one's ears witl every blow on the stone (at l such was the case before Macad put all their noses out of joint certainly not a pleasant state t boxed up in, especially when cannot get rid of the idea that elephant *would* try if he had a chance of succeeding, and con quently that he is forced at w he cannot overcome. Nothing the greatest experience can tel man the *utmost* the animal can so it may readily be understood what a state a man must be wh knows very *little* about his powe and withal perched up ten fe from mother earth. To the ine perienced I cannot do better tha repeat my former advice—to kee your eye on your friend, and to r collect at the same time that if th thing is *not* to be done, the *Maho* is not such a fool as to try. T crown everything, what think yo my sporting reader, all this tim having the tiger within hail of yo ready to secure—in fact, his mou watering for a delicate bit

e flesh, for although a beast prey he is epicure enough to fer a white man to a black. A umstance fully as bad as what ave described actually hap- l, no very long time ago, to a d of mine, who had, I suspect, mall hand in getting up *this Sporting Magazine;* * not that e any further reasons for say- o than the spirit he invaria- lows, wherever he may be (he very lately at Bombay), of oting to the utmost every- g connected with Sporting. l relate the story as I heard here is not a doubt of the h of it, though I may be ng in some trifling particulars. iger having been reported, my nd and another gentleman, who also seen the *end of a few rs*, sallied forth on a female hant that hitherto had been ried—at least in Candeish. tiger was soon on foot, when, he utter discomfiture of our tsmen, the elephant, who ngst other accomplishments been taught to *dance*, thought on finding herself near the r, to commence a *pas seul*, gh to what air I never could n, unless it was "Off she s"—for going suddenly down her belly, she very quickly sent friend of the howdah on to the ne ground with the tiger. *Both* re dislodged, but his companion cceeded in retaining his hold, nd eventually got into his seat, hilst my friend had only just me to get out of reach up a tree, —which I believe he never could ave effected had it not been for me Bheels who caught hold of him and pulled him up, when the tiger came roaring to the spot. His companion was soon out of danger, for the Mahout, liking the nearness to the ground on such an occasion as little as the gentleman himself, her ladyship was very soon informed, not in the most gentle possible way, that it was not precisely the time to trip the light fantastic toe. Whether this was one of those elephants not unfrequently sent to this side of India with high characters as tiger-hunters, I don't know; but there *have* been one or two lately, I hear, that are not a jot more to be trusted in the field than the one whose ill-timed tricks were played at the hazard of valuable lives.

Having now pretty well exhausted the patience of my reader on the subject of the elephant, concerning whom very little remains to be told excepting his actual appearance on the field, I must give a slight idea of the men who are employed in finding the game. No race of men of whatever country can *surpass* the Bheels of Candeish in this difficult operation. The difficulty needs only to be looked at for a moment to be fully comprehended. There is not a man who has set foot on India for an hour that does not know what an excessive and painful glare there is in the heat of the day thrown off the ground. Conceive, then, in the *hottest part of the day* in *the hottest season of the year*, with the wind, as hot as ——, blowing clouds of dust, the labour and difficulty of tracking the foot-marks of a tiger over ground of all descriptions, sometimes black soil as hot as a furnace, sometimes a white sandy, and at other times grassy, country—of course, if the grass be in large quantities, without every here and there a bare piece of ground, to follow the track must be impossible—

* We can honestly assure our lively correspondent that this Magazine was entirely planned and originated by ourselves. The only aid we have received in the way of advice or suggestion has been from Major G. Moore, the Brigade Major to King's Troops.—Ed.

grass, however, being generally thin, there is just a possibility, and wherever this bare possibility exists the Bheels are sure to make good the track. Now in a case where the difficulty is great, it is of course necessary to stoop down as near the ground as possible, and in this way these men labour for hours, and sometimes whole days, from daybreak to sunset. Feeling, as we do, even a little glare, through a door or window, and keeping in mind the very great and particularly oppressive heat coming from the ground in the hot season, one may indeed be allowed to wonder of what sort of stuff their eyes can be made. If Dr. Richmond, much as he has seen of the ill effects of glare and dust in this country, could only witness one day's work tracking a tiger, I think he would be puzzled indeed to account for these Bheels keeping their eyesight, even for a year—not only keeping *it at all*, but actually much stronger and more acute than any other caste of natives in the country. For a man fond of tiger-shooting a roving life is the one best adapted, and the lighter he travels the better: he can then change his ground rapidly in whatever direction information may be forthcoming. On arriving at a new jungle, the Bheels proceed at the first dawn to the spot at which the tiger is supposed to come nightly to drink. Should he have been there not later even than *two* nights before, his track, old and partially defaced as it must be by the force of the wind blowing throughout the day, is sufficient—every man instantly sets to work, and the tracking is carefully carried on in dead silence by a simple point with an arrow or stick by the man who is leading. On coming to a fault, the whole body spread in different directions until again on the *scent*, and in

til again on the *scent*, and in
way they carry on the old t
until they find the spot where
tiger was *only the night before*,
having thus got on to the
marks, proceed rapidly. The
being now traced to some
cover, and the track fairly ca
into it, the next point is to a
tain whether he has gone thr
Should the marks be found
further side, the work proce
before. Should, however, no
of him appear in any dire
the tiger is said to be found
information is instantly dispat
to the tents. To *surround* h
the next thing to be done, an
time is lost in procuring men f
the nearest village. A suffici
number having arrived, a la
circle is made at a consider
distance from the spot where
tiger is couched, each man o
pying a tree sufficiently high t
clearly out of reach of a spr
As the certainty of killing
pends in a very great degre
this circle, it may be as wel
give a notion of the way in w
it acts on the tiger. It will
ily occur to every one that,
posing the tiger not to be disa
by the first discharge, he will
mediately take to his heels
make the best of his way f
such hot quarters. The object
the circle is to prevent this, a
to keep him within it until kill
This is easily effected, supposi
it completely formed, which mu
of course depend on the tre
being favourably placed, no pe
son being allowed to remain o
the ground (unless it should be
steep ravine country, in whi
there is no danger from placi
two men together on a high bank
On the approach of the tiger aft
the first fire, for we must suppo
the elephant arrived, each man,
the trees nearest the point he
making for begins to *cough a*

should the tiger not turn back this, which but rarely hap- it is increased to a greater , and finally a halloa. This carcely ever fails, and the is seen sneaking back into est and thickest covers he d. The sportsmen having g this time reloaded, the ele- is again brought up to the ointed out by the men in the and the tiger is in this man- riven from the bush to the and thence back again, un- atal shot puts an end to the This, I need hardly say, nfrequently happens at the first discharge, and *often* not even ten or twelve. Suppos- he circle to be imperfect, and tiger by chance to make for pen point and get clear, the smen and Bheels join in ursuit, either by view, if the e be not very thick, or else cing, the elephant beating thick and likely spot, and the ready at a whistle (the sig- on such occasions), to make he first tree to be found, , considering the whole ry is a mass of short stunted e wood, is constantly at hand. ld the tiger be again found, h if it be still early in the s almost certain, every exer- is made once more to encircle and prevent the possibility second escape. With good heavy metal, a steady elephant, cool sportsmen, and active Bheels, the odds are, unless the country be extremely difficult, at least fifteen to one in favour of any tiger being killed. The larger the animal the easier killed, is a maxim that holds good not only with tigers but in every field sport except fox-hunting, for *there* a fine large dog fox is a sure indication of a splitting chase. Having already, my dear Mr. Editor, trespassed more on your space than you could, I am sure, well spare, I intend, unless I should be bound over in recognisances never to take a pen in hand again, to give in your next the particulars of a party in which I was lately engaged, which, if I am not much mistaken, will prove of a far more interesting nature than a preliminary letter such as this can possibly aspire to be. As I purpose at some period hereafter to give you a line or two on hog-hunting, and, what must appear quite a novelty on this side of India, *fox-hunting*, I will at once make use of a name which, though not much adapted to the sport I have entered on (though I beg to remind you it is as often called tiger-hunting as tiger-shooting), will serve better than any other for the rest. So without further discussion, subscribe myself,

NIMROD IN THE EAST.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

I will offer no apology for ding the enclosed most admir- e song to decorate the pages of r first volume. I have writ- it from memory, but believe o be correct, as I have heard well-known author sing it re- tedly. I had the good fortune to be present at the chase that gave rise to it, and certainly if ever such a brute as a Boar deserved the immortality of verse, the grey veteran we killed that morning had an unrivalled claim to such distinction. He was a perfect monster—ran with the foot of the deer and charged with

the force of the buffalo—he killed one horse dead on the spot, and ripped two others very severely. With our spears all broken, and our nags done up, we were obliged to dismount and sabre him. I wish you could persuade the author of the song to give you a description of that hunt from his pen: it would be highly picturesque and interesting. To one who has ever shown such zeal and ardour in every sport, perhaps this hint would be sufficient to induce him to assist in supporting your Magazine. He has a bushel of original Sporting Songs.

Your well-wisher,
W. X.

THE NEXT GREY BOAR WE SEE!

The boar, the mighty boar's my theme,
Whate'er the wise may say,
My morning thought, my midnight dream,
My hope throughout the day:
Youth's daring spirit, manhood's fire,
Firm hand and eagle eye,
Do they require, who dare aspire,
To see the wild boar die!
Then pledge the boar, the mighty boar,
Fill high the cup with me,
Here's luck to all, that fea
fall,
And the NEXT GREY BOAR WE

We envy not the rich their w
Nor kings their crown'd
The saddle is our crown of
Our sceptre is the spear;
We rival too the warrior's p
Deep stain'd with purple
For our field of fame's the
side,
And our foe, the jungle boa
Then pledge the boar
mighty boar,
Fill high the cup with me
Here's luck to all, that fe
fall,
And the NEXT GREY BOAR WE

When age hath weaken'd
hood's pow'rs,
And every nerve unbraced
These scenes of joy will st
ours,
On memory's tablet traced
For with the friends whom
hath spared,
When youth's wild cour
run,
We'll tell of the chases w
shared,
And the tusks that we
won!
Then pledge the boar, the m
boar,
Fill high the cup with me,
Here's luck to all, that fear
fall,
And the NEXT GREY BOAR WE S

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I am a young one, just coming on the turf—coming it strong too—and I wish to gather information on various subjects connected with *racing*, which the old turfites around me seem unwilling to communicate. Now, I know there are several men of sport celebrity who have retired fr the Course (a cit would say, *off business*), who could (if t would) afford me very valua hints and enable me to keep f with my more experienced c petitors. Through the medi

of your intended Magazine they probably may be induced to assist me with their advice, and though by this my antagonists should reap some advantage, still the greater gain would be on my side, and I seriously shall feel greatly indebted for any hints that will give me a clearer knowledge of the mysteries of the stable.

My stud at present consists of three well-known horses, all aged, say, 8 years old—four maidens, two six and two fresh five, three colts of 3 and 4. None of them in condition, their coats staring and bellies as large as mares in foal. Now, what system of diet and exercise should I adopt to bring them into proper order to begin their training in October next?

One colt is delicate in feeding, but the others eat like devils—in fact, if their legs prove as nimble as their jaws, I shall certainly turn up a trump or two out of them next meeting. How should I commence their training, and what grain is the best to train upon? Should they be allowed to eat and drink as much as they like, or should they have so many pounds of hay, and so many drams of water? Should they be muzzled during the night before they are to run?

Should they have beer or brandy-and-water between the heats? Both, I have been told, are frequently given—but my informer may have been humbugging, though I have heard it confidently asserted that a knowing hand on the Mhow Course used to soak his gram in gin. By-the-by, what flickers they do turn up on that course, and what prime descriptions they have always given of their races! Some people say that their course is short, but that must be all spite, for see how their horses ran afterwards at Baroda and Meerut and Cawnpore—no, there must be something else in it. Talking of short courses, how came the Poona Turf characters to make such a mistake in theirs as 52 yards?—But I am forgetting my own business. I see many horses with their legs bandaged with wet cloths—what the deuce can that be for? There, that's all I want to know at present; so good-bye—I wish success to your Magazine, and ever am

Yours very faithfully,
A NOVICE.

Poona, 24th April, 1828.

TALES OF THE TINKERS.

'Twas when field sports were in their prime,
When rival hog-hunts had begun
Their deeds of daring, and old Time
Found, as he flew o'er Deccan clime,
Each picnic day a day of fun;
When in the flush of DOUBLE-FULL
Sportsmen, like truants broke from school,
Enjoy'd their field-prank, jest and joke,
The merriest beings upon earth,
'Ere lean HALF-BATTA came, to poke
Her meagre face 'twixt man and mirth;
When jungles fringed each halting ground
And game from each green bush around
Started at every passing tramp,

And Subalterns, for sport agog,
Saw, in mid-day, sounders of hog
Dash thro' the middle of their camp!

Sad, sad that folly should cut short
Even then, some twigs of that bright wreath
Of exiled fellowship, which sport
And friendly feeling help'd to wattle;
Sadder, that men should sink beneath
The DICE, the HOOKAH, and the BOTTLE,
And oh! that they should learn these maddening
Vices on Deccan land, most saddening—

One morn, in days so different,
While their bold comrades were away
In quest of Hog, within their tent
Three soaking Subs conversing lay;
And as they heard the hunters' shout,
The Slogan of the wild boar's death,
That now from time to time pealed out
From granite cliff and jungle green,
From river-bed and dark ravine,
Each paused, more gently drew his breath
Until the leaping echoes died
Upon the rocky mountain side,
Then with remorse or something such
Gazing upon each other, they
Beheld with feelings of despair
How dissipation's deadly touch
Had dimmed their eye, grizzled their hair,
And stamp'd their features with decay
'Ere time had traced a furrow there.

Of sport they spoke, its rules and laws,
Of sport which they no more should see,
And 'twixt each long and lengthening pause
Tippled pale ale and sangaree,
Till each agreed for recreation
The history of their lives to give,
Since now their much prolonged libation
Had made them rather talkative.

The first who spoke was one who'd follow'd
The game least wildly of the three,
A fellow of deep draught, who swallow'd
Brandy and beer incessantly,
Who in his better days, tho' not
Of those who dare all dangers, still
Was far above the snobbish lot
That coax the plain* and skulk the hill,
That spurt along each level space
Striving the leading lads to pass,
Till they no more a path can trace,
And then pull up at the long grass—
That crane † the nullah, crawl the steep,
And horse in hand dismounted creep
Down every fiddle-faddle slope—
That fish for fords ‡ when streams are deep,
And skirt the jungle in the hope
The jaded Boar may cross their way;
That hunt, in fact, as if by scent

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* *Coaxing* the plain—is a stupid trick practised by none but Johnny Raws and *Spoons*, who, fearful of facing a steep hill, keep towards the level ground in hopes of a lucky turn.

† *Craning*—is that sort of poke-neck system adopted by the tender and timid rider when he comes upon the brink of a nullah and had rather *look* than *leap* over it.

‡ *Ford-fishers* — are hydrophiatic personages, who, instead of boldly dashing into a river after the Hog, prefer toddling down the bank until they find a shallow place to cross.

Canter with *judgment* thro' the day
And get a spear by accident—
No, he tho' but a Tinker,* yet
Was far above that spooney set—
Sighing, as thro' his mind's eclipse
And muddled brain remembrance ran,—
Lifting the tumbler to his lips
He drained the draught and thus began:

FIRST TINKER'S TALE.

'Twas near those Ghauts where evening's blushes
On crag and tree-top love to lie,
Where, banked with rocks and fringed with rushes,
The Induranie's water gushes,
Bathing the base of *Casselsye*,—
One morning, on detachment sent
And midway choosing where to halt,
I saw, when rambling from my tent
After a breakfast upon salt
Salmon and rice, and something more,
By earth and heaven! such a Boar!!
Who seem'd to lie or rather sit
On his hams in a muddy nook
Which, whilst it hid no single bit
Of his brown bristles, made him look
All grimly couched in muddy pomp,
The incarnate Demon of the Swamp!

Half pleased, half puzzled, I turned pale
While, sluggishly his whole hide shaking,
He, rolling over head and tail,
Wallow'd in mud of his own making.
At length, as I drew off alarmed,
Being on foot and all unarm'd,
The echo of my hasty tread
(Glad from the monstrous brute to huddle)
Startled him as he raised his head,
With a gruff grunt, out of the puddle.
Never shall I forget that stare,
The fitful, wild, and glist'ning glare
Of his bright eyes, when, from his bath,
Tow'rds the steep, narrow shelving path
Down looking, he beheld me there—
He stared as if he argued then
Whether to charge or bathe again,
But, after gazing for a minute,
Head foremost plunged into the bog
And, like a tick upon a dog,
With rear upturned, stuck fast within it.
Gods! What a chance, what prime good luck
'Twould be to stick him as he stuck!
Tho' loth so shabbily to gain
The tusks, yet I determined then
(Back as I ran with breathless speed)
To mount my gallant Madcap steed
And spear the boar without a chase,
Bristlers might scout and snobs might scoff,
But, 'ere I reached the mountain base,—
Nay, scarcely left the puddle-place,
When I looked back, the brute was off!!

Off like, ay, like this glass of beer,
Which (tho' I know not when I filled it)
Sparkles and foams a moment here
And then is gone! (and then he swilled it!)

What I then felt I need not say,
Thus disappointed of my prey,
Hour after hour that grilling day

* *Tinkers*—are would-be sportsmen and can't-be good ones.

I roam'd the hill-top o'er and o'er,
Each tuft of grass, each bush inspected,
And, in my search for this huge boar,
My march, my sepoys, all neglected;
Nor, in this fever of my heart,
Thought I of reprimands or wigs,
Burning, once, only once to start
This hoary PATRIARCH OF PIGS!

At length, one day, to my delight,
Before my almost doubting sight,
When I had feared all hope was vain,
Into a field of sugar-cane,
Close by a little mud-wall'd village
That stood upon the plain below,
Its juicy crop intent to pillage,
I saw the tuskied monster go!
And first the glorious tidings sent,
By a langooted villager,
To my companions in their tent.
I loosed the rein and plied the spur.
Down, rushing down, my gallant steed
Dash'd like a falcon from a cloud,
Nor did he 'bate his headlong speed
Until his hoof-clang rang aloud
Upon the cane-field's stony bound,
And then, so swift we'd left the hill,
That where the boar had entrance found
I saw the cane-tops rustling still.—
There ceased my bold and perilous ride
O'er rocks and thorns and flowering shrubs,
Nor was it long 'ere by my side
I found a group of brother Subs,
Then reconnoitred round and round
To take advantage of the ground.
North of the field a known ravine
Of fearful breadth lay deep and dry,
And on the Southern side was seen
The Alpine ghaut of Casselsye:
Eastward a mile, the jungle frown'd,
The wild cat and the wolf's abode,
And westward was the fallow ground
Thro' which the Induranie flow'd;
So broad the ravine, so far it ran,
No hog would dare the leap to span,
The plain was sure, for nought could make it
Fail, but the stream, and that was shallow.
So fall he must if he should take it
Into his head to face the fallow,
Whilst o'er the jungle we but knew
Two pathways that meandered thro'
The wild wood, to the break-neck Ghaut,
The left, a rather rideable track,
The other cross'd with hole and crack,
Where he could go but we could not.

Having explained our plans as clear
As hunting's breathless haste allows,
Boldly he now resolved to rear *
The monster from his cane-carouse.
My comrade-subs, in number six,
I posted with precaution due,
One pair I thought it right to fix
Upon the left hand path, and two
To skirt with care the sugar-cane;
Two at a distance watch'd the plain
To signal if he fairly fled,
That all might push him o'er the flat;
The right hand path was alone our dread,
And I, alone, the guard of that!

But vain our plans, our efforts vain,
Tho' gladly from the brute to gain
One start, but twenty yards, nay ten,
We would have charged the sugar-cane
And bearded him within his den—

* *Rearing a boar*—is the term in venery for finding a hog—as different terms are applied to finding different animals,—so you start a hare, unkennel a fox, rear a boar, and rouse a wolf, &c.

That was impossible, we knew,—
And shouts were raised, and stones were cast,
Muskets we fired and bugles blew,
But, spite of shot and bugle blast
And stony shower and wild halloo,
In spite of all that we could do,
Tho' toil nor trouble did we grudge,
The devil an inch the Boar would budge:
Yes, vain was every toil that day—
All, all, was vain—the monster lay
Firm, in the midst of all the fray,
As a rock in the troubled ocean
Or a tough old captain in the way
Of a young Subaltern's promotion.

Thus, thus frustrated, all look'd sad
But me, it almost made me mad,
For tho' all wish'd success to mark us
Victors of our grey grunting foe,
And tho' all panted for his carcase—
Not for the chops, or crackling—no,
Nothing of pork was in our wish,
Tho' certainly 'twas rather pat,
Nor ham, tho' 'tis a noble dish,
Nothing, upon my soul, of that—
They longed to spear him for his more
Than common bulk, and they perhaps
Thought that so glorious a Boar
Would be a feather in their caps;
But I, I, that I might surprise
A rival hunter with my prey,
Who once half frighten'd at his size
Allowed this hog to steal away
Just as he first eluded me;
And ever since that luckless day
Had sworn if ever man should see
That old grey Boar whose crescent tusk
Gored him in dreams; tho' he might run
From morning's early break till dusk,
None of our sportsmen, no, not one,
Would singly with him dare to cope,
And laugh'd to scorn my bosom's hope,
And mock'd me as he heard me sigh,
Wishing for wings, that I might fly
Up to the heights of Casselsye,
To scour the jungle thro' and rid it
Of this huge Boar, and, when he fell,
To my half-envying friends to tell
"Alone, my lads, alone I did it."

Well I remember by his side
Taking our usual evening ride,
When, turning to the Ghaut, whose crest
Gleam'd with the radiance of the west,
And pointing towards the jungle bed
Of this notorious boar, I said,
Oh! that it were my doom to be
The rearer of yon tusky foe
Routing up there in gluttony
Alone, as all such grey ones go.
My soul's sole wish is (something queer)
But one half hour of daylight clear,
Madcap my steed, and, damn the ground,
Tho' rough as wild boar ever trod,—
With one fair fling of my good spear
And mine, he must be mine, by God!!

What yours, and yours alone, indeed?
Done for a hundred that he's *not*—
My friend exclaim'd—and, done, said I,
"Double," cried both, and both agreed,
The bet was settled on the spot
And book'd by both, for a certainty!

So thunderstruck the youth, so truly
Surprised at what he heard me say,

That first he stared, laugh'd, frown'd, then coolly
Surveying me from head to foot,
Turned up his eyes as if in mute
Disdain, then, more in pet than play,
Gave a short cough and rode away.
But had you seen his quivering lip
When first I let this proud boast slip,
Not angry merely, no,—it had
A twist half savage and half sad,
A ghastly and convulsive grin
Enough the devil himself to frighten,
As tho' to Holland he had been
And borrow'd it from David Leighton.

That night my spirit had become
Ennui'd at being such a rover;
Of all cantonment fun deprived,
Where I had been expected sooner,
And all the Big-wig staff at Poona
Already, if they heard a drum
After the usual drills were over,
Thought the detachment had arrived—
And oft, when daylight's ushering star
Twinkled amidst the misty grey,
I half resolved to march away
By fate and this huge boar confounded:—
Nay, once it e'en had gone so far
That drums and fifes began to play,
Sections were formed in strict array
When my heart failed, the halt was sounded—
And the vexed troops, ready to tramp,
Were countermarch'd again to camp.

How could I quit a spot which he
Or lost or won, made all to me
Beyond a dinner or a dance,
Beyond mess picnic, jest or joke—
How move, whilst there was a chance
Of giving him at least one poke!
No matter what the chief might say
Of all this loitering about—
Wigs, wigs more welcome with my prey
Than all his compliments without—

But to my tale: that very day,
Whilst we the sugar-cane were beating,
A picnic of the young and gay
Had pitched on Casselsye for meeting;
And we, chagrined and weary too,
Soon ceased our toil and join'd the jovial crew—

And what a crew it was!—there sat
The young, the middle-aged and old,
The herring-gutted and the fat,
The cool, the rash, the shy, the bold;
And then the Griffs and old residers,
Some few civilians and some scores of subs,
With the Deal Table's ticken riders,*
And both the Bristler† and the Claret clubs,‡

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* *Deal-table-riders*—a detachment from the Poona Union Hunt established in 1815; it consisted of four members—legs as they were called of the table—who derived their title from the circumstance of their taking no furniture with them on their hunting excursions, except a common deal plank, which served them for a dresser and dining table.

† *Bristlers*—a set of jolly subs and not-on-the-staff Captains whose purses would not admit of their joining the festive parties of the Claret Hunt, but whose merry meetings were notorious for goodfellowship and the true spirit of sport.

‡ *Claret Hunt*—established at Seroor in the happy days of that once most happy Cantonment.

And mingled there the well-known fishers
For river-fords—the flying-leapers,
The craners and the rasper-swishers,
The judgment jockies * and the jungle-peepers! †
He too was there—the friend who'd felt
So much my boast about this boar—
And on his scornful lip there dwelt
The sneer more bitter than before.
Mock'd of the prize for which we'd toil'd,
It barb'd the pang of being foil'd,
And stung me to the very quick;
With vengeful hate my bosom boil'd—
My pulse rose high, my breathing thick—
The fever frenzy of my brain
Robb'd me of reason's cool control,
And drove me desperate to drain
The deep damnation of the Bowl!

Joy flash'd in every eye; the liquor
Was now demanded quick and quicker,—
Scarcely the glasses left our lips
And all was riot, row, and revel;
Fast flew the toasts, hurrahs, and hips,
And, bumpering, each drank like the devil,
As Shakespeare says, "the pity, oh! the pity!"
But evening's shades began to fall,
Songs grew less decent, jokes less witty,
Louder each Bacchanalian bawl
Screech'd out in language most unpriestly;
While draught on draught went down, till all
Were well sew'd up—but I——— was beastly!

Now hear the rest—the Bugle's sound
Summon'd the Hunters to the field;
All sallied forth, and somehow found
Their steeds, to which they ran or reel'd:
In maudlin tenderness one cries,
Yet inly wondering why he weeps so;
A second every effort tries
To mount, and, mounted, tries to keep so;
A third thick mumbles his surprise
(Tho' quiet his gelding) why he leaps so.
For me, my Madcap seem'd to fly,
And on I rode as bold could be,
With red flush'd brow and rolling eye
And face of drunken gravity.

At length we reached the sugar cane—
Again beat thro' it, and again
Fail in our object—till at last
The sullen word for home was pass'd!
For home—for home—our hopes were o'er,
Yet as I turned my horse about,
Clipping the King's English, I call'd out
And thus apostrophized the Boar:

Well, be it so—if back to camp
I must without thy grey head tramp,
Grim Patriarch of the sty—
Without one gallop just to try
Who could go fastest, thou or I,—
One spurt like those the craning crew
Take after tiffin, when they feel
A spur in their poodle heads worth two,
Or more than two upon their heel!

* *Judgment - jockies*—are prudent people who tell you they only gallop when there is a necessity——and not often then.

† *Jungle - peepers*—are in general very lady-like people, fantastically done up in fancy hunting frocks, who are as much scared by a scratch as they generally are by a boar, and therefore prefer the *out* to the *in*side of the Baubul covers.

Oh! but to see that snout of thine
Or half that snout one moment near,
And those grey eyes turned up to mine
In dark defiance of my spear!—
To give but one, one thrilling stroke,
That blood might follow the light thump,
Or, by a still more dexterous poke,
To run it wriggling in thy rump!

Wilt thou not start, obdurate beast?
Then show thou'rt in the field at least—
Move but a foot, I'll not deceive you,
Move, and upon my soul I'll leave you,
And thus we'll part—the horn shall sound—
One moment show thyself and then—
The next and you shall see me bound
Homeward to dreary camp again.

While thus I drivell'd, the grizzly brute,
Quivering in most egregious funk,
Was crouching almost at my foot:—
But when I blew, tho' vilely drunk,
I know it now, tho' bother'd then,
Instantly when my horn I blew,
Out rush'd the monster from his den!
Straight tow'rds the right hand path he flew
With lightning speed, and I, alas!
Sole self-placed guardian of the pass,
Too drunk to ride, had let him through!

But did I tamely let him slip?
Did I not use both spur and whip,
(The short neck'd spur with half inch rowels)
That almost gash'd my Medcap's bowels,
Again to bring me to the foe,
Or get at least a distant throw?
I did—I did—I flog'd and spur'd,
My gallant Madcap seem'd to fly—
The monster's grunt I plainly heard.
And now I near'd him, nigh, more nigh,
Now rose in stirrup—and I threw
My spear—and ah! my body too!!
On went the steed, on went the Hog,
While powerless I —— lay like a log.
'Reft of all strength to rise, and sore
From the cursed fall, I lost the Boar,
I lost my hunting reputation,
I lost all hopes of expiation,
And, what was worse to one in debt,
I lost—my bet!!

It was to that thick Noorong bush
That crowns yon hill, he made his push,
That hill where lies the muddy tank
Where first I found him in his frank! *

Once, or it may have been surmise,
Whilst grovelling, grabbling on all fours,
Dancing before my dazzled eyes
I saw at least a dozen boars;
But that illusion soon was done,
I saw him swift and singly run,
Till, lessen'd to a shape as big
As a well fatten'd sucking pig,
Onward and on he made for his sty;
And when at length my glazing eye
Had caught his tail's last lingering hair,
As o'er the height of Casselsye

* *Frank*—is the place where hogs resort to feed—as Shakespeare makes Prince Hal to say, speaking of Falstaff, "Doth the old Boar feed in his old frank?"

He dash'd and seem'd to vanish there—
That moment, yes, that moment stole
Each gentlemanly feeling from my soul,—
I join'd each dissipated throng,
Drunk every day and all day long,
Forsook all sports, became a—what?
A morbid mass of carnal jelly:
Eat, drank, and drank until I got
What you now see—this d——d pot-belly!!

The Tinker blew his nose and wept,
Blubber'd aloud from sheer vexation,
That drink should make a man inept
For any manly recreation.
Once only when the tale was o'er,
Seeing his Madcap at the door,
He mounted after toil and heat
Into his well stuff'd saddle seat,
One canter did he take, and then—
Finding, with all his flesh and fat,
He could not comfortably do that,
Got off, and never rode again!!

[*The Second Tinker's tale in our next.*]

ENGLISH SPORTING.

EGHAM RACES.—This, the last of the meetings, commenced on Tuesday, and fully answered our expectations. But a few seasons back they were of a very inferior description, and they would soon have dwindled into insignificance, had not the leading men of the neighbourhood, and some of the highest members of the Turf, come forward to support them. Of the latter, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Egremont, and Lord Mountcharles, were the most influential; to whom, and a few others, is the present high character of the races owing. The Stewards this year are, the Earl of Stradbrooke (late Lord Dunwich), Colonel Wood, M.P., and W. H. Sumner, jun., Esq.; to the exertions of these gentlemen in providing sport for this year, may be imputed the promising appearance of the lists, and the full attendance of the Nobility and Gentry which graced Runnymede yesterday.

The show of company was extremely numerous. Amongst the fashionables we observed their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, the Marchioness of Worcester, Earl and Countess Mountcharles, Lord and Lady Maryborough, and Lady Paget, Lady A. Chichester, Lady Charlotte Greville, Lady Caroline Wood, Earl and Countess of Harcourt, Lord W. Lennox, Lady Bentinck, General and Mrs. Harcourt, Lord Ashbrook, Sir John Shelley, Colonel Wood, M.P., Hon. Mr. De Burgh, Captains Jones and Locke, Messrs. Smith, Greville, Sumner, Ramsbottom, Thellusson, &c., &c.

Lord Stradbrooke was prevented attending by the decease of his father, and Mr. Ramsbottom officiated for him as Steward.

The day's running was very good, and came off thus:

The *Gold Cup*, value 100 gs., by subscribers of 10 gs. each; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake, and the winner to be sold for 500 sovs., &c.; 3 yrs, 6st. 7lbs.; 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; 6 yrs,

and aged, 9st. 4lbs. Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. About two miles and a half. (Fifteen Subscribers.)

Duke of Richmond's Link Boy, 4 yrs. 1
Mr. C. N. Pallmer names Elephanta, 4 yrs..... 2
Mr. De Burgh's Selina, 5 yrs..... 3

The following paid—Mr. Ramsbottom's Agamemnon, Duke of Richmond's Toil and Trouble, Lord Mountcharles's Brother to Richmond, Lord Egremont's Porpoise, Mr. Byrne's c. by Androssan, Lord Exeter's Recruit, Mr. Foster's Omen, Mr. Theobald's Sir Geoffrey Pevril, Captain Lockename's Border, and Mr. Smith's Interpaid.

Betting—4 to 1 on Link Boy, 9 to 1 agst Selina, and any odds against Elephanta.

Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each; 4 Subscribers. This race was compromised, and Lord Egremont's f. by Partisan, out of Silvertail (Paris), walked over.

The *Egham Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, and 30 added; 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb.; 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.; 5 yrs, 9st.; 6 yrs, and aged, 9st. 5lb. 3lb. allowed, &c.

The winner to be sold for £250, &c. Heats, one mile.

Mr. Sadler's Tears, 4 yrs.....	7	1	1
Duke of Richmond's Busk, 3 yrs	1	1	2
Mr. Westenra's Conrad, 3 yrs	2	3	dr
Mr. Isherwood's Medora, 3 yrs	5	4	dr
Mr. Brown's Charnwood, aged	4	dr	
Mr. De Burgh's Selina, 5 yrs	6	dr	
Mr. Day's Young Zulieka, 5 yrs	3	dr	

First heat—2 to 1 agst Tears, 7 to 2 agst Conrad, 7 to 1 agst Charnwood.

Second Heat—5 to 4 on Busk, and 5 to 2 agst Tears. The latter got the front when near home, and won by good length.

Third Heat—4 to 1 on Tears, who had all the best of the running, and won very cleverly by two lengths; Busk rode by J. Day; Tears, by Pavis; Zulieka, by R. Boyce; Charnwood, by Dockery; Selina, by Ashton; Medora, by young Buckle; and Conrad, by young Scaith.

The *County Plate* of £50; 3 yrs, 7st.; 4 yrs, 8st. To be sold for £300, &c. Winners extra, 3lb. allowed, &c. Heats, 2 miles and a distance.

Lord Mountcharles's Inglemere, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Mr. Day's Nimrod, aged	3	2
Mr. Caulfield's Whimper, 3 yrs...	2	dr

Betting 5 & 4 to 1 on Inglemere.

Second Heat, 3 and 4 to 1 on Inglemere. Nimrod again took the lead, and looked well for a good part of the race; Inglemere, however, mending his pace as they neared the winning chair, quickly gained upon his antagonist, and at last got in front, and won the race by a length or two, but not without some pressing.

Wednesday.—The number of spectators on the Course to-day was more than usually numerous, owing no doubt as much to the anticipated attendance of Royalty, as to the superior quality of the sport generally appointed for the second day.

H. R. H. the Lord High Admiral, accompanied by the Duchess and H.R.H. the Princess Sophia, arrived on the Course at half-past one, in a barouche and four, the Royal Suite following in a second carriage and four. Their Royal Highnesses were received at the Grand Stand by her Grace the Duchess of Richmond, the Ladies Paget, Chichester, C. Wood, Mountcharles, and several others of distinction.

About a quarter of an hour after, H.M. the Queen of Wurtemburg arrived in an open chaise drawn by four horses, accompanied by H.R.H. the Princess Augusta, the Royal attendants following in two other carriages

and four, and the whole escorted by several of his Majesty's outriders. Her Majesty's carriage was placed within the ropes, close to the Grand Stand, and being low built, was easily accessible to those who were anxious to approach her Majesty. The Royal party stayed throughout the Races, with which they expressed themselves highly gratified, and on leaving the Course were repeatedly cheered by the spectators.

The day's sport proved excellent, and was as follows:—

The *Surrey and Middlesex Stakes* of 25 sovs. each. Two miles and a distance.

Lord Mountcharles's Royal Oak, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.	1
Lord Egremont's b. c. Grampus, 2 yrs, 6st. 11lb.	2
Mr. Forth's Martha, 3 yrs, 7st. 11b.	3
Duke of Richmond's Link Boy, 4 yrs, 8st. 11b.	4

Fifteen paid.—5 and 6 to 4 agst Grampus, 5 to 2 agst Martha, 4 to 1 agst Link Boy, and 4 to 1 agst the winner.

This was, in every sense of the word, as good a sporting and out-and-out race as we have seen this year. Grampus went off with a rattler, Link Boy at his haunches, and the other two close upon him. In this position they pelted away for about half a mile, when Link Boy got up and headed Grampus to the last turn; Royal Oak then came up, challenged, and got in front, and immediately after Grampus, followed by Martha, again headed Link Boy; till within a few strides of finishing, it was neck and neck; but at last Royal Oak got the lead, and won by a length in a most surprising manner.

The *Magna Charta Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, for three year old colts, 8st. 5lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb. The winner of the Oaks, 7lb. extra; the new mile.

Duke of Richmond's Gulnare	1
Mr. Ramsbottom's Prism	2

Four paid.—6 to 1 on Gulnare, notwithstanding she carried 7lb. extra, as winner of the Oaks. Prism led at strong running for three-fourths of the new mile when the filly came up; they then either got head and head, alternately in front, till within the distance, when it really seemed as if Gulnare was beat, but the fact was, that being a lazy jade, she required pushing; she then let loose, and won easy by two good lengths.

Sweepstakes of 15 sovs., for horses that have regularly hunted with the King's, or the Berkeley Hounds, 11st. 11lb. each; maiden horses allowed 4lbs.; half-bred, 9lb.; and mares and geldings, 8lb.; winners extra. Two miles.

Mr. Day's Nimrod	1
Mr. Brown's Julia	2
Captain Berkeley's Sylvester	3
Mr. T. Jones's Deuce Ace	4

Three paid.—Being a gentleman's race, there was a very little betting, and none worth notice. Nimrod, rode by the veteran gentleman jockey, Mr. Delme Radcliffe, took the lead, and did just as he pleased with the race; about a quarter of a mile from home he took leave of the second horse, and came in at his leisure some 40 or 50 lengths before the others.

The *Town Plate* of 50 sovs., for three year olds, 7st.; 4 yrs, 8st., 7lb.; 5 yrs, 9st.; 6 yrs, and aged, 9st. 4lb. (3lb. allowed &c). Heats, two miles and a half.

Duke of Richmond's Busk, 3 yrs	1	1
Mr. Farral's Elephanta, 4 yrs	4	2
Captain Locke's Hawkseye, 3 yrs	3	3
Mr. Brown's Charnwood, aged	2	4

First Heat—2 to 1 agst Charnwood, 2 to 1 agst Busk, and 5 to 1 agst Elephanta. Hawkseye

made first running rather briskly, followed by Busk and the others; Busk then got in front, and directly after was dispossessed of her lead by Charnwood: at the turn Busk again got up, and between these two rested the remainder of the race, which was ultimately won by the filly by a very good length.

Second Heat—6 to 4 on Busk. The running at starting was as before, and continued so till about a mile from home, when the struggle was between the two fillies. Busk, however, again won very cleverly by two lengths.

Thursday.—There was an extraordinary full attendance of visitors on Thursday, on the Race-ground, attracted by the excellence of the two first days' sport—the weather was the reverse of favourable.

The Stewards for next year are—Lord Egremont, H. De Burgh, Esq., and F. Wightwick, Esq., and already have their exertions procured several subscribers to the Gold Cup, the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes, &c., of next year, so that there is every reason to believe that next year's sports will be at least equal to this. The day's sport was as under:—

The *Sunning Hill Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, and 20 added (handicap), for three year olds and upwards, the last three quarters of the new mile.

Lord Mountcharles's Inglemere, 3 yrs, 8st. 7lb	1
Mr. Forth's bl. f. by Interpreter, 3 yrs, 7st. 12lb	2
Mr. Bond's Sparkler, 3 yrs, 7st. 12lb	3
Mr. Ramsbottom's Prism, 3 yrs, 8st. 3lb	4
Captain Locke's Hawkseye, 3 yrs, 7st. 8lb	5

Inglemere won the race by half a neck; rode by John Day, Forth's by Macdonald, Sparkler by young Farrel, Prism by Brown, and Hawkseye by Pavis.

Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds; colts, 8st. 5lb., and fillies, 8st.; winners extra. Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. A. Cockburn's ch. c. by Woful, out of Agnes	1
Mr. Morton's b. f. by Rasping, Dam by Waxy	2
General Grosvenor's b. c. Icarus	pd
Captain Locke's br. f. by Master Henry	pd

Betting—4 to 1 on Agnes, and 2 to 1 on her for this race, and Royal Oak for the next.

It was either's race till within three or four strides of home, when Agnes contrived to get in front and won by half a neck; the winner was admirably rode by Pavis; and young Farrel obtained great praise for the ability he displayed on the loser. It was a good betting race, particularly as the horses were coming in.

The *Ladies' Plate* of £50; 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb.; 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb.; 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb.; 6 yrs, and aged, 9st. 6lb.: winners extra; 2lb. allowed, &c. Heats, one mile.

Lord Mountcharles's Royal Oak	1	1
Mr. Sadler's Tears, 4 yrs	2	2
Mr. Bond's Sparkler, 3 yrs	4	3
Mr. Bulkeley's King Rufus, by Matchlock, 3 yrs	3	dr

First heat, 7 to 2 on Royal Oak, and 4 to 1 against Tears.

The filly took the front at good running, followed by Sparkler to the Grand Stand, where Royal Oak came up, with King Rufus at his heels, and made a good finish; Royal Oak winning by a length, very cleverly.

Second Heat—high odds on Royal Oak, who made all the running, allowing the others to keep abreast of him till about 50 yards from home, when he took leave of them, and was home first by two honest lengths; rode by John Day.

Match for 50 sovs. New Mile.

Captain Bulkeley's ch. c. Sylvester, 4 yrs. 10st. 4lb 1
Captain Burrow's b. g. Hotspur, aged, 11st. 11lb 2

This was a tolerably fair race; they kept together till about 100 yards of home, when Sylvester got in front, and won by two very good lengths; rode by Macdonald. Hotspur by Dookery.—*Egan's Life in London, Sept.* 2.

THE RING.

The MYSTERIES of MILLING; or a New Way to PLAY Old TRICKS.

DUTCH SAM AND BISHOP SHARPE FOR £200,—BARNEY AARON AND FRANK REDMAN FOR £100,—YESTERDAY, AT NO-MAN'S-LAND, HERTFORDSHIRE.

"He was *took* by a man with a large cocked-hat."

The first of these matches *went* off yesterday, to the disappointment of a large field of the Fancy: the second *came* off as much to their satisfaction. Both events were rare in their kind. The last was an out-and-out affair for game and science, but the first was the real out-and-outer—inasmuch as the play was performed beyond, and not within, the stakes. Poor Bishop Sharpe has been treated with another scurvy trick. This is the fourth battle in which he has been lurched, and the fourth hundred pounds which he has lost by these manœuvres. The match between him and Dutch Sam excited great attention in the sporting circles. Sam, from love for his father's name and sense of his own good deeds, has won such glory, that while the ring lasts, he "shall ne'er want a sponge, nor a bottle to give him." The world was anxious to know which was the better man. Sam had all the reputation of science and fierce fighting; but the Bishop has a way of getting at the place where his enemy takes his ox-tail soup, which more than counterbalanced the flourish of the scion of the house of Elias. Their respective merits still remain for discussion. The staunch friends of Sharpe backed him at 5 and 6 to 4, and a great deal of money was laid at that rate at Tattersall's, as well as in the regular domains of the Fancy. Sam's admirers freely sported their cash, and confidence was generally established by the fact that some of the best judges were at his side. Thus went the matter till yesterday morning, when a multitude, from all parts, assembled on the heights of St. Alban's, and subsequently at No-Man's-Land, in Hertfordshire, where the stakes were pitched. Thither came Sharpe, and both the men for the second fight, but it was not till more than half an hour after the appointed time that any intelligence was obtained of Sam. He had been seen near Barnet at breakfast. One of his intended seconds had also been seen mounted on horseback, on the road to the ground, and the other was great-coated and *not* flannel-waistcoated, as seconds and bottle-holders generally are. This did not look like milling, and hint growing on hint, out it came, at last, that it was settled that Sam should not fight. There was a general dismay, and the layers of odds became horror-struck at the intelligence. A thousand cries

of shame burst from shameless throats, and "curses not loud, but deep," were heard on every side. In the midst of all this outcry Sam's carriage drove up to the ring, and the hero himself, as gay as a yellow kerchief and the bloom of only 20 summers could make him, stepped from the vehicle and flung his hat within the ropes, where the Bishop and his attendants were waiting to receive him. A general cheer, to be sure, followed this movement, and hands were as clamorous in his favour as hisses were a moment before against him. Both were premature; for while he and his gentle shepherd were preparing to strip, two Bow-street officers came up to the ring, announcing that they had a warrant to apprehend Sam, on the strength of informations that he intended to commit a breach of the peace. No doubt we were all taken considerably aback at this declaration; but on inspection of the warrant, it was perceived that it was issued by Mr. Rawlinson, of Marylebone office, for Middlesex only, and that it was not operative in Hertfordshire, unless backed by a Magistrate of the county. How a Bow-street officer came to be intrusted with a Marylebone order, remains yet for the alchemist to discover; and how the whole eye of the law was directed against Sam, without a glance at the Bishop or a squint at Aaron and Redman, is also a remanet for the crucible. When these informalities were pointed out to the officer, he replied, "All I know is, if I see Sam strike a blow I will apprehend him." And when Sam was politely invited to conclude his toilet, and show at the scratch, he only exclaimed, "Don't you hear him say he'll take me if I strike." The Bishop and his backers did all they could to urge him to the fray, but neither for love nor money could he be induced to strip. The law must have its way, and that, he and his friends evidently consider, as the phrase in the ring now goes, is the shortest cut to getting the *Best* of it.

Gentle reader, if you were never at a mill, nor ever sported the *soft* in a twenty-four feet ring, it is fit to inform thee, that if the law does not interfere, and one man is absent at the appointed time, the other gets the stakes, but the bets are off; and if both men appear, and the law claws either, the battle money is returned to the respective parties. In all the ugly plots hitherto played, the stakes were sacrificed as a matter of no moment in comparison with the amount of bets, but in the present instance, the backers save bets and battle money, always providing that the other side will not be able to establish a connivance between them and John Doe. It is an ugly affair, take it as we may — appearances were against Sam and his party, and they were liberally hissed on leaving the ground. The stakeholder is in a difficult quandary. He is noticed not to deliver up the stakes, but it is probable that he will see the propriety of either giving them to Sharpe, who well deserves them, or reserving them for another battle, and then "may the best man win."

These are awful times, Mr. Croaker; if Joe Miller were alive, he would make a joke of all this, but Millers are changed since his day, and we must be grave, if it be only to keep the Quakers in countenance, who have lately taken to visit us in our vocation. In justice to Dutch Sam, we must say he has hitherto borne a most excellent character, and we trust that he will come out of this trial with credit. He having been

once a literary character, as a peripatetic newspaper agent, the types rise up against being *set* in *form* against him, and our pen and ink refuses to shed his innocent blood. Let us hope that he was not a consenting party to the * * * ; and that when *pulled*, his merits will appear like a well-corrected *slip*, and faultless as a *clean revise*.

The Mill and No Mistake.

Barney Aaron, attended by Josh Hudson and Nathan, and Frank Redman, seconded by O'Neil and Randall, commenced their hearty and honest fight immediately after the chaffing (*Anglice*, chattering) was over for the miss. Frank was beaten once by Barney, and the odds were 5 to 4 against him. After sparring for a few moments, Barney rushed in, but was met by a flush left hand, which raised a swelling in his left eye ; again he tried it on, but again was met on the nose, and lost first blood. Two or three counters, then a rally. Barney was under in the roll.

2. The men, both game as *pebbles*, stood within distance, daring each other to a hit. Barney let fly at the body, but was stopped. Once more the same. Well stopped again, Redman. Redman caught him flush on the nose, and fought left and right, making the right heavy on his man's loins. Cheers for Redman, and cries of he must win to a certainty. Both went down rolling.

3. Both made up to counter, and both sprung out of distance at the same instant—beautiful play. Barney, after a long sparring, went in any way. They came to a grapple, and an attempt at weaving. Barney had the worst of the fall, but no harm to either.

4. Barney made a heavy hit tell on his adversary's left cheek, his own left eye preparing to shut up shop. A merry rally, quick fighting in the weaving line. Frank fell on his knees.

5. Frank came up without a mark, Barney's left eye being darkness visible, and the bridge of his nose bearing a slight incision. Barney went in in a flurry. Redman caught him flush with the left. Barney still boring, received again. Once more ditto. Cheers for Redman. Barney, undaunted, plunged in left and right, making both. Capital fighting, Redman's body blow told excellently well. Frank under in the fall.

6. Barney's left eye more comical still. Redman fresh as a bridegroom. Frank broke away from a left-handed plunge, and Barney stopped sweetly his left-handed rush. Rally they must. There they go weaving—both rolling—Redman getting the best of the fall, and only showing a little blood on his nose.

7. Both a little slower—no horse can gallop for ever. Barney gathered wind and played at the body—Well stopped, Redman. Frank returned with a slashing left hand, which went whizzing over the Jew's shoulder. Hit straight or not at all. Barney stood out and stopped—then made play, but was hit flush on the head, eye, and mouth, several times. 6 to 4 on Frank. Barney would not be denied—at it he went, and though absolutely hit straight away from his man, succeeded in getting within his guard, and jobbing him at in-fighting. Frank not getting the sweetest of this, got his leg before his customer and tripped him over. It's all your own, and the Jew's in the dismals.

8. Barney was again countered upon. Frank was ordered to keep away, and while Barney rushed upon him, he jumped back to every

part of the ring. Cheers for both. Barney, undeniable, bored him to the stakes; but Frank, after a hearty job, closed with him, and went down.

9. Barney covered his man, and played him to the corner of the ring. Frank backed out as long as he had space, then hit out. Barney closed, and endeavoured to hold his head and fib him. Redman, not pleased, struggled for the fall or a break-loose, and at length succeeded in tripping his customer.

10. The odds were well-established on Redman at 6 to 4, and the givers on the Jew were in trouble. Frank still met him with the left, and planted a swinging body blow, though Barney was active in returning left and right.

11. Loud shouts for Redman, and exclamations of "he has won it." Barney fought at the body, but was stopped. Barney caught pepper on the head again. Barney still rushing, and Frank went down to avoid Barney punishing him going.

For the next three rounds Frank showed off, but at the end of the 15th, his constitution began to exhibit symptoms of weakness; while Barney, though he bore all the marks of severe punishment, was evidently fresher and stronger. Barney was then sent in to counter, and pursuing that system, he began gradually to resume the lead.

The 19th round was one of great severity. Both men turned to for slaughter; but the Jew had the best of it from sheer strength. After that Barney decidedly became the favourite. Redman, though he had not received a blow of any consequence for more than half an hour, was now obliged to take more than he desired from inability to keep his guard up, and his returns were nerveless and ineffective. Barney pursued one system to the end; he covered his man, and faced him to the ropes, never attempted to stop, and punished away left and right while Redman was on his legs.

In the 30th round Frank appeared to revive a little, but it was but the glimmer of the taper. He continued, however, to stand his ground with undaunted courage for an hour and twelve minutes, when Nature gave in for him after forty-two rounds.

Reflections.

Redman was beaten before he gave a blow, and Barney won after he got all the punishment. They are both rare good ones for pluck, but Frank's race-horse condition is unequal to competition with the Suffolk-punch frame of his rival. This is the second time he has been whopped; and if Redman attempts again another meeting, the tender mercy of the Fancy must in conscience forbid the bands.

MILL BETWEEN THE RIVAL JARVIES, KNOWN BY THE NAMES OF EKIN AND EDWARDS.

The above mill excited but little interest in the Fancy, on Monday last [Sept. 3, 1827], except amongst the "*knights of the whip*," who mustered strongly upon the occasion. Old Oak Common was the first office given for the *drays-men* to assemble; but the *traps* having previously got the *scent*, pronounced it "*no go.*" The place was then fixed by Joe Fishwick, in a meadow near the Welch Harp, on the Edgeware-road. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, the coves *peeled.* Edwards was attended by Harry Jones and an Irish *jontleman*, of the name of Flinn; and Ekins was seconded by Williams and

Blenheim. For *sixty-five* rounds the *Jarvies* were highly amused by the tactics of the combatants; but whose *milling talents* were not of sufficient importance to detail to the Amateurs in general. Edwards was known by his defeat with Harry Jones a few years since, and Ekins had often amused himself with a variety of *turn-ups*. Edwards was too long for his opponent, and got the *whip-hand* of him in style. Ekin's *nob* served Edwards as a sort of drum. The seconds of Ekins, finding it was of no use to continue the mill, very prudently *gave in* for him. The battle was for £10 a side.

THE MILL BETWEEN THE TWO "MIKES," BROOKERY AND DRISCOLL.

On Monday last the road to Old Oak Common was covered with drags, tumblers, and vehicles of every description, filled with the lads of the village, all in high spirits, to witness the exertions of Driscoll (denominated the Bloomsbury Chicken), *pitted* against Brookery, of *bang-up* blade in the circle of his acquaintance. The stakes were ten pounds a side; and so strong a muster of the Fancy, for years, had not *graced* the Common. At four o'clock in the afternoon, Driscoll, attended by Paddy Felin and Mike Curtain, threw his castor in the ring; in a few minutes afterwards, Brookery, followed by his seconds, Dan M'Carthy and Tom Woolley, repeated the token of defiance. Both of the combatants were nearly alike in weight, about ten stone. It was a good fight for about thirty-one minutes: but after the thirteenth round, it was evident that Brookery would win the battle. In the 21st and last round, the *Chicken* went down, and could not answer the call of time. Brookery left off a little the worse for the fight; but the left side of the Chicken's *nob* showed heavy *punishment*. The *Commoners* left the ground, well pleased with the manly conduct of both of the combatants.

BATTLE BETWEEN NED SAVAGE AND JEM KIRKMAN.

The *Fancy* had a long *pull* on Tuesday last—Colney heath, nearly *nineteen* miles from London, was the place appointed for the scene of action. Savage and Kirkman, both well known to the lovers of boxing as *cut-away* coves, met together for the THIRD time, for the trifling stakes of £10 a side. Kirkman had *milled* Savage; and the latter hero had also conquered Kirkman. To detail the rounds of this battle would be "*Much Ado about* Nothing!" suffice to assert, Savage was seconded by Jem Burns and Ikey Dodd; and Kirkman waited upon by Mason and Lansdowne. After two hours had passed away, and 96 rounds had occurred, a wrangle took place, by Savage falling with his knees on Kirkman when he was down. This circumstance caused a prime *row*—all talkers and no hearers—the umpires disagreed—and the opinion of the referee was taken. It was at length decided it should be considered as a drawn battle.

SECOND BATTLE.

"*Jack of Finchley*," a yokel, stripped for the purse of forty shillings against *Bill Savage*. "Jack of Finchley," a rough one, napt it in sharp style from Savage. The latter took the lead, and soon convinced the countryman that he had no chance whatever. Twenty rounds satisfied "Finchley Jack" that he had no claims to the purse, when he was compelled to give up the contest. The amateurs, in general, were sadly disappointed.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTING.

ARCHERY.—Wednesday last an Archery Meeting took place at the seat of — Currie, Esq., at Essendon, Herts, under the auspices of Mrs. Ricketts, whose grounds were not sufficiently level for the purposes of the game. Most of the leading families of the country were invited, and the weather proving favourable, the general interest created by the revival of this ancient sport attracted many visitors. After the shooting, the company retired to Mrs. Rickett's, where a splendid cold collation was prepared for them, in a booth on the lawn, very tastefully decorated with all sorts of flowers, evergreens, &c. Miss Byron gained the Ladies' prize.

On Wednesday last the park of Sir Henry Bunbury, at Barton, near Bury, exhibited an elegant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, to witness the competition for the archery prizes, at the close of the season. The ladies shot for one prize, and the other was contended for by the gentlemen. After two trials (every lady and gentleman discharging four arrows at the target at each inning), the ladies' prize (archery brooch, value nine sovereigns) was won by Miss Lawton, of Elmswell; the second ditto, by Mrs. H. Heigham, of Hunston. The gentlemen's first prize was won by Mr. Wm. Colvile, of Lawshall, who in the first innings laid three arrows in, one in the centre, and two in the next circle, counting twenty-three. The second prize was won by George Blake, Esq.—*Life in London, Sept.* 9.

WRESTLING.—Monday being appointed for the first three days' play between the Cornwall and Devonshire Wrestlers, considerable interest was excited among the patrons of this truly English sport, a great number of whom were in attendance at the Eagle Tavern, City-road. The gardens adjoining the above Tavern are peculiarly adapted for such an exhibition, and from the excellent arrangements made by the Committee, each of the spectators were enabled to see the sports without any interruption. The match was for 30 sovereigns. Those who threw two fair back falls, or one fair back fall, and could afterwards hold out with two others for ten minutes, to be considered double players for the following day. About two o'clock the sport commenced, when Pyle successively contested with Finney, Austin, and Chappell, and in the result he was declared the first double player.

The next bout was between Chappell and Scott—and from the known goodness of the men, excited considerable interest. The bets were in favour of Chappell, who, after a severe struggle, threw his opponent a heavy back fall.

Clarke then threw his castor in the ring, and Chappell eagerly accepted his challenge, but the umpire called time before a fall was given by either party.

A novice, who gave his name Croot, then entered the ring, amidst shouts of laughter, the spectators ridiculing the idea of his contesting with such a known good one as Clarke. The latter, however, found he had his work to do, and time was called before either was thrown.

Avery then said he would go in and finish the "new one;" but after a severe contest he found himself mistaken, and the yokel held out until time was called.

Copp then threw his castor in the

ring, but the Committee decided it to be unfair to match such an expert wrestler against a novice.

Avery and Trevick.—This was an excellent bout, and decided in favour of the latter.

Archer and Copp.—This bout was soon over, and given in favour of Copp.

Several excellent bouts followed, and the sports continued until dark, when the following men were declared double players for the following day, viz.:—Pyle, Chappell, Clarke, Copp, Parish, Trevick, Steer, Row, and Trozer.

The sports of the day altogether afforded a fine treat to the spectators, and considerable bets were laid as to the result of the contest.

Tuesday.—The single play was renewed at the Eagle Tavern, City-road, on which occasion there was a numerous attendance of spectators. At three o'clock Dimond threw in his hat, and the challenge was immediately accepted by England. The former is by far the best player, and threw his opponent easily.

Jennings and Wilmot.—This bout was equally uninteresting, and the latter was thrown.

Williams and Finney.—This match excited considerable interest. Williams is one of the light weights, but possesses considerable science, while his opponent, a tall raw-boned Irishman, though much stronger, knows but little of the art; his superior strength, however, enabled him to hold out until time was called.

Thomas and Williams.—This bout was a very short one, and ended in favour of Williams.

Williams and Tucker.—A well-contested match. The superior science of Williams was evident throughout. His opponent, however, did his best to win, but it would not do, and time was called before either gave a back fall.

Tucker and Paul.—Tucker this time had a much easier customer to contend with, and threw his man cleverly.

Howard and Jennings.—The latter calls himself the Irish Pet, and is well known in the P. R. However well he may understand boxing, it was very clear he knew nothing of wrestling. On receiving a few kicks on the shin, he exclaimed, "I don't understand this," and did all he could to avoid further punishment. His opponent took advantage of his shyness, and peppered his shins in fine style, but time was called before he could throw him. Jennings was then told that he must contend with another; but this he at first declined, saying he had enough of it, but Tucker threw in his hat, and Jennings was persuaded to try his luck once more. His over anxiety to take care of his shins was soon taken advantage of, and Tucker laid him on his back.

Davies and Richards held out.—David and Austin, ditto.

J. Cann and Austin.—This was the best contested match throughout the day. Cann is a relation to the celebrated wrestler, and possesses considerable skill. Austin is a very powerful man, but, in spite of his superior strength, was compelled to yield to his more scientific opponent.

Several other interesting matches took place, and at the conclusion of the sports the following were declared double players:—Dimond, Jennings, Tucker, Williams, Fenney, Howard, Cann, Davis, and Hutchings.

Saunders, the Lifeguardsman, was present, but declined playing in consequence of indisposition.

The Gardens were very numerously attended.—*Life in London, Sept.* 9.

CRICKET MATCHES.—A match of cricket was played on the 3rd of August last, on the Haslemere ground, between eleven bachelors of the Haslemere Club, and eleven bachelors of the Godalming Club, which terminated in favour of the former, by nine runs, with one innings to spare. The return match was played on the Godalming ground on Monday last as follows :—

Godalming—1st innings, 49; 2nd innings, 48.

Haslemere—1st innings, 97.

Match of single wicket was played in Ware Marsh on Monday last, between Messrs. Alger and Want, of the Hoddesdon and Broxborne Club, and Messrs. Wilkins and Brown, of the Ware Club, which was decided in favour of the latter in one innings, as follows :—

Ware—1st innings, 27.

Hoddesdon and Broxborne—1st innings, 8; 2nd innings, 11.

Another single wicket was played on Monday and Tuesday last, in Ware Marsh, between Messrs. C. Page, Nelson, and Jones, and Messrs. J. Cater, Wilkins, and Clibbon, for 20 sovs. a side, which was won by the latter, in one innings.

An interesting match at cricket was played last week, at Sevenoaks, between the counties of Kent and Sussex, with an understanding that *fair bowling* only should be allowed, and that *throw* or *jerk* should be abolished, not only in this match, but on all after occasions throughout those counties. After a severe contest, Sussex gained the victory with four wickets to go down.

The return match of cricket, to that for 22 sovereigns which was played in Goodwood Park last week, betwixt the City of Chichester and St. Pancras, was played on Monday last, in a field belonging to Mrs. Knott, at Hampworth, about a mile from Chichester, on the Brighton-road, where the Suburbans were most completely beaten. St. Pancras, first innings, 41; second ditto, 40; total, 81. City of Chichester, first innings, 36; second ditto, 46; total, 82—seven wickets to go down.

A match was played on Wednesday, in the Wellington ground, Chelsea, between eleven gentlemen of the Kensington and Bayswater Club, and eleven of the Chelsea Union Club, and came off as follows :—

Chelsea, first innings, 98; second innings, 24—122.

Kensington, first innings, 109; second innings, 13—122.

Thus the Kensington won, having five wickets to go down. The Chelsea Union Club was decidedly the favourite at the commencement of the game.—*Life in London, Sept.* 9.

FRENCH SPORTING, *Paris, Sept.* 3.—The horse races for the Royal purses took place yesterday at the Champ de Mars. The King and the Royal Family honoured the course with their presence. M. de Villèle presided, in the absence of the Minister of the Interior, whose *portefeuille* he holds during the journey of the latter in the departments of the north.

The races began at two o'clock precisely. Five horses—Vittoria, Juliette, Diomede, Malthide, and Daghada—started together in the first heat, for the purse of 5000f., assigned to horses of the second rank.

The distance, which was four *kilometres*, was run in five minutes, fifteen seconds, by Vittoria, a mare belonging to the Duke de

Guiche, which won the heat. She was close followed by Juliette, belonging to M. Perrin, which came in two seconds after her.

This heat was scarcely over, when three horses—Medea, La Biche, and Young Rattler—which were entered for the purse of 6000f., started to run the first heat for that purse, which was specially reserved for horses of the first rank. Medea got first in; she ran the heat in five minutes, five seconds, and four-fifths.

The horses matched for the purse of 5000f. then started for the second heat, which was also won by Vittoria, although keenly contested by Juliette, which lost only by four-fifths of a second, and to whose proprietor the King gave 4000f., Vittoria receiving the purse of 5000f.

Medea afterwards started for the second, which she ran alone, La Biche and Young Rattler being drawn. She came in in five minutes and eleven seconds, one-fifth. The purse of 6000f. was given to the Duke de Guiche, her master.

Next Sunday, the Races for the Royal purse of 6000f., and for the Dauphin's purse of 3000f., will be run.—*French Paper.*

Blackfriars' Rowing Match.—Thursday, an excellently contested wager, for a purse of sovereigns, and some minor prizes given by the inhabitants of Bridge-street, Blackfriars, was rowed for. The gift was solely given to encourage the junior part of the bridge watermen in honesty, civility, and good conduct. The two first heats were rowed for by the following young men, each distinguished by the colour annexed to his name.

Robert Osborn, green; Robert Ware, red; Richard Phillips, yellow; Richard Christian, pink; John Ware, blue.

The first of these heats was started for early in the day, and was won by pink, yellow, and red. The last two men rowed, after resting, the second heat, which, after a fine display of skill, was won by green, and he was thereby entitled to be included in the grand heat.

Soon after six the signal for getting ready was made, and Osborn, Robert Ware, Phillips, and Christian, appeared on the water, but that preparation lasted an unusual length of time, during which much impatience for the start was manifested. At length, somewhere about half-past six o'clock, the men went off without a signal, and alas, this was a false start; therefore, back they came to wait another quarter, when the gun was fired, and they went off nearly together.

The distance was from Blackfriars, down with tide, through Southwark Bridge, and back, against tide, through Waterloo Bridge, down again through the centre arch of Blackfriars Bridge, where the wager terminated. Somewhere very close to Southwark Bridge, green, pink, and red fouled, but the latter got clear first, and followed yellow, who had from the beginning all the chances of winning, and between those two the contest lay. Yellow had the lead through Blackfriars, about eight boats' length, and preserved the same advantage of distance the remainder of the heat. Green and pink seemed resolved one should not pass the other, and remained with their oars locked at each other's quarters, for about ten minutes, at Southwark, when green started by half a boat's length, and at Blackfriars pink gained, and was alongside him; here they got

locked again, and the struggle was highly amusing and excited shouts of laughter; at length, when yellow, the winning boat, passed them, pink gave in, after being twirled about like a whirligig in his wherry, and green started off to row the distance, unattended by a single boat, save the manager's, who, having waited the result, declaring Phillips (yellow) the winner, followed in a few minutes after, as a matter of duty rather than inclination, to see that green performed the required distance.

The wager, as far as yellow was concerned, was over by seven o'clock, but green was rowing for a quarter of an hour after. R. Ware (red) was second. The contest was well contested by Phillips and Ware, and the first prize was cleverly won.

The craft and bridges were crowded, and a barge was moored for the accommodation of subscribers.

The fouling of green and pink was not reputable to them, nevertheless it excited shouts of laughter at their folly. Green, in the last effort, turned pink, wherry and all, clean round, and then getting disengaged, went off.—*Life in London, Sept.* 9.

GROUSE SHOOTING.—During the past week the mountains of this country have been enlivened by numerous sporting parties, eagerly pursuing the delightful amusement of grouse shooting. On Monday (the first day) many were on the heath at so early an hour as five o'clock, and from that till the same hour in the evening, the birds fell in numbers. The weather was particularly favourable, and the scenery from those elevated and romantic situations, beautiful and cheering in the extreme. The birds are large and strong, though, generally speaking, the number in each pack is less than has been found in preceding seasons. Not less than eight different parties, spreading devastation amongst the feathered tribe: there were excellent shots out, some of whom bagged from twelve to fifteen brace on an average each day.—*Waterford Chronicle.*

BRIGHTON HUNT.—A meeting of persons friendly to the Brighton Hunt was held a few days since, for the purpose of adopting measures to promote the prosperity of the Hunt this season. There is nothing, without any exception, which tends more to the prosperity of the town than does the Brighton Hunt; for to our own knowledge many families are brought here, and what is better, are kept here during many months, for the sake of hunting in this neighbourhood. The Brighton Harriers have now obtained a celebrity, which has rendered them one of the most crack packs in the kingdom, and we are glad to hear that everything promises a capital season and capital sport this year. Hare hunting will commence on the 10th October.—*Sept.* 9.

FOOT RACE.—On Tuesday morning a race of two miles took place on the Kelburn-road, for 50 sovs., between Captain Parker and Fish, the runner from Nottingham. The Captain made all the play at starting, and maintained his superiority until within fifty yards of home, when Fish made play, passed him in grand style, and won the race by about ten yards. Betting was 5 to 4 on the Captain. —*Sept.* 9.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—Yesterday afternoon a match between two gentlemen, members of rival

Clubs, for £10 a side, took place in the shooting-grounds belonging to Mr. Watkins, the proprietor of the Lord Nelson, in the Kent-road. The parties were, Mr. Wyse, of the Red House, Battersea, Club (the winner of five successive matches this season against as many different members of the Kent-road Club), and a Gentleman of the last-named Club, who made a tie with him on the previous Wednesday, from which circumstance the present challenge proceeded. The firing was at 12 birds, 21 yards from the trap. A number of crack shots and sporting characters were present to witness it, and bets to a considerable amount were depending on the result. The shooting was as follows: Mr. Wyse (Red House) —killed eight, missed four.—Mr. B. (Kent-road)—killed five, missed seven. Most of the birds were struck, but fell out of the bounds. Mr. Wyse hit all his birds except one.

GRAND SAILING MATCH. — *The Clarence Cup.*—On the 27th September, a grand sailing match took place, for a handsome Silver Cup and Cover, given by the Members of the Thames Yacht Club, in honour of his Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral's having, in the most condescending manner, consented to become the Patron of the Club. Such a fleet mustered as never was known before, as the subjoined list will at once show—

	TONS.
Pearl, J. Heiglington, Esq.	16
Success, R. Hope, Esq.	17
Will-o'-the-Wisp, W. H. Harrison, Esq.	16
Venus, T. Groves, Esq.	13
Lady Louisa, T. Smith, Esq.	13
Daisy, R. Irving, Esq.	19
Osprey, J. Betts, Esq.	23
Rob Roy, H. Herbert, Esq.	16
Sylph, E. Codd, Esq.	13
Atalanta, Sir Edward Banks	14

The distance sailed was from off Blackwall to Gravesend, and back. The Royal Sovereign steam-packet was engaged to accompany the match by the Members of the Thames Yacht Club, for the accommodation of their friends. Shortly after nine o'clock the vessels were at their stations. On a signal given by the Commodores, the competitors were under weigh in an instant, and presented a most interesting spectacle to the amateurs assembled. The breeze was light at starting, and this suiting the Lady Louisa, she took the lead, closely followed by the Sylph, Venus, Rob Roy, and the others. The whole of the vessels were admirably managed throughout the match, which, during the day, became of great interest, by the close manner in which the Lady Louisa, Sylph, and one or two others, contested the victory. The Lady Louisa, however, kept ahead, and arrived first at Blackwall, about five o'clock, amid the cheers of the assembled spectators, with only a few minutes to spare.

STAG HUNT AT KILLARNEY.—We have never witnessed anything more picturesquely grand than the Stag Hunt at Killarney, on Wednesday, a true description of which would require the pen of a Scott or Byron. It was like an enchanted little fairy world to look down from the mountain on the many gay barks gliding on the lake beneath, among which we distinguished the beautiful pleasure boats of Lord Kenmare and Mr. O'Connell. We have not, on any former occasion, seen so many respectable personages on horseback, among whom was a young lady deserving the utmost admiration for her superior horsewomanship and courage. She rode from the Kenmare Arms at six o'clock a.m. to the ruins of

Aghadoe, from thence to Dunloe Castle, and through that grand defile in the mountains between Tomies and M'Gillycuddy's rocks (called the Gap). On penetrating into this defile our admiration of the wild scenery is exchanged for a feeling of awe, and an impression of fear; but this young lady had such a sublime idea of the grand beauties around her, that she continued her tour fearlessly through that dreadful path, guarded at each side by steep, perpendicular, precipitous craigs, where masses of enormous bulk lie tossed in all the terrific sublimity of chaos, and we have known persons who, when they have arrived at this spot, were so paralysed with terror, that no earthly reward could induce them to advance; but this lady, regardless of danger, exchanged her horse for a mountain shelty, and (while the guide and the rest of the party were obliged to trust to the steadiness of their feet) she rode along the margin of the black lake, and, wonderful to relate, crossed Mount Havhe, without once parting the fleet animal on which she rode, a distance of seven miles, where the arbutus and wild gelder-rose seemed waving their blossomed heads, as if conscious of the approach of human beings. Fresh horses waited at the north side of the mountain, and the party, after riding six miles of the new line, arrived before one o'clock at the base of Turk, from whence they had a grand view of the stag hunt.—*Cork Constitution.*

SPORTING A TOE ON THE WATER.—On Thursday last, JOSH HUDSON'S *long talked-of Trip to the Nore* took place; and according to the renowned SAGE OF THE EAST—who had previously assured his numerous friends that he had spoken to the *Clerk of the Weather* on the subject—a fine day was reduced to a certainty, nay, *booked* to come off right! At six o'clock in the morning, *bright Sol* peeped out by way of invitation, and between seven and eight, at the Custom House and Tower Stairs, the boats gave a fine specimen of the "Right Sort of People," who think and enter into the spirit, that the right end of Life is to be jolly, making for the ROYAL SOVEREIGN.

The military band, under the direction of Mr. Connor, played God save the King. At a few minutes before nine o'clock, the music announced "*off she goes;*" and the visitors congratulated each other on the prospect of a delightful voyage. At Woolwich, the landlord from a tavern, near the banks of the Thames, fired a salute of twelve guns as the Royal Sovereign passed, the band on board the steamer playing "*Rule Britannia,*" and the company in return giving three loud cheers.

After a capital breakfast, which a duke might have been pleased with, a great portion of the visitors prepared to exhibit on the "light fantastic toe." The scene was now, throughout the steamer, mirth, gaiety, and happiness. The company were highly delighted with a view of his Majesty's first-rate men of war in the River Medway; the crews on board of which, in the most polite and gallant manner, cheering the Royal Sovereign as it passed them. On the return home the band struck up "O the Roast Beef of Old England;" which cheerful invitation was most readily accepted by nearly the whole of the visitors. Upon the cloth being cleared, after the health of the King and Royal Family had been drank, the elegant Silver Cup, presented to Josh Hudson as a

reward for his numerous specimens of TRUE COURAGE, was placed upon the table for the inspection of the company. It was immediately filled with port wine, when the Chairman drank the healths of the visitors; after which, it was handed round to every person in the cabin. A *chaunt* was now requested by the company, when to make the "*visit pleasant*," according to the ideas of Mr. Beaver (*Chaffer General* to the *Stickers* in Leadenhall Market), although he acknowledges to be in the *Fish Line*, declares he has nothing *scaly* belonging to his character, Mr. George Smith of the T. R. D. L., entertained the company with "*Blow High, Blow Low*," and the "*Parting Kiss*." While the visitors were enjoying themselves below, the party on deck were equally on the alert in dancing, and Messrs. O'Neale, Curtis, and Barney Aaron gave evident proofs not only of their love of *taste*, but *goodness* upon their legs. *Twankey* and *Bohea* were served up for those who preferred it; and the Royal Sovereign arrived at the Tower Stairs at half-past seven p.m. The vessel was not cleared until ten. The visitors in general expressed themselves highly delighted with the day's excursion, and gave votes of thanks to the kindness and attention of Captain RYLEY; the civility, good-nature, and anxiety to please displayed by the Steward, Mr. ROBINSON; and the indefatigable exertions of JOSH HUDSON, who was at his post during the whole of the day, to make every person happy who had honoured him with their patronage in his TRIP TO THE NORE.

Mr. Bessell, the Secretary to the General Steam Navigation, and two of the Directors, also came on board of the ROYAL SOVEREIGN previous to her starting for the Nore, in the most kind and attentive manner, to see "all was right."

ROYAL TENNIS COURT.—On Monday last, Peter Crawley took his benefit at this place, and the muster of Amateurs was of the most respectable description. The sets-to, generally, were good. Clarke and Lennox exerted themselves to give satisfaction; as did Scroggins and Ned Brown, and Foote and Anderson. Oliver and Ned Baldwin also amused the amateurs.

The trial of skill between Pick and M'Carthy excited considerable attention. The best of the hitting for a long time appeared to be on the side of Pick; but at the latter end of the bout, the expiration of half an hour, the time allowed to decide the bet for £5, it appeared to us that the advantage was rather upon the side of M'Carthy. But the umpires pronounced it as a sort of *dead heat*.

Elias Sprey, the well-known opponent of the late *Game Chicken*, and upwards of 60 years of age, set-to with one Jack Furbey, at one period of his life denominated the *Young Ruffian*, and also opposed to Jem Belcher. Furbey did not exhibit anything like the *remnant* of a great boxer: in fact, he appeared suffering under the infirmities of age. This *set-to* excited more *pity* than amusement; Furbey was *floored*; and the spectators, generally, called out for a cessation of arms: but rewarded the combatants by a shower of pewter and browns.

Charley Jones and Bengar, Young Spring and Adams, and John Belasco and Hollen, also added to the amusement of the day.

Peter Crawley finished the exhibition, in a set-to with Dick Acton; it was light play on the

part of Peter; but it was the right sort of thing for the amateur—scientific. Peter returned thanks for the liberality he had experienced, when the Court was soon cleared.

Tom Spring (the late Champion), from Hereford, was present, but he did not exhibit. We never saw Spring look in better *condition.*

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—Wednesday evening Mr. J. Maclarren made a bet with Major Evans, at a distinguished sporting-house in the West End, for 100 sovs., that he would perform the distance between London and Bath (107¼ miles) in seven hours, on four of his own horses, to start within ten days. Mr. Maclarren not to ride more than 12 stone. The money was immediately deposited, and considerable bets were laid, the odds 5 to 4 that Mr. Maclarren wins. The following are the places where the horses are to be stationed—

	Miles.
London to Maidenhead	26
Maidenhead to Thatcham ...	27
Thatcham to Beckhampton	28½
Beckhampton to Bath	25¾
Total	107¼

WOODCOCK.—This delicate bird of passage has already begun to make its appearance among us, denoting that cold winter is at hand. A sportsman ranging the fields on Helpot farm, Underbarrow, on Tuesday last, flushed the stranger bird, but it escaped to await another barrel. He did not bag it.—*Westmoreland Gazette, Sept.* 10.

FIELD SPORTS FOR OCTOBER.—*(From the Annals of Sporting for October.)* Pheasant-shooting, our readers need not be told, commences this day; a month too soon, indeed, as many of these birds do not attain their proper growth before November. Despite this, however, many fall victims to the unfair and unprincipled sportsman, even during the month of September. Pheasants, by dint of uncommon preservation, have now become not only common, but numerous, throughout the kingdom; and though they will, for the most part, cling to the preserves, yet, capricious in their movements, they will still frequently be found at some distance from them. The best time for pheasant-shooting on the borders of preserves is about the middle of October, inasmuch as these beautiful birds will then choose such haunts, and in them continue, if not much molested, about ten days; when they again seek the friendly shelter of the wood. As these are young birds which thus temporarily stray away, it would seem as if the mother bird drove them from her, in the same manner as the domestic hen is seen to get rid of her chickens, "warring against Nature still." Pheasant-shooting, considered as a diversion, is not, in the opinion of the writer, equal to partridge-shooting. While the ground is thickly covered with vegetation, pheasants may be flushed in all situations: and as long as potatoes and turnips afford good shelter, they will frequently be amongst them; but as the winter advances, the thicker hedgerows will be sought, and coverts and protecting woods be courted, in which they are readily found, and, by good performers, easily killed. The pheasant flies with difficulty; for instance, if one be sprung and not killed, but marked down, followed and sprung again, and if this be more than twice repeated, the bird will scarcely be able to rise with any effect the third time, but may be caught by the

dogs. At the same time it should be admitted that the first rushing rise of a pheasant is not a little calculated to try the nerve of inexperienced or commencing sportsmen. The breed we have reason to believe abundant, though there be ugly reports extant of a disease in the species. Time will show—we remain sceptical.

Woodcocks will present themselves towards the latter end of this month, when they sometimes appear in considerable numbers; though it is not till the beginning of November that they are met with in abundance.

Snipes are to be seen during the whole year, but generally may be said to be numerous towards the latter end of this month.

Coursing will soon become general; though hares, at this early period of the season, may be considered, if the greyhounds are good for anything, as very much overmatched. Much, however, depends, in this respect, upon the season, and a good deal upon the country. After a dry, bracing, breeding time we have known hares run remarkably well from the middle of October; and upon open, down, and heath countries, where a chivey may be had three miles from covert into it, we have seen young hares puzzle, and sometimes beat, a very good brace of greyhounds. Something must now, also, be conceded to the courser, on account of his young dogs. He, as well as the fox hunter, and the keeper of harriers, has puppies to enter, trials to make, and hence October-coursing (but not sooner) may fairly be admitted. Blood, too, is as requisite to the encouragement and formation of the courage of a greyhound as it is to the entered fox-hound; if cub-hunting is necessary to the one, so is moderately early coursing to the other. Unlike a racing colt, the three species of dogs in question can have no fair trial unless the game is afoot before them, except we could train a cunning old fox, or a clever running hare, to mind their points, as Tunner, of the New Forest, did his pig. But advance we.

Hunting with the harriers is somewhat dangerous, till the frosts have so far nipped vegetation, that the leaves begin to fall. Prior to this period, the leaps or jumps (as they are more fashionably, but less philosophically, termed) are blind, and, consequently, the horse is liable to come down. However, some ardent hare-hunters turn out in September: in October, hare-hunting becomes general.

Fox-hunting will commence this month, though this pursuit can scarcely be considered in season till November; however, like woodcock-shooting, it commence by degrees, gradually swells into the noontide of its glory, and finishes much in the same manner as the bird just mentioned takes leave of this country. It is greatly to be lamented that no truce can be made between fox-hunters and pheasant-shooters, since it has frequently been demonstrated that the two diversions are not incompatible; or, in other words, that the existence of foxes is not necessarily the destruction of pheasants, even in the very same cover. But it would appear that the two diversions generate very different feelings than could be wished for: the fox-hunter is a generous character, and nothing gives him so much pleasure as seeing his friends, and as much company as possible, with his hounds; whereas the pheasant-shooter too often eyes, with unkind jealousy, the approach of every stranger, and

admits only a very select few to share with him in the pleasures of his chase: the one is a very social, the other, too frequently, an unsocial, diversion. The writer of these memoranda of the month is not, however, of the number of those desponding disciples, who think that fox-hunting must experience annihilation, because a few ill-natured pheasant shooters destroy the foxes which happen to stray into their preserves. Fox-hunting not only must go on, but must go on increasing, since it is encouraged by the principal part of the rank, the wealth, the respectability, the common sense, and the sterling integrity of the country.

Foxes, like hares, will be found very abundant, as the breeding season has been as fine as possible; and from the uncommon preparations made in various parts of the country, we have not the least doubt but that fox-hunting will be more vigorously pursued the ensuing season than at any former period. *Acquiret vires eundo;* the greater its antiquity the stronger its strength.

TANDEM MATCH.—Captain Fairburn undertook his tandem match on Wednesday, over a part of Epping Forest. He engaged, for 100 sovereigns, to trot twelve miles in one hour, and to back his wheels if he once broke into a gallop. This happened only once in the eighth mile, which he completed in 32 minutes. On his return, the pacing of the horses was a complete picture. The match was easily won, with nearly three minutes to spare.

CHANCES IN THE GAME AT WHIST.—The odds for and against any particular non-dealer's hand of trumps.—It is

12,211,799,222	to 1	that he does not hold	12 trumps.
53,326,633	to 1	-	11
778,068	to 1	-	10
25,457	to 1	-	9
1,567	to 1	-	8
163	to 1	-	7
26·5	to 1	-	6
6·2	to 1	-	5
7·0	to 4		
Or near 9·0	to 5	-	4

It is 13 to 7 that he holds three trumps; 7⅜ to 1, or 38 to 5 that he holds two trumps; and 57 to 1 that he holds one trump.

It is 2 to 1 against your partner having one certain card, suppose an honour.

It is 17 to 2 against your partner having two certain cards.

But he that has one or both it is about 5 to 4 in his favour.

It is 5 to 2 that your partner has one, two, or all three certain cards.

8 to 9 is about 100 to 96½ in favour of 8 with the deal; against the deal the odds are still, though very small, in favour of 8.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING commenced yesterday. From all parts of the country we hear that the birds are numerous, but strong upon the wing; and as the ground is cleared of the corn, the sportsman must expect that his vigour and patience will be called into full exercise.—*Life in London, Sept.* 2.

THE

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HOG HUNTING.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

My Dear Mr. Editor,

Having given in my last some idea of the method in which a tiger-hunt is conducted, I have determined, at the request of a friend, to turn to a subject not only more congenial to the ideas of the many sportsmen on this side of India, but one in which *I* feel myself far more at home, and consequently better able to touch on. If I should find myself unable to give anything very new, there are still more chances of my being able to produce something more *interesting* than tiger-hunting offers. I am not to be understood as quitting the latter sport *altogether*, having at any rate sufficient matter for *one*, if not *two more* letters; but besides the request of my friend, I have other reasons for changing the subject, and as the tigers will *keep very well*, Hog-hunting shall be the subject of this letter.

Of all sports in the East, none can compete with this. Fox-hunting in this climate is anything but what it is in England. The jackals can't go compared with a fox at home; the hounds are seldom in the order they should be, and at any place but a presidency, or a very large station, that indispensable requisite, a good field, is wanting; added to which, a man gets up in the middle of the night—no trifling damper in my opinion—so great a one, indeed, that was hog-hunting to take place early in the morning, at least one half of its pleasure would be lost. I don't mean to say this is every one's opinion, for daybreak is the hour for meeting throughout Guzerat, and I suppose if this midnight hunting was not approved of, some other more rational hour would be fixed on. Perhaps the heat of the day has something to do with it, though I have heard many a Guzerattee say it is not greater during the cold season than in the Deccan. However, it is not of much consequence—*they* like it, and they have certainly a right to please themselves. *I* thank my stars it's not the practice in the Deccan, and as I happen to be in that part of the world just now, *I* am satisfied.

The first time I ever saw a pack of hounds throw off, I thought nothing in the world *could* cause

such an anxious and breathless feeling as I experienced just as their *sterns began to be merry;* but where my heart was when the first challenge was distinctly answered, is more than I can say—I've heard of greyhounds with their hearts in their lips: I won't swear mine was there—all I know is, my agitation was very shortly felt by my horse, and the pair of us must have resembled death on the pale horse more than a sportsman on his hunter; but this is *really a joke* to what I felt at finding the first hog, and if I might judge from the *faces* of my brother sportsmen, I was not the *only* one unable almost to speak! The truth is, the excitement is too great—it's violent enough fox-hunting, but not to be compared to the other. From the moment of rising in the morning to the putting in the beaters, a man is all *anxiety*; but from *that moment* until the hog is dead, the feeling is *indescribable.* In fox-hunting, keeping his place is all a man has to do when fairly gone away—no individual exertion can tend much to ensure the death of the fox. I don't mean to say that a sportsman cannot make himself of *use* during checks and on emergencies which *may sometimes* occur,—but in a hog-hunt the case is widely different. When once away, *everything* depends on the exertions of the riders—arms, legs, eyes, and judgment, are all in requisition; and if not made very good use of, there is but little chance of the hog suffering much from his pursuers. Nerve is required in both sports, but undoubted nerve is indispensable to make a *first-rate hog-hunter.** I have seen many a good goer make but poor work of a large fierce boar—something more is there wanted than the trick of getting quick over the country—a man may come up with him well enough, but there is still one more difficulty to be got over, and that is, as a vulgar term has it, *to settle his hash.*

I need hardly tell the least sporting of my readers that a wild hog, heavy as he looks, can go a most astonishing pace, and that to kill one a man *must*, at one time or another during the chase, put his horse out to the utmost. As long as the ground is good, most can manage to do *that much*; but when the riders get into nullahs, or on stones or holes, *then* is the time to see who *can*, and who *cannot, do the trick.* The field presently becomes select, and probably out of eight or ten riders, *two*, or even *one*, has it all his own way, the *cocktails* just coming in time for a dig at the brute, probably in his last gasp. Even *that much* is what all cannot aspire to. This must at first sight appear rather odd, but the fact is, a hog goes at so great a pace that any fumbling or craning at nullahs widens the distance between you and him so much as to allow plenty of time for a first-rate hand to kill him before it is *possible* to make up the lost way—a single spear not unfrequently being the death-blow.

Of all difficult riding, nullahs are decidedly the worst—the best performers cannot go very fast, and the hog is apt to play all sorts of tricks the moment he find the riders at all behindhand. On getting into a deep ravine, it's an even chance that *you* go the contrary way to that *he* has chosen. He generally leaps straight down, and instantly goes off as hard as he can lay legs to the ground. Should this ravine afterwards branch off in different directions,

* This term is applied to the *riders* as well as horses, and meant so here.

which is usually the case, there is nothing for it, if you have lost sight, and have no covers to guide you, but to make the best of your way to some high ground, where, if you remain quite quiet, in all probability you will view him coming out—to fix yourself to one of the branches of the ravine may of course sometimes bring you on him again should it prove the right one; but even *then*, should he hear you coming up, he will stop dead short, and the moment you have passed go off in the opposite direction. Foxes are cunning enough, but the hog, I think, much more so. A fox will stop when away from his pursuers, but a hog will continue at a strong pace for miles and miles without pausing for an instant, and *consequently* once out of sight, in general, lost for ever.

In my last letter I confined myself to a description of *the method* of hunting, without any *details* of a hunt itself. I shall content myself in this with leaving hunts, horses, spears, and a few hints which I think may be serviceable to young hands, for some future number, and proceed at once to the details of a party, consisting of the Ahmednuggur Hunt and a gentleman from Poona, at a celebrated cover known by the name of the Date Grove.

The tents having been previously sent off, and the village of Dewalgaum fixed on as the place to breakfast at, the above party left Ahmednuggur on the morning of the 9th Sept., reaching the ground at 10—on horseback again by 12, and reached the village of Murray in the Gungthuree* to dinner, halting for the night. From the village where we breakfasted, to the latter place, we had to descend the Serus Ghaut under heavy rain, the consequence of which was, some of the party very cleverly succeeded in losing their way, and had to go about five miles more than the rest: a very slight damper—although *wet to the skin*—to men in the high spirits our party could boast of. I must confess there were some very long faces at the continued heavy rain; two or three of the party, famous for foreboding every *possible misery* on every *possible* occasion that we poor mortals are heirs to, taking ample pains to show that sport *was out of the question*. However, for *once* they were wrong, for on gaining the low country the ground was in the finest order imaginable. The next day we reached our hunting-ground, and not contented with the ten miles we had come, a *look* at the grove was deemed advisable. On our return to the tents, evident signs of hogs in abundance were visible in the Bajree* fields, and as if more direct proof was wanting, a fine hog got up and went away for the Grove. As we were *then* on the *peace* establishment, and consequently no arms at hand, he was allowed to convey in safety to his associates the news of our arrival. If a man wishes to see a party of sportsmen to advantage (mind, I don't say they are *ever* to be seen to *disadvantage*), he should pop in on them at dinner the evening previous to their work. It is not that noisy party which usually *follows* great sport—none of that bawling their feats into each other's ears as if the horses a hundred yards off were interested in each spear given—no *riot*—but a quiet, good-humoured feeling seems to prevade the whole society. In short, I can better describe it

* The plains through which the Gunga (Anglice, *Godavery*) runs.

* A high early grain, above a man's head on horseback.

by making use of a term in which a jolly friend of mine was in the habit of expressing himself after a real good dinner, *By G—d, Sir, a child might play with me now.* Such was the case with my sporting friends at the Date Grove on the 10th of Sept. This much is easily enough described, but to attempt to paint the breakfast-table next morning is a cut above me. The anxiety for the labours of the day had made awful havoc with appetites, and very little time was lost in mounting the cattle and gaining the Grove. This cover is about half a mile or rather more in length, and about 400 yards at the widest place—in others, say 150. It is composed of date trees without number, of all sizes, sometimes thin and at other places impassable. Adjoining the Grove the same kind of tree is here and there to be seen, and woe be to the man who should run against its branches, which project at right angles, as sharp and tough as a man can well desire. A friend of mine on a subsequent party ran his knee against one of these spikes, for such they are, and suffered not a little for some considerable time. A hog dodges * so well round them that to kill is out of the question, and it is usual to pull up on nearing the Grove. 200 beaters, armed with matchlocks, rattles, and crackers in thousands, were very shortly in motion, halloing and screaming in high style. The hogs being very numerous (the Shikharee* declared he had seen and counted 150), but a short time elapsed before a sounder broke cover. As one chase is like another, one account will do for all. A single hog going away gives perhaps more sport than a whole sounder —a sufficient distance being left to prevent the chance of his getting safe back into cover, of which manœuvre he will certainly avail himself, if possible; the signal for riding is given—the devil take the hindmost is then the order of the day—the hog, on hearing the thunder of the horses nearing him, generally stops for an instant, as if calculating whether it is possible to get back again, when away he goes at a most slapping pace indeed. Should

* Talking of *dodging*, I recollect seeing one of the most ludicrous accidents a man could well be witness of. A hog had broken cover closely pursued by one of the field, who luckily viewed him as he was going away, and consequently got a good start of the rest, who were however not so far behind as to leave him any time to spare. *We* (for I was amongst the number) were crossing at the time a fine open plain with only a *single tree to be seen.* The hog, finding his pursuer was more than a match for him, went straight for it just as our sportsman was preparing to give the first spear. Both the hog and the rider were at the moment close on the tree, and the former, seeing the blade glittering a little too near him to be pleasant, made a dodge to *one side*, and as instantaneously passed the eventful tree *on the other.* *Now or never* was the time to spear—the rest of the riders thundering close behind—*in* went the spears, the *horse* dashed to the right, the direction the hog had dodged, just at the *instant* his *rider* was reaching to *his utmost* to spear the hog as he passed to the *left*: —the consequence was, our sportsman was *pitched* nearly on to the back of the astonished hog, his spear went slap into the centre of the tree, where it stood quivering with the force of the blow, whilst the horse, who seemed vastly to enjoy the joke, went kicking and prancing over the country to the right, most unceremoniously leaving our sporting friend sprawling like a spread eagle on mother earth, and casting a long, last, lingering look at the innocent cause of all the mischief, and whom only the *instant before* he had reckoned in making *deevilish weel acquainted* with his spear well up to the maker's name.

* The man who finds out where the hogs are, usually tracking to the spot where they are lying.

he have had a good start, the horses find enough to do to come up with him, and should bad ground intervene, some miles are run before spears can be used. From the time of starting to the turning of the hog, it is nothing more than a hard contested race, and the best goer of course has it; but the work is not *yet* done —for it is one thing to come up and another thing to take the first spear, which requires a degree of management to a beginner not at all clear. If *alone*, a man has his *own* time, but with four or five good ones close at your horse's heels, straining every nerve to pass you, the difficulty is increased a hundredfold. On the leading man coming within ten or twelve yards, the hog begins to turn, and with such quickness is it done, that the rider is thrown out so much as to take a good hundred yards to come up again, unless *fully prepared* for it, and even *then* it is astonishing how much ground is lost. Then is the time for the second rider to make his push, and according as he has more or less skill the hog is either speared or missed. I have seen four or five men come up in succession, each thrown out in his turn, until the hog, quite blown, is unable to escape the spear. Then comes the charge on the next man that is within reach, and so on, until the brute rolls on the ground with half a dozen spears sticking up in him, looking more like a porcupine than a hog. The first onslaught being over, some killed and others safe in the bajree, which was very high and in large quantities, the Grove was tried again with equal success. The work was carried on till dark, when, on summing up, the number of slain was found to amount to nine.

Sept. 12.—On account of yesterday's severe work a cessation of hostilities was voted, a detachment of the party, who had no idea of sitting in tents all day, proceeding up a nullah to shoot. Very little mischief was done in this line, for, before we had advanced half a mile, marks of hog quite fresh were found, and no sooner had we gained the first bajree field before two fine hogs were on their legs. We, who were on our legs too, required but one instant to be in full pursuit. One of them broke cover immediately, and was speared by our Poona friend, Captain H. Some men have a knack of *going* on *any* horse, and if any man deserves credit for riding a *rum one* it was my friend in this occasion. As I don't wish to take the conceit out of his present owner, whoever he may be, for he has changed hands more than once, I shall not mention the horse's name, but the *bit* he was rode in should certainly be exposed to view in some museum. As for a curb of the ordinary kind! you might as well have tried to manage an elephant with a Chifney. I don't know what to call it, for it certainly had a chain, and such a one! for *fear of accidents*, it was *doubled* and made with *square links*, the edges of which *ought* to have been enough to have satisfied most horses; but nothing short of the *bit* itself could have managed *him:* this was made like most curbs, but excessively high in the *bend*, and movable like a Bentinck, the whole of which, excepting the bend, was armed with *spikes*, and I'll leave my readers to guess the effect of a sharp pull with such an instrument as this. It fully answered its purpose, and a horse which must have otherwise have been useless, became a very decent hog-hunter. He was not *over fast* to be sure, but his rider made up for

that, and certainly did screw him along to the utter discomfiture of myself and several other brother Nimrods—at least for that day.

No sporting reader is to do the Ahmednuggur Hunt such injustice as to suppose *for an instant* that a gun was again handled *that day.* Messenger after messenger was dispatched to the hunters, and some of our ghorawallas, in zeal for the service, tried how *they* too could bound our nags to the scene of action. Whilst the black Nimrods were at their work, our friend's spiked bit was again in requisition, and away we went after another fine fellow who found his mistake too late to save his bacon. John Bull can no more ride on an empty stomach for any length of time than he can fight. It is not *very* likely to come to pass, but *should* I ever command a John Bull army, they never shall go into action without a *wee bit of provende* in them as a sort of foundation to work on—"that's the ground I stand on." Now I can't understand how the deuce those Guzerattees manage to go—and *go they do* I promise you, as I have more than once seen—at such an uncouth time as daybreak without a particle of the bulwarks of human nature in them. To be a little more intelligible, I mean the self-same on which a *very respectable friend of mine* (in my younger days) raised his rabbits.—This hero, this respectable friend of mine (mind, Mr. Editor, in my *younger days*, for to tell you the truth I'm getting mortal old), was asked what he fed his rabbits on. What *I* feeds 'em on ? *why, victuals and drink, to be sure.* Now the long and short of this is, that the good men of the Deccan cannot live like woodcocks, on suction. Tiffin baskets are consequently a *sine quâ non* with a hunting party, and though I don't go so far as to agree with a gentleman who, after a splendid day's sport, exclaimed as he took his seat at dinner, *Now come the pleasures of the day* (when another man would have thought them over!), *still a little something*, washed down with a bottle of Hodgson, is by no means to be despised. It can do *no harm*—and I *have* seen some who could go straighter over a bad country after a *bottle of the best* than ever they could before. No one is to suppose, though, that such cocktails as these were of the present party, though, to be candid, I *do* recollect a friend of mine who no sooner mounted his horse after a glass or two of the *last October* than down came horse and all, and in the scramble to get up went down again. Ah, *very well! that's the effect of drinking beer*—was the only remark from one of the party, with what justness I'll leave my *reader* to say, considering that the personage on the tapis was nothing more or less than the best hog-hunter I have *ever seen.* Many of my sporting friends have heard often enough, if they have never seen, Captain R——ts (then a grade lower, not meant for a pun I give my word). From the bottom of my heart I declare I could sooner meet his Satanic Majesty himself—aye, in the dark too!—than, was I a hog, fall in with my friend, with that scarlet coat of his and a spear in his hand. To give time for fresh cattle to arrive, *merely on that account*, we sat down to tiffin. I can't spare time to kill any more hogs separately—enough that the end of the day saw five fine bristlers at the foot of the flag-staff, over whom was flying, in token of victory, the black boar, the constant attendant at these scenes of slaughter.

Sept. 13.—Although yesterday, intended as a day of *rest*, proved somewhat the contrary, there was no halt for the nags. *Go it you must*, was our first day's motto, and it was settled it should remain so. On horse at ten—and having beaten the Grove, which appeared much deserted (one only broke), we made for the bajree, and though altogether four only were killed, the sport was capital. Many were seen, but the bajree, after a sharp brush, in general saved them.

Sept. 14.—The field was taken this morning at nine instead of ten —*eight* hours the preceding day not having been found sufficient! Proceeded at once to the bajree, which was to be found here and there in every direction. By dark, after capital sport and plenty of hard work, we found ourselves some miles from home, with six hogs killed. Some of the party did not reach the tents till past 8 p.m., having been on horseback since nine in the morning.

Sept. 15.—The horses were unable to last longer than they did yesterday, or I verily believe 8 would have been substituted for 9—*vires acquirit eundo*—or, as an old schoolmaster of mine constantly used to be applying to some of us, *Semper eadem*, the first of which should be construed *keener and keener each day*—applying to the riders:—the last may with equal truth relate to the cattle (according to the way the old pedagogue was in the habit of translating it)—*worser and worser* — for there was a woeful demand for bandages, and not without reason too, for some of their bellies certainly seemed to have visited their *legs*: they might truly be said to be in good condition *there, at least*, if nowhere else. Our good friends in England, I suppose, have heard that the canopy of heaven is the only covering our little Arabs can boast of on parties of this kind—such a thing as a stable had never been seen by the inhabitants of the district where we were, *not even in a dream*. Rain had fallen during the night, and the poor creatures, who had been tearing here and there all the day before, until dead beaten, had nothing for it but wallowing in the mud: they seemed, however, just as anxious for the sport as we were, and to it we went. As I said before, most runs resemble each other. To give an account of each would be as endless as unnecessary, but there *was* one this day which afforded one of the prettiest sights a man can well witness. The reader is aware, perhaps, that taking the first spear is the grand object at a hog-hunt, and is more eagerly rode for than probably any fox's brush ever was in *former* days (the practice is quite out of date *now*). The smallest touch sufficient to draw the least particle of blood is pronounced a fair spear, although the hog be not a bit the worse for it (in fact, sometimes the exact contrary, for, acting like a spur to a horse, it makes him go still faster), and the animal, by whomever actually dispatched, is said to be killed by the man whose spear first drew blood. A hog who had broken cover and gone away for some distance unperceived, was at last viewed a long way off and immediately pursued by Mr. S——n, mounted on a well-known horse the Chancellor. At starting no one else appeared near enough to have any chance; but suddenly our gallant friend the Captain, as if debouching from an ambuscade, was seen at his best pace, mounted on *Recorder*, threatening, with no small chance of success, to dispute the spear. As the two

riders were coming from different directions into one point, the foot of a small hill over which the hog was making the best of his way, the interest was kept up intensely till the moment of their closing. Both had some considerable distance to go with bad ground, and a more beautiful sight than the run afforded, as each rider occasionally disappeared in a deep nullah and again emerged, both making play in good earnest, cannot well happen. After a severe struggle, Recorder gained the hill *just before* his antagonist, and the spear was finally decided in favour of the Captain. It appeared afterwards that the latter had pushed his horse to the utmost to gain the hill first, for Recorder, like many other horses, got disheartened when passed, although he had splendid bottom as long as he could keep the lead, and I need hardly say to those that know him, that to dispossess him of the lead *at any time* required a horse very superior to those usually in the field. Had the Chancellor arrived at that point first, there can be little doubt whose would have been the spear, but as it was, his opponent had the start, and kept it, although from the different directions they had come there were considerable doubts whose would be the fortune of the day to the last. If there was one *horse* in the field more likely to defeat his antagonist than another, it was the Chancellor, and had it rested with the *riders*, the Captain—as good a workman as ever sat in a saddle—would have found he had full employment on his hands in the person of as awkward a customer as could well be desired. Some of the party were so late in returning home that the place of the black boar was supplied by lanterns at the flag-staff head, and even with this assistance half-past eight and nine o'clock had struck before the whole were assembled. Total killed this day, 5.

Sept. 16.—The fatigue of yesterday seemed far from diminishing the ardour of the party—indeed, *if possible*, the longing for sport was increasing. The horn sounded to horse at nine—boots and spurs were in requisition in a moment; and the bajree being the point of attack, each man was soon at his station.

Of all the awkward-looking falls ever witnessed, one that happened to my often-mentioned friend the Captain this day beats them hollow. Of five horses brought with him, towards the end of the day he was reduced to a grey galloway, as nice a piece of blood as a man could mount, but far over-weighted with very nearly 12 stone on his back. What with saddle and bridle, my friend could not have weighed much less, but the idea of giving up the sport as long even as the *little fellow* could hold out, never entered into his head, and what's more, never would. A fine hog went away for the grove, pursued by at least five riders. About 150 yards, or perhaps a little more, from the grove itself, ran an awkward nullah, soft at the bottom, with as ugly banks on each side as need be. Leaping was out of the question, it being at least 40 feet wide, and there was nothing for it but to go down into it and up again. A hog goes a tremendous pace at any time, but the spirit he has always in him when close on a cover can only be understood by those who have witnessed it. Let him have run for ten miles, the *go* he has in him for the last 200 or 300 yards *into cover* is amazing. The order in which the riders came out of the nullah I don't exactly recollect, nor is it material—suffice it to say, the little grey galloway charged it

with the best (he had racing speed), and bounded well into the middle of it with a resolution that would disgrace no horse. There ended his career—for the time at least—for finding the weight of his rider, whatever it might be on hard ground, far above his powers in deep sand, down he came head over heels, apparently entangled with his master. To extricate himself took no great time, and when fairly clear, a sight presented itself that was enough to turn the boldest man sick. The spear was standing with its *point uppermost*, exactly as if it had gone clean through the body, nor was the contrary discovered till some motion on the part of our dismounted friend took away its prop, and *down* it fell to the heartfelt satisfaction of all who were present. Excepting a slight stunning and a heavy blow on the arm from the horse's legs, no damage was done; but how the spear had got into the frightful position it was when first seen, is difficult to explain. Whilst this was going on *in* the nullah, a ludicrous accident happened on the bank. Mr. C., who had mounted a black horse, the only one of his stud at that late hour in a rideable condition, found, long before his arrival at this eventful nullah, that the order of things was quite reversed, and that instead of having the command of his horse he had as little to say to him as the rest of the riders had to the hog, who during the confusion had joined his brother grunters in the Grove. Finding all chance even of a ninth spear (for which *early poke, with the hog sprawling on the ground too*, I recollect seeing two good folks at a certain party on the point of *quarrelling*) out of the question, Mr. C., like a good general, began to manœuvre, in order to take advantage of his intimate knowledge of the practicable points of the above-mentioned nullah, and was accordingly to be seen screwing, or rather attempting to screw, his unruly steed to a spot where a descent *might* securely be effected, trusting to the sand to do the *rest* for him, or at any rate *something towards* defeating the *object* of his black steed, which appeared to be nothing more or less than making himself intimate with the recesses of the Grove itself, which, I before observed, consisted of trees sufficiently well adapted for cooling the courage of the hardiest rider. In reliance on a good bridle and tolerable strength of arm, he had reckoned on being able at any rate to turn him, although pulling up was quite out of the question; but, like many others, he had reckoned without his host—he had as much chance of turning the black as he had of turning the *nullah itself* out of the way. As is invariably the case on such occasions, the horse, as if to show his utter contempt for his master, bore down for the very worst place the nullah could boast of. *On* he came, thundering like a cart-horse, directly for a number of narrow channels cut by the rush of the rain into the nullah, and on the very bank itself. He nearly fell into the *first*, and had just power left to scramble out, when down he went fairly into the next, and he was firmly stuck to the depth of the top of the saddle, still standing, but so jammed that the rider himself had the greatest difficulty in extricating his own legs, which being cased in large jack-boots, fast pressed to the saddle, did not facilitate the operation: he *succeeded*, however, in the end, without having received the slightest injury from an accident which certainly at first promised not as well as it turned out. In spite of these mistakes,

eight hogs were numbered with the dead this day.

Sept. 17.—At work again at the usual hour: the Captain, not the worse for yesterday's roll, with the exception of his arm in a sling, was with the first in the field. A fine day's sport wound up with six hogs killed.

Sept. 18.—A halt was voted this day, and not without reason, having been hard at it for seven successive days. Captain H., together with Captain P., left us for Ahmednuggur, to the deep regret of every individual; the latter gentleman has not been mentioned hitherto for the same reason which applies to many others. Nothing out of the way had happened to him, *and as usual* he had done his *duty*—for so heavy a weight for an Arab as 14 stone, without either boots, saddle, or bridle, he is a surprising goer, and a better and keener sportsman is not to be met with.

As spears were interdicted today, the ponies were in request for coursing. We seemed really to have started under most favourable auspices, for foxes and hares appeared literally in waiting for us. The dogs were run to a standstill, a sufficient signal for a return to the tents.

Sept. 19.—On the field this morning at nine precisely. It looked as if the whole country was determined to witness our two last days' sport, for although the number of beaters had been daily increasing until the last day, when about 280 were counted, they came to-day in swarms; 350 men were put into line in the first cover, extending no small distance, four and five yards being about the space between each man, the riders taking up their position immediately in advance. Of all good covers there is nothing like grain; the suddenness with which the hog springs on his legs—the alarm of the beaters on the spot, together with the great and tremendous rush of the animal itself, strewing, for the moment, the grain in his course, is a sight rarely to be equalled—the management required to prevent his breaking through the line—the intense anxiety and eagle-eyed watchfulness for a view—and, O ye gods! the thrilling feel and furious dash of the sportsmen the instant the hog is descried fair away—are things that *must be seen and felt*, and are not to be profaned by an attempt to describe them.

Any sportsman that wishes to see what *can* be done with beaters should join the Hunt on their meetings at the Grove—the line is preserved in a style quite extraordinary compared with the little order kept at hog-hunts in general; great patience has been used, and with an effect that should and *must* show how much more is to be brought about with natives in that way than with the scampering up and down, the bawling and noise, which so often accompanies any trifling disorder in the line. The *coup d'œil this* day was really grand, and the sport seemed to reward the party for the trouble they had taken. No accidents of any kind happened, and by the close of the day eleven fine bristlers had been slain.

Sept. 20.—This was the ninth and last day—the same number of beaters were on the ground by nine, and after a hard day's work we bade adieu to the bajree with four hogs killed—a somewhat reduced number in comparison with yesterday's success. It had been before determined on to give over at the end of this day—enough to satisfy the most greedy had been done; besides which, we had tried most of the grain. In the Grove

itself were left six or eight huge monsters of a light grey colour, whom it was impossible to dislodge. *One* only of these enormous brutes has ever been hunted at this place, and *he* made good his escape back to the Grove with only one spear wound. The beaters declare this selfsame monster is to be seen to this day with the scar on him, and there is no reason to disbelieve it, for the wound was not given above eight years ago. The grey boar who flourished in verse in the last number of the Magazine must have been of this genus. It would be almost worth while to shoot one of these monsters for the purpose of weighing and measuring him, though I should be very sorry to be the person bound to give a description of him, as I expect very few would credit the account. I don't know how it is, but I think the good people on this side of India are less credulous than they *were*; however, I don't intend to be frightened out of a few *strange* things I have to tell of tigers and tiger-slayers on elephants, horseback, and foot, which I have by me, though I am pretty certain not above half will be believed—if even so much. I have but little more to add on the subject of the party I have attempted to describe: fifty-four hogs were killed, and twice that number found; and what was more extraordinary, I have never seen hogs run faster and stronger, although in the height of the grain season, a time of year in which generally they are too fat to go as they should. There were a few very large ones amongst the number killed, but by far the greater portion were fine lanky boars, which for sport, both as regards ferocity, speed, and bottom, beat all others hollow.

As I must have long ago exhausted the patience of the *most patient* reader—indeed, I almost fancy I hear the words *stop him who can*—I shall *call off* for the present.

NIMROD IN THE EAST.

PARODY OF "TAMBOURGI, TAMBOURGI."

FROM LORD BYRON.

Oh, Nimrod of Kandes, thy tents in the fort
Give hopes to the hunter, and promise of sport;
All the sons of the mountains arise at thy call,
The Cooley, the Bheel, and the hardy Patell.

Who's fonder of sport than the quicksighted Bheel?
Though but half clothed in rags, still his frame's hard as steel;
To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
And descends to the plain from his cave in the rock.

E'en the sons of old Cundoo, who ne'er missed his foe,
The pleasures of shooting the tiger forego;
With their bows and their arrows they flock in to tell
The haunts of the beast they love hunting so well;

Each village sends forth all her half savage race,
They abandon the plough for the joys of the chase;
And their bodies of black shall be blacker before
The tiger is killed and the hunting is o'er.

Then the Cooleys of Thalner, that dwell on the banks
Of the Taptee, shall swell our irregular ranks,
And leaving their wives and their children in haste,
Shall track to his covert the king of the waste.

I seek not the pleasures that wealth can supply:
My spear and gun win what the rich cannot buy;
In wine and soft couches no joys can I see;
But the tiger and wild boar give pleasure to me.

I adored the fair face of a maid in my youth,
I knew she was lovely, I thought her all truth,
But e'er manhood had darkened the down on my chin,
I found she was false, and deceit lurked within;

I remember the time, when sweet Phillis's charms
I'd have given the world to have pressed in my arms,
But her falsehood and treachery ne'er had I proved,—
As an exile through India ne'er had I roved!

I talk not of softness, dream not of delay,
He neither must know, who the tiger would slay;
The sun and the rain both alike must be dear
To him who delights in his gun and his spear.

When black Hyder, his trunk curling up in his ire,
Sees the eyes of the tiger with rage flashing fire,
When the spring with a roar brings the monster in sight,
Then prove we the joys of unmingled delight.

Then bind on the howdah, my rifle prepare,
With thy tigers, oh, Thalner! war now I declare;
And if fortune to favour us kindly will deign,
By the evening thy towers shall view us again.

JUNGLICUS.

FEEDING AND TRAINING.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I beg leave to reply to the questions proposed by your very sporting-like and intelligent correspondent "Novice," whose liberality, candour, and simplicity deserve particular attention from those who have more acquaintance with turf affairs than he seems to possess, and who, indeed, in some measure, are called upon by his ingenuous avowal of ignorance to prevent any undue advantage being taken of so amiable a confession, by the knowing ones with whom he may have to deal. Luckily, he is at Poona, where the supporters of the races are gentlemen as well as sportsmen; but he may change his residence before December next, or run his horses elsewhere, and may possibly meet with competitors less generous than just—people who are rigidly strict in all that concerns the Course, and think it their duty to be so, and consequently, through ignorance, his horse may lose a plate, as a certain "*Accident*" *Colt* did in 1826, which colt walked

over for the colt's plate, had been regularly brought to the post and started by a Steward, but his owner not deeming it necessary to have his jockey dismounted and weighed, the colt was declared distanced, and the plate reverted to the Fund. Now this was being, as some folks called it, devilish unhandsome and d—d hard, for the master lost his money and the horse lost his maiden.

Now, in order to prevent your friend "Novice" getting into such acts of snobbish predicaments, I, as an experienced turfite, intend to offer him my best advice, not only in turf matters, but also in such as concerns the management of his nags in the stable, and their treatment in training, together with a few hints upon riding his races.

The liberality of "Novice's" disposition is splendidly evinced in the style with which he makes his début as a sportsman, with three known horses, four maidens, and three colts. Why, Sir, to commence a turf career with such a stud would be worthy the sporting zeal of an Indian O'Keefe or a British O'Kelly. But that's the way to do the trick—fill your stables full, and it's devilish hard if you do not find a flicker or two amongst the whole batch: the expense, of course, is a different thing for consideration—I say nothing of that—I mean merely to tell "Novice" what to do when he has the horses, not how to buy or to maintain them.*

Well, Sir, I will at once suppose that he has just brought his horses fresh from the stables, from Byramjee or Daddy Santook, but Daddy's the man for me—I knew his father well, and an upright honest dealer he was—his son is a real ditto. Well, having got his horses, the first thing in his racing capacity that he must do is to *square their tails*—that makes them clippers at once—a good long square dock, none of your white or grey tails—they are much too little for my taste—I like something *Moore*—D'ye take, Old Gentleman? I call you old, because you are, or ought to be, old* —ever since I could imagine what sort of an animal an Editor might be, I have always fancied him an elderly, brown-faced, bald-headed, spider-legged, spectacled,† starch stiff-rumped old fellow with a snuff-begrimed nose, and a mouth like the aperture of a poor's box —but I forget "Novice."

Having squared his horses' tails, he should have at least two extra horsekeepers to each horse, for as one or two will certainly be lazy and good-for-nothing scoundrels, he has a third to rely upon for grooming the nag, and therefore it is three to one in favour of his being taken some care of—to be sure some witty rogues may sneer, and say, "too many cooks," &c., but that can't apply to grooming a horse, however applicable to making, or rather marring, a soup.

Every one knows that the master's eye makes the horse fat; therefore he should frequently go into the stable, especially by night, and more especially while training. A few strokes of the whip smartly applied to their hind-quarters should always be given, to make the nags know him, and give them a lively appearance. The stables

* Some of my hints may seem simple and stupid enough, but they will suit "Novice's" understanding, and if *properly* taken may be found "all right." I hint this lest you may sometimes fancy I am only joking with your simple friend.

* Not so old neither—"some fifty, or by 'r lady threescore!"—Ed.

† We deny the legs, the specs, and the baldness.—Ed.

should always be kept hot—the doors shut: this effectually prevents any accidents from land-wind, and besides, they feel the bracing effects of the pure air when taking their exercise more powerfully. Never let them sleep in the day—it accustoms them to irregular hours.

In feeding, he should allow his *known* horses only as much as they like to eat—being old, they know better than to gorge themselves. He should let the maidens have grain and grass in equal quantities, and the colts a little more. To the delicate feeding colt I would recommend mashed turnips and no water for a week—no exercise of any kind whatever. If this does not better his cow-like appearance, try it the other way—gallons of water and no turnips—if both fail, as colts are sometimes very obstinate and *will not* draw up their bellies, then let the brute have his grain again and gallop his guts out. As to soaking the grain in gin, I dare say it may answer now and then with those who know how much gin to administer, at least I knew the gentleman alluded to by "Novice," and he certainly *used* his mare so. I also knew one who thought seriously of trying "quicksilver"—that ought to have made his horse *run*, but whether *on* his legs or *at* his mouth seems doubtful.

When he begins to train, he should first trot them briskly for a fortnight—then give gallops in plenty morning and evening—keeping them well at it—and always by lanthorn-light—nobody then could see how they got on—this, with a two-mile trial every other day, will do the business.

If "Novice" is his own jockey, he should just tickle his horse's sides at mounting with his spurs, to put him on his mettle, and show him that he has got spurs on. Always start him from the starting-post with a smart stroke of the whip, which will accustom him to be on the alert for a brisk start when he races, and may thereby gain many lengths of a horse that comes to the post as quiet as a cow, which some people pretend to prefer to a spirited approach, and which latter they call fretfulness and violence, but "tot homines," &c.

In riding it is quite ridiculous to see the pertinacity with which some jockies keep their legs fixed firm to the saddle. This only adds to the squeeze and pressure of the poor animal's girth, while by moving them briskly about, as the natives do, the motion of the limbs co-operates with the action of the horse, and consequently accelerates his rate of going. "Novice" should always prefer the outer to the inner side of the Course, for by so doing he is always in readiness to take advantage of crossing, and thereby throwing dust and stones in his adversary's horse's face—whereas the inner horse will never think of inconveniencing him by this manœuvre, ride as he may.

Holding both hands on the rein, under pretence of keeping the horse's head steady, is perfectly absurd; for if both hands are thus employed, how can the whip be used?—No—let "Novice" keep the bridle loose, to give freedom of head and action, and hold the whip (*a wire one*) over his eye, to show him he is ready to flog if he presumes to flag.

If his opponent's horse seems very much distressed at any early part of the race, and his own tolerably fresh, "Novice" should not, as some do, instantly press on to secure the heat, but hold in, and keep with him, and make a pretty race of it—it looks better, and is almost as certain to win.

After passing the winning post, pull up dead—many allow their horses to go on a long way, which surely is giving unnecessary fatigue to them.

If it should happen that the lead is *once* taken from him, he should always claim a cross, because the Stewards may chance to give it in his favour.

A feed before starting is coming into practice, as horses, like men, do the work best with a bellyful.

A glass of beer between the heats is absolutely necessary—if spiced, so much the better.

If "Novice" finds these hints of service, he may let me know, and I'll favour him with a few more.

I am, Sir,
Your well-wisher,
JASPER GAMBADO.

THE BUFFALO HUNT.

MR. EDITOR,

Should you not receive any other account of the buffalo hunt in the hills beyond Boorhampoor, perhaps you will have the goodness to insert the following. There were nine killed, but in the account I received from one of the actors, the first hunt only was described.

Arise, arise, ye hunters bold;
The tardy sunbeam's tints of gold
Proclaim the dawning near;
But ere the rays are backwards cast,
Deep in the jungle's dreary waste
The Buffalo must breathe his last,
Beneath the hunter's spear.

The saddled steeds impatient neigh,
As if they knew the coming day
Was destined for the fight:
Nor long they wait, for soon are seen
The hunters in the sylvan scene,
With glancing spears, and rifles sheen
Far flashing to the light.

As slow the motley cavalcade
Sweeps onward through the copse-bound glade,
With shout and laughter gay;
Start from their lair the timid deer,
The Sambur wheels and turns in fear,
While glittering peacocks screaming veer
To distant shades their way.

But anxious silence deepens till
They rise upon a rocky hill,
When burst upon the sight,
Thickening their phalanx far below,
Ready to rush upon the foe,
A herd of mighty Buffalo,
Who gaze but not in fright;

The noble monarch at their head
Paws up the ground with furious tread,
And lashes with his tail,
They yet irresolute appear,
Till suddenly, as struck with fear,
Tossing their heads around they bear,
And thunder down the vale:

Bushes and trees before them crash,
As down the steep ravine they dash,
With their unwieldly speed;
The horses emulate the wind,
And pressing on, though still behind,

Through the thick trees and bushes wind,
All striving for the lead.

It were a tale too long to tell,
How hunters rode and hunters fell,
In pressing o'er the crags;
But all of those who kissed the ground,
And rising felt their bones were sound,
Despising every minor wound,
Remounted quick their nags.

The chase was long, but yet the strength
Of those great monsters failed at length,
And one was turned to bay;
Under a spreading peepul's shade,
His stand for life he boldly made,
His fierceness unallayed
By sunbeam's burning ray:
But nearly now and deadly hot
Were poured the lances, and the shot,
And gashed with many a wound,
The noble beast to madness stung,
Forth on his foes a moment sprung,
With one loud roar the jungles rung,
He sunk upon the ground.

May sports like these be soon renewed,
And buffaloes be oft pursued;
And many more be slain;
And when at eve, with goblets crowned,
The merry song and joke go round,
We'll tell the tale of each wide wound,
And kill them o'er again.

JUNGLICUS.

FLINTS AND DETONATORS.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The numerous subscribers to your publication have already, no doubt, filled up your first number.—If a corner should remain unoccupied in the second, the insertion of the following *dissertation* on the comparative merits of FLINT and DETONATING LOCKS may prove acceptable.

The superiority of the percussion over the flint lock, has long been a matter of dispute; and there are not those wanting, who still support the flint. I am one who had an inveterate dislike to the detonating lock when it began to be generally used in this country, but after having shot with it for three months, I was completely convinced of its superiority, both with regard to quickness and certainty of firing, as well as to the distance to which it drives the shot. The greater quickness of ignition cannot be disputed, but some shots uphold that the percussion cannot drive the shot with so much force as when the old lock is used, because, argue they, the fire issuing from the detonation of the cap is so forcible as to drive out a greater portion of the powder in the barrel, before it is fired, than the common lock does, where ignition is slower. But it stands to reason that that very force must decompose the powder quicker, and more effectually, than when the flint lock is used, where the combustion proceeds progressively from grain to grain, and where the acute fire (if you may use such a term) arising from detonating powder is deficient.

The trouble being small, any keen sportsman will not hesitate to convince himself of what I assert, *i.e.* of there being a smaller quantity of powder ejected from the percussion (thereby increasing the force of the discharge) than the flint gun, by placing two or three sheets of paper at the distance of about two or three paces from the muzzle of each gun, and after having fired both, on examination it will be found that the detonating gun has thrown fewer upon the paper than the other.

Besides the advantages above enumerated, the sportsman will shoot with greater correctness of aim, which is much to be desired, *especially* in firing with rifles, where the greatest nicety is required, it being well known that it is not so much the improper direction of the piece before it is fired, that causes the shot to deviate from its object, as the nervous start which accompanies the firing of the powder in the pan and breech, and in overcoming which the superiority of shooting consists.

Now, in the percussion lock, the pulling of the trigger is followed so rapidly by the ignition of the powder in the breech, that the ball leaves the muzzle of the gun before that nervous feeling can have time to affect the shooter.

My dear Mr. E., I have addressed the above lines to those who use "the *good old flint* lock" *i.e.* to those that may do so from ignorance, it being useless to reason with those that shoot with the flint lock from a spirit of contradiction. If you think the contents of this paper may be worth the perusal of the shooting part of the community, pray let me know, as a little encouragement will induce me to trouble you again upon similar subjects.

PERCUSSION.

Bombay, May 25th, 1828.

THE TALES OF THE TINKERS.

(*Continued from page* 21.)

Who was the Second Tinker, he
With red round nose and ferret eye,
That squinted most infernally,
As tho' his Lesbian glim would try
Over his most extraordinary snout
To see what t'other blinker was about.
His cheeks the while in general sallow,
Flushing with many a various tint
Of purple, red and greenish yellow,
(Much added to his glorious squint,)
Red was his hair, red, fiery, furious,
His eyebrows dun, his whiskers sandy,
And (which with long lean shape is curious)
Calfless his legs and cruel bandy!

'Twas Bang—his Christian name was Bill,
Bill Bang, the primest of the set
Called Tinkers, and a Tinker still
Fond of blue lights and heavy wet,
Second, not e'en to him who first
Appear'd in this tip-top production,
Tho' *He* would swizzle till he burst,
But this tall Tinker *lived* by suction.

Such was the cove, who tried to tell
How in sporting fame he fell,
But hiccups came—then something worse,
The devil a story Bill could utter,
Still hiccup'd out—till with a curse
He, maudlin, managed thus to mutter:
"D——n story-telling—let's be jolly—
I say, old chaps, there's something wrong,
It's no fun babbling of one's folly,
So d—n the story—here's a song—"

SECOND TINKER'S SONG.

Come, all ye lads, who have ever seen
The Wild Boar rush from the thorny ravine,
List to a song of the plains between
The hills of Rasah-bosah.
A tinkering crew, on a picnic met,
Were joined by the jovial Deal-table set,
They had plenty of prog
But the devil of a hog,
When our Huntsman cried,
As old Rannoo he espied,
By heav'n, here's news from the jungle side
On the hills of Rasah-bosah.

The tale was soon told, a hog is found,
The terror of the country for ten miles round,
For size and for fierceness equally renown'd
Called the Boar of Rasah-bosah.
He ne'er quits his sugar-cane field till dusk,
Stands four feet high with a nine inch tusk,
All grim and grey,
And the villagers say,
That he killed the Patell
Of the place t'other day;
Then *that's* the Boar for us, said the Huntsman, hurra,
For the Boar of Rasah-bosah.

The field lay close to the mountain's base,
The boldest looked blue at the break-neck place,
And some began to wish that we mightn't find a trace
Of the Boar of Rasah-bosah.
When our huntsman hailed—the Tinkers, ho!
You must never lose sight wher-e'er he may go,
Tho' he dash thro' the wood,
Or slash thro' the flood,
Or face the flat,
But he'll not do that,
Let him go where he will, you must gallop at
The Boar of Rasah-bosah.

'Twas sunny noon as the spot we near'd,
A wild halloo our spirits cheer'd,
For we knew by the shout that our men had rear'd
The Boar of Rasah-bosah.
Yes, the game was afoot, and each heart throbb'd high
As the rustling of the cane-tops told he was nigh,
When as challenging the hunt,
With his deep gruff grunt,
He ended every doubt
By a bold bolt out,
And up to the skies went a glorious shout
For the Boar of Rasah-bosah.

Then straight to the break-neck hill he flies,
With foam-cover'd tusks and with fire-flashing eyes,
And the Tinkers did not seem to relish much the size
Of the Boar of Rasah-bosah.
For curb-chains broke and girths got loose,
And every other sort of frivolous excuse

Was made by those who stopt,
Till one by one they dropt,
And the Deal-table set
Alone contrived to get
To the mountain-top, where they fairly met
The Boar of Rasah-bosah.

Now, now for our push, cried the jovial crew,
Neck and neck were they yet, 'twas a desperate screw,
For they rode—call it riding?—by heaven, they flew
At the Boar of Rasah-bosah.
Thrice did they force him down to the plain,
And thrice the rugged hill did the monster regain,
Thrice the Pownah swam across
Follow'd close by every horse,
And then, when he found
His foes gained ground,
He stopped and the hunters assembled round
The Boar of Rasah-bosah.

Then fierce at the huntsman's steed he flew,
Down went the horse and the rider too,
Tho' his spear had gone right thro' and thro'
The Boar of Rasah-bosah.
Yes, the steed was ripped and he died on the spot,
And the boar breathed his last, with a you-know-what.
'Twas the set of the sun
Ere the chase was done,
Then bumper it all
To the toast I call,
"May the next hog we find fly, fight, and fall,
Like the Boar of Rasah-bosah!"

Bang stopt—and wonder'd much, because
He heard no symptoms of applause,
Then raised his carrot-head and found
His brother Tinkers fast and sound
Asleep—but chief, the youngest one
Lay there, as if completely done—
In whose broad small-pox pitted face,
Tho' bloated like the rest, no trace
Of nose or vestige of a nose
Could be discover'd—how he lost
The handle of his mug, let those
(Who choose their patience to exhaust
Rather than not find out the mystery)
Attend to this young Tinker's History.

THIRD TINKER'S TALE.

Among the sportsmen of true blood
That with their veteran Huntsman keep
Pace in the chase by field and flood,
That dare the ditch however deep,
And face the hill however steep,
First and most ready of them all
Bound to obey his well-known call
The ticken-clad companions rode;
To whom the famed Deal-table Hunt
Its origin entirely owed,
Equal with him they kept, and frequently in front.
'Mong these was Buggins once, and none
E'er loved the glorious chase so madly,
Or faced the field or braved the sun,
Or dared all dangers half so gladly:
Sport was to him not merely sport,
Not that it led to feasts and fun,
It was a kind of tilting court
Where deeds of daring could be done,
And fame and laurels might be won!

Oft when from J—f—s would proceed
An order for some desperate deed,
On foot to sabre some large boar,
Or crawl into the panther's den,
Or follow up the tiger's roar,
Bring him to bay and *spear* him *then!*
While all the other lads would turn
Their heads as if they did not hear it,
This Tinker's broad red face would burn
With shame, to *fancy* he *could fear it*—
Then too when at the festive board,
When song for song was yell'd and roar'd,
Oh! how shrilly did the screech
Of Buggins rise, o'erpowering each:
Joy was in every boisterous peal,
Such joy as only sport can give
To REAL SPORTSMEN, when they feel
That *that's* the way to laugh and live!

Alas! how shocking 'tis to think
(And 'tis the same in Camp and Court)
That woman too, as well as drink,
Can spoil the very best of sport;
When taste and touch so twin-like run,
That tho' 'twere beer and your grandmother,
Yet when you once have *tasted* one,
You're certain sure to *touch* the other,
So was it with that Tinker—so,
From having had a taste too much,
Wherever he might chance to go
He could not do without a touch,
Till thus by touching and by tasting,
His youthful energies all wasting,
He sloped his fall from good to bad,
Became a most indifferent creature,
Just flew at what was to be had,
And lost his face's finest feature!

'Twas first at midnight—in the street
Of Telligaum, he heard the song,
Of her he loved—so shrill, so sweet,
He could have listened all night long,
And stop he did—(tho' much in haste)—
To see the songstress—(what a taste!)
His comrades still went on and on,
Till friends and followers all were gone
Far off beyond Gotowra, where
Their camp was pitched for next day's sport;
A panther had been met with there,
And none but bold ones (*three* in short)
Were chosen in the chase to share!

Shrilly she shriek'd, and high above
The music of her fiddlers three
Rose the romantic strain of love
'Twas "*chota, chota mutchelee!*"
All which she sung and many more,
And funny sounds were in her songs
(He'd heard them several times before)
That less to love than t'other thing belongs.
Gently and groping thro' the gloom,
Tracing the music to a room,
He saw before a busy band
Of tum-tum beaters, fiddlers, and
Others, a round fat nautch-girl stand!
Hung in her nose a pearl ring glitter'd,

T'improve her singing powers, no doubt,
As in the West, when pigs are litter'd,
We ring each squeaking grunter's snout.

And while the perspiration ran
Down from her brow as if 'twould drown her,
The paun-juice from her lips began
To make her nut-brown bosom browner;
And then she danced! for so they call
Jingling her anklets while advancing,
With many a horrid squeal and squall,
With twirling hands and sudden kicks,
Their charms of person much enhancing;
People may patronise such tricks
But shouldn't, d—n it, call it dancing!

Oh, Vestris! oh, divine Miss Tree!
Oh, Mercandotti! or oh, Mrs. Ball!
Could you but hear their songs and see
Their first-rate nautching, you would fall
Fast into fits; but there are some
Of my own countrymen who spend
Night after night in this humdrum
Amusement, which they e'en pretend
To much admire!!! Even now a few
Were listening here and praising too!

How then could Buggins be behind
The rest in admiration? No—
He felt that very common kind
Of inward thrill and outward glow,
Produced by female fascination,
A curious sort of twittering flutter,
As tho' the heart, in trepidation,
Would try to speak and *could* but stutter!!

And did he feel?—yes, feel he did,
Much to his cost, more ways than one,
Nor knew he when at last he bid
The Lady welcome, how 'twas done;
Whether by nautching, love, or what,
That he into this scrape had got,
And whether * * * * * * * * * * * !!!

Buggins awoke—the smell of oil,
And Mohgree flowers and paun-suparee,
Mingled his morning sleep to spoil,
And some one near him mutter'd "arree!"
Dull, dim was that day's dawn and cloudyish,
He looked at Buxun—she was there,
And Buxun looked dull too and dowdyish,
But had not comb'd nor oil'd her hair,
Therefore to look just then was not quite fair!

Then first did Buggins think of all
His reputation lost, and then
Knew he should never have a call
To try his sporting zeal again!
Oh, why did he his friends forsake,
When such an object was at stake?
It was not that he did not dare,
But 'twas a shame, when pledged to share
A deed so desperate, to shun it,
He took his oath 'twas all bad luck,
While *they* pronounced it want of pluck,
And stamp'd him TINKER when they'd done it.

Bold Brothers of the Hunt! they came
That day in triumph with their prize,
On foot they'd found and fought the game,
A *Panther* of enormous size;
Deep in his den did those two beard him,
There crept they in close side by side,
There met his powerful rush, there spear'd him,
There his still quivering limbs they tied
And dragged the monster forth—and swore
Buggins should join their Hunt no more!

But tho' he thus had much transgressed,
Had from his rank among the best
Of *Deccan sportsmen* fallen sadly,
O'ercome with wine and woman's song,
And shirked his promise, pledged so gladly,
To join that panther-fight, where long
His comrades waited, and the bold
Grey-headed Huntsman growled and grumbled;
Yet never did that Huntsman scold
So gently, when the traitor tumbled
Down from the height of his affection,
To be a milk-and-water drinker,
Of Hunting-mates, the only TINKER!!

For much he pitied Buggins' fate,
For he nor his associate
Ever proclaim'd his base desertion;
But Buggins felt the degradation,
And spite of all his mind's exertion
Could not conceal his deep vexation,
While many people tried to find
What prey'd so much upon his mind.

Buxun too saw he'd much to care for,
Yet never asked the why or wherefore,
Still less could one so simple guess
The cause of his unhappiness;
Tho' curious as her sex hath been,
Ever since mother Eve went tripping
Over bright Eden's brightest green,
Merely (they say) to pull a pippin;
Blacks (I've no wish to be censorious)
Are not (I fancy) so notorious
For curiosity as whites,
Which seems extraordinary too,
Since our first parents must, by rights,
Have been a black—that is, if you
Believe that Adam and his woman
Were made in what's called "*Asia common.*"
I don't know much of black theology,
Which more resembles demonology,
(Since all their gods, both good and evil,
Are said at times to've play'd the Devil;)
Nor know I by what facts they've shown
That Eve was black or whity-brown,
And therefore I shall leave the question
To those loud talking gentlemen
Who prove by noise each sage suggestion,
And to the Tinker turn again.

Buxun, incurious, coolly passed
That day and many a day beside,
Till he one morning looked aghast
On finding sickness near—and sigh'd,
And Buxun too fell ill, and she
Was bundled home immediately.

Three months did both remain so sick,
The doctors said they both must die,
But doctors always have a trick
Of saying so—I'll tell you why!
If you should really chance to kick,
They puff and praise their prophecy,
But if you mend, and cheat old Nick,
As some young fellows sometimes will,
Then 'twas "all owing to their skill!"
Buggins and Buxun both were sick,
'Twas strange they kept so long alive,
And stranger still how devilish quick
Some of the faculty contrive
To *earth* a patient—I know one
Once fairly slipt would fairly fox him,
Give him at first a little run,
With p'rhaps a turn or two and *box him!*
Not fight him—no—they pack him off, in
That long dark dismal case, a coffin.

Such fate indeed did not attend
Our Tinker and his nut-brown friend,
But after three months' salivation
Their sickness showed some alteration,
Till both, from what once seem'd to be
Their beds of death, ghost-like arose
Reft, each one, of a feature, she
Minus an eye, and he, a *nose!*

* * *

Whether from sympathy, or what,
I will not now pretend to say,
But both their sufferings and their lot
At one and the same time forgot,
And sigh'd and moan'd and groan'd away,
Again to meet, again to seek
Those moments rich in happiness
Which, after many a weary week
Of absence, sometimes chance to bless
E'en those who most despair of meeting,
And oh! those hours so fond, so fleeting,
When the loved form again is seen
As plump as it had ever been,
When heart doth into heart pour out
Each thought, wish, hope, with not a doubt,
And both with rapture bubbling o'er
As frisky as is that champagne
Which vintners into bottles pour
To be by us poured out again!

So met they—and such joy attends
The hour, that reckless of society
Buggins, who now had shunned all friends,
'Shamed of his nasal *nullibiety*,*
Thought there could be no impropriety
In fairly altogether taking
The Lady as his *acting*-wife,
Thus from his future prospects shaking
The cares and charms of polished life.

So one bright day they met—and after
Many caresses sweet and huggings,
He, spite of former comrades' laughter,
Changed Buxun into Mrs. Buggins!!

In what cantonment of this clime
This couple now may roam or dwell,
If he's a Sub still in his prime,
Or Captain who has served his time,

* Nullibiety—the state of being nowhere.

The *Army List* of course will tell ;
But if in marching to and fro
From one dull station to another,
As most at times are doomed to go,
Should you get thro' the heat and smother
Of sun and dust, or 'scape the rains,
(How heartily one's soul disdains
These Major Sturgeonish campaigns)
Should you, I say, thus shoved about,
Meet with a pair who have between them
Only one tolerable snout
And three good eyes—be sure you've seen them.

Him you would find with jacket soiled,
With stockings round his ankles coiled,
Cravatless, waistcoatless, and far
Fatter than are most country skippers,
His chief joy smoking a cigar
In loose paee-jams and native slippers,
His daily food a roasted fowl
And curry with Kotemeree in,
Washed down, with many a grunt and growl,
With brandy, beer, and sometimes gin.

Her, too, a little changed you'd find,
Her once plump rounded limbs, displaying
Huge rolls of fat before, behind
Some sixteen stone at lowest weighing!
Her one-eyed face all darkly bloated
Smoking her beeree, she'd appear
Like him be-slippered and be-coated,
As fond of brandy too and beer;
Both so much like in dress and habits
That as with any pair of rabbits
'Tis hard, without examining, to know
Which is the buck and which the doe—
So till you looked you could not guess
"'Twixt *Tinker* and his Tinkeress.
Oft have I heard when sportsmen met
This couple (of a certain set,
Now fast decreasing, the true model,)
That laughing, jeering, passing by
Them in their evening walks they'd cry,
"*Look out, look out, my nose and eye!*
There Buggins and his Buxun toddle!"

LETTERS FROM A YORKSHIRE JOCKEY IN INDIA TO HIS BROTHER AT TADCASTER.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I know not how far suitable to the purposes of your Magazine the correspondence I have the pleasure to send you may be, but if you think the letters would be agreeable to your readers, you are at liberty to publish them. I regret that I cannot find any scraps of the earlier ones alluded to by my friend John in the commencement of his first epistle: what I now forward were copies of those he sent to England, and which, at my request, he left with me, to do what I pleased with. His second letter gives a curious and characteristic account of Fox, Hog, and Tiger Hunting, and as he has now gone with his master

to Guzerat, I shall no doubt have something from that quarter to communicate equally amusing. I chanced to be at Poona when John arrived, and a more extraordinary figure I never beheld. A little dapper chap, about 5ft. 3½in., nearly twenty-two years old, with a vacant red face like a ball on a gatepost, now and then relieved from actual stupidity by the twinkle of his keen, grey, real Yorkshire eye, with a nose as flat as a dump, and a mouth like the lid of a teapot.

Yours obediently,
S. Y. S.

No. 1.

Poonur, Jooly, 1828.

DEAR BROOTHER ROOGER,

I sent you, as you must know by this time, a longish, tightish letter from Deel, nearly half a year ago or thereabouts, just to tell you I was all ready to leave ould England, and what's more, to leave Yorkshire too. I shan't say nothing of leaving Phœbe Harper—cause why?—you knows all about that—I can't think the young un's mine—for he squints woundily, and has a carroty pole—I also wrote to say I was main sorry for the roompus 'twixt feyther and I, and as he and me couldn't draw together, and you and sister seem'd to be of opinion that I was to bleame, I took the desperate resolution of leaving home and all friends, and seeing outlandish parts.

Well; so hearing from Mister Smartum, feyther's Lunnun friend, that a friend o' his'un, called Mister Doolittle, who was in Hinjee, had wrote to him to get him a jockey to ride his race-'orses for un, I offered for the situation and was accepted.

I also wrote from the Kape o' Good Hope and tould you what a charming pleace it be—where sheep's tails weighs a matter o' six poonds each, and a penny goes for tuppence. I also said some'ut funny about the Ottypot girls—but don't you tell Phœbe. So now I writes agen, and hoping this will find you in good health as it does me, I have now got to tell you all about my adventures like. First and foremost, you must know that I be head groom to a gentleman who is vastly vond of 'orses and dogs, and varmint o' all sorts, and concatenations o' all kinds.—Our agreement was that I was to ride his race-'orses for un, and to make myself useful as many ways as I could vind means; and he was to give me bed, board, lodging and washing, and sixty-nine poonds a-year.

Accordingly I've zeed all the sights of Hinjee in company with Measter, but I tells you the solemn truth, 'tis always so violent 'ot in these parts that I never could look at 'em coolly enough to remember 'em—so I don't intend troubling you with my travels, because why, not remembering much, I couldn't have very much to say. Howsever, I may as well tell you my idears of the cattle they use here and the rum koind o' hunting they goes arter, just that you may tell Phœbe and our friends in Tadcaster what a queer set of chaps I have got amongst. I first fell in with 'em at a pleace called Poonur, where I am at this present writing. Maybe Mister Smartum knows it—'tis a very funny pretty village, all stuck full of little dobs o' white and yallur houses and tiny bits o' gardins—but maybe you'd like to know more about it, for there's a deal o' sporting going on, and a very pleasant neighbourhood it is—if so be then that you are at all curious I'll write you a description in my next, but I shall now only tell

you about my present purticklur toppic, which, as I said afore, is only on account of their 'orses and dogs.

In this purdicament I shan't say nothing neither of my landing at a place called Bumbay,—and ecod my Yorkshire nose soon told me why they gave it that out-o'-the-way kind o' name. No more I shan't describe how they poked me into a long black-and-green-looking box and carried me on black slaves' shoulders to a kiver'd boat full of black folks.—I never seed sich a power of negerses in all my life—for my part I think there's no end on 'em—and marcy on us, they runs about, brother Rooger, almost naked like, with a big clout on their woolly heads and only a dirty rag to cover their roompti-iddities.

Well, Rooger, I was landed agen in 4 or 5 hours, and the black sarvents told the black landlord of the inn to give me some'ut to eat, and he giv'd me a nasty mess o' yallur looking stuff with bits of meat in it (I know since they calls it Kurry) and a heap of rice; and lord, lord! it was as 'ot as Ould Nick's best parlur—it burnt my mouth and my throat all the way down to my naval, and all they gived me to squench the fire with was a bottle of ale as bitter as gaul.

Well, Rooger, on we went agen, and arter many weary hours' jolting and jumbling about I got to Poonur, and mortal tired I was. Mr. Doolittle was at home, and in I went. Measter was setting with his legs on the table, and three or four more gentlemen were keeping him company, wi' their feet on the top of the table too—all dress'd in white barber's jackets, and all smoking sigars, and all with a rummer of spirits and water before 'em.

They was talking very loud of racing and race-'orses, and making of bets, when I come into the room. I made my leg, and then they stopped, and one on 'um says—ho! you be John Dockery I presume, and he noggled his head as much as to say, aun't I right. So I niggled *my* head, and says, yes, sur, and you be Mister Doolittle, I spoze—then they all laugh'd and Measter wink'd his eye as much as to say "that's a cute guess"—but bless you, Rooger, you niver in all your born days zeed sich a cruel stick of a man as Measter was. He had a long thin yallur oker feace, wi' a nose like the handle of a can, running like the serpentine river all over his cheeks, reddish rimm'd eyes, like a fish's, and a mouth (as Bill Bull of our town used to say of yours) like an Almanack, 'cause it went from *ear* to *ear*. He was very tall, and as thin as a threadpaper, and sich poker legs!—they'd the thickest ends down'ards.

Well, arter all perliminaries and drinking a drop of spirits, Measter told me I had just coom in the nick of time, as he wanted me to ride his famous 'orse Zigzag the next morning—a great match—so I told him I was quite agreeable, and went to bed arter a light supper on cold mutton, 'ot purtaties, pickled inions, and brandy and water. But dear heart, not a wink o' sleep could I get, tho' I squeezed my eyes together as tight as wax, but the divil was in the flies I think, for they kept buz, buzzing about me all night, and the nats bit me a mortal sight worse than all the bugs in Tadcaster ever did—and *you* knows, Rooger, we hadn't a very few on 'em there neither.

Well, next morning a black man made motions for me to get up—so I dresses myself and goes down to the stable to look at the nags, and there, by Goles, I found

Measter, as white as a candle; and John, says he, I don't half like the looks of Zigzag this morning—which be he, says I, for all I saw was ponies. Why, that un's he—that brown un, says Measter, and niver was I so woundily astonished. Lord a marcy, for to think for to send all the way to Yorkshire for me for to mount such a thing as that—'twas a purty leetle creatur to look at—but quite a pony like—well, I was fit to cry to think of riding such a tom-cat of a racer arter what I have crossed. Howsoever, I gulped it all down and says nothing more, and Measter drived me down in his gig to the Course, and then I saw a little long old-fashion'd three-corner'd looking house with some few gentlefolks riding about in front of it and some white ladies inside—all the rest of the congregation were black gentlemen and ladies.

Arter some time passed in weighing, during which I heard lots of folks talking of me as a European and regler-bred Jockey, and so on, we went to the starting post, and main glad I was to see all the other racers just as leetle creatures as Zigzag, and all with black jockies on 'em—this gave me 'art—off we went without a false start—the negers' legs going as fast as the 'orses'—and I soon heard 'em all larruping away like smoke. Well, Rooger, I know'd nothing of my nag—but Measter said he had more speed than bottom—so I kept a steady pull, you knows my way, Rooger, never challenging a foot for a mile and a half, but cotching 'em up at the two mile starting-post, I gave 'em the Doncaster double at the turn-in, and won, as people said, *cleverly*.

Well, but now, Rooger, open your eyes—and laugh as I did, and felt fit to do worse. Arter the heat was over, what did Measter do, but as sure as flour's in puddens he vips the poor animal's fore legs into a tub of saltpeter and water, on purpose, he said, to cool un, and to make un fresh—'twas enough to give him his death o' cold, and so I told un, but no, he said he know'd what he was about, and then he drench'd the horse with a pint of beer and a nutmeg in it.

What *would* they say in Yorkshire to all this? Only to think of the funny ways of foreign parts! Oh! Rooger, Rooger, I'll tell you more on 'em by-and-bye, but whether their saltpeter work be right or 'rong for Hinjee 'orses I haven't yet been long enough with 'em to know, but I'm sartin sure it wou'd ruin every bit o' 'orseflesh in Yorkshire.

I an't got room for any noos in this letter, but I'll write again soon, for Measter is vastly koind and I ain't got nothing to do only to see the black grooms clean the cattle, at which to be sure they be cruel aukard—as soon as I can speak the black language I'll show 'em how to do the thing properly—poor divils, when their measters goes out a riding they always vollows 'em avoot.

In my next I'll tell you all about a fox-hunt I went to—sich a fox! and sich a hunt!—ecod how you will laugh—and feyther'll split his sides—at least I know I was ready to bust.

Give my duty and loving kindness to ould feyther—God bless him—I forgive him the thoomp o' the head and the kick o' the you-know-what, he giv'd me—and kind love to sister, and remain, dear Rooger,

Your dutiful brother,

JOHN DOCKERY.

Give my love to Phœbe Harpur—has she got married yet—I

hope the ould brown mare has held to Doctor Sintacks—What's sister's last babby—a boy, or a girl, or what? Take care of Dido's poops—I spoze they all take's arter the old bitch.

J. D.

To Mr. Roger Dockery,
Farrier,
Tadcaster, Yorkshire,
England.

No. 2.

DEAR BROTHER ROOGER,

I takes up my pen once more to let you know as how I'm always as good as my word, and I means to tell you all the particulars of fox-hunting and other wild varmint hunting in this 'ot country, just, you know, as I promised to do in my last.

Well, Rooger, shortly after the races was over, in which my Measter won a tarnation sight o' money and behaved very 'andsomely to me, we left Poonur and jogged along for five days very leesurely to a high wall'd fort they calls Amudnoogur, something like a county jail, only more outlandish-looking—and will you believe, every day me and Measter, and two of his friends, lived in tents like a parcel o' jipsies. Soon after we got to Measter Doolittle's own house, he told me he intended to go out with the Noogur pack fox-hunting. Well, you may spoze I was nation glad o' this, being desperate vond o' sport at all times—and one morning at daylight away we goes to a rising ground in the middle of a plain, where ('rat me if I can help laughing now) I seed ten or a dozen leetle dogs of all sorts and sizes, tarriers and parriers and mongrels and curs, long legged, short legged, and bandy legged, with crop ears, swag ears, and with dock tails and bob tails, and some without no tails at all. There's our pack, says Mr. Doolittle to me—that's our famous Noogur pack—what do you think on 'em? Why, says I, I doant know what to think, but they be sartinly rum uns to look at, and gives tongue in rare tune, for they be all yelping before they've got into cover. Ah, says Measter, that's 'cause they smells the fox. Smells the fox? says I, why where be he?—and I looked all over the country—when Measter laughed and said—there he be, in that 'ere deal box—and dom me but there he was, sure enoof—and most desperate bad he did stink surely, and as he came out o' the box he was dripping wet like a drownded rat, for he was washed all over with arsafetitur.

Well, they let the leetle varmint loose, and off he went tail on end tow'rds some hills, and a quarter of an hour arter that the pack was *put* on the scent, and began running and howling like mad. The ground was very stony and full of holes, and I did not like riding hard at first, for I was mounted on a leetle, ugly, bony, mangy, three-corner'd-commodity of a horse, that had a head like a mallet, a bull neck about a span long, and carried his tail like a dirty-close-bag, and they call'd un T. Ujizzard. However, seeing Measter Doolittle and several others going it full dig, I lets out too, and blow me if the old 'orse didn't carry me like oil. Arter running about two miles the dogs view'd the fox, and soon did his bizness for un—and so ended this comical way of fox-hunting. Measter ax'd me how I liked it?—and says I, it's main pleasant maybe, but for my part I don't see much fun in riding arter a creatur what as been cotched afore—besides, says I, that cruel stinking stuff, that arsafetitur, is out of all reason, for the fox has

got plenty o' natural smells that stinks enough in all consequence. Well, Measter shook his head and laughed, and then we return'd home, and on the way he slipped a brase of fine grey'ounds at a fox that was fresh found and had not been cotch'd afore, and a very purty chase and kill we had; the varmint wusn't nothing like our Yorkshire foxes, for he was cruel small, and all grey, and had a black tip instead of a white one to his brush. Now all this piddling after game was very tame to me, so I long'd to look at a Hog-hunt, and very shortly I was gratified to my 'art's content.

One arternoon we set off, and we went a matter o' thirty miles in the direction of Poonur, and there we met a whole lot of gentlemen from that place—and all in tiptop spirits and vastly pleasant seemingly together. Dinner was served up in a large tent, and I took mine between the canvas, and of course cou'dn't help overhearing all as was said. In the middle of dinner, as luck would have it, down came the rain. Marcy on us! I never seed the like on it, nor the thunder and litening neither—it didn't come down in drops, like our Yorkshire rain, but slap-dash in bucket-fulls. Nevertheless this seem'd to make 'em all more merry, and I wish I could tell you half the rum things that they sung and said; some on 'em a leetle too smutty for me, 'cause I never likes any thing more than just toory-loorish. I recollects one on 'em ax'd why the divil the rain fell in that 'ere seazon, and Measter said as how it was on account that Captain Barry had broke the North Pole—and they all laugh'd and hooted like a kennel of fox-hounds.

Next morning we got up purty early, and had just a snack o' breakfast, and then we mounted. I rode old T. Uizzard, and I carried a long stick wi' a spike at the end on't, which folks call'd a spear, and I was tould to poke it as hard as I cou'd slap into the first hog I could gallop up to. Well, thinks I, I shan't be long afore I sticks it into some on 'em, for how can pigs get away from 'orses?

We had a reglar possey of people—all blacks tho'—with poles and clubs and spears and swords—all on 'em avoot, and I fancy about five and twenty gentlemen, dress'd in all manner of rumbustical coats, and some prime bits o' nags to be sure.

Well, we toddled on to a large forest, and the blacks were draw'd up in a line about five feet apart, and one of the gentlemen talk'd a great deal to 'em, I spoze to coax 'em into cover; then he giv'd a shout, and they all shouted, and rushed higgledy-piggledy into the wood—and then there was sich a riot, and sich a row, and sich a roompus, what with the black fellows shouting in the joongul (they calls the forest), and gentlemen a swearing outside, dogs barking, bugle-horns sounding, and many other noises besides, that I was quite confounded. At last, just where I wur standing, aside o' Measter, I heard a terrible squashing of the bushes, and Measter Doolittle calls out, "Look out, here a' comes;" and sure enoof they did—out they bounc'd, three on 'em—large, black, lanky, grim-looking creetures, not a bit like our Yorkshire pigs, and a most wonderful pace they went at.

Well, we all rattled arter 'em purty fastish, and they soon separated, and some people took arter one, and some arter another, and Measter and I arter the third, 'cause it was the leetlest. But oh, Rooger! the wonderful works

o' Natur!—to see them 'ere pigs going as fast as 'orses, and joomping over ditches and walls, as noicely as any 'unter in Yorkshire! You'll maybe call me a liar for saying so, at least I'm sartin I should have thought anybody who had ax'd me to believe sich things was a hoomboogging on me,—but it's all as true as you're at Tadcaster, and I'm ready at any time to take my Bible oath on it, believe it or not.

Well, Rooger, arter racing for a mile and a half, we got up purty close to 'em, and then we comed to a river—and my eyes and yellur breeches! in went the pig slapdash, and so did Measter Doolittle, and so did I, but frightened to death, for I can't swim an inch, as you very well knows, Rooger, when I joomp'd into Squire Sqirt's fish-pond arter the chambermaid, and both were nigh drownded. I think she oughtn't to have gone for to let Bill Bullock be so great with .her as she did that 'ere night as we parted; howsever, I did as a mon, and so dom all favors.

The pig and Measter and I was all trolloping about in the water together till we got to the other side, and then off we goes it again —and in about ten minutes more Measter brings the pig to a standstill; but Lord, Lord! to see how savage and factious the creetur was. As soon as Measter offered for to stick 'un, he giv'd a terrible loud grunt, runs under his 'orse's legs, and begins a biting most deuced hard, so at last up goes the 'orse, right on end, over he turns right over, and down comes Measter Doolittle, whop! Up he gets again, and runs as if for dear life, and calling on me for to help him—and arter him runs the pig—every now and then making desperate joomps at his hinder end, where his leather breeches stuck out sadly behind. I was fit to bust with laughing, it was so very comical; and at last, by goles! he grabbled him there just as I got close enof to give him a poke right on his tickularities, which I did so hard that I came off the 'orse, whop, on the pig and Measter; and there we was all three rolling and roaring and grunting till Measter got his spear under the creatur's ribs, and so sniggled him till he lay still and died quite quiet like.

So then we all got up except the pig, and what a mass of blood and dirt we was in. Howsever, Measter laugh'd and I laugh'd too, and as the sun was troublesome 'ot, we rode to the tents, and the others soon came back too, but only with one hog among 'em all. I an't any more paper just now, so shall leave off, and shall keep what I've got to tell you about our next day's sport, and then a killing of a tiger, for my next letter. Give my duty to feyther, and love to sister, and all enquiring friends, and I remains, dear Rooger,

Your loving brother,

JOHN DOCKERY.

LINES ON A FAVOURITE LITTLE BLACK TERRIER, CALLED MOOTEE, CARRIED AWAY BY A TIGER.

Thy fate, poor Mootee, I would sing,
By a fell monster snatched away,
And fain would touch my saddest string
On this most inauspicious day.

Why are *Black* swans such wonders rare
That all men living hear their fame,
Gravely philosophize and stare,
And give them such a learned name?

And shall a *sable pearl* be found
Among our pleasant hills and plains,
And vanish silent unrenowned
By one elegiac Muse's strains?

A small black pearl wert thou, my pet,
And never sure a jewel rare,
Was ever so appropriately set,
As thou wert in thy mistress's care.

Never did Ormus boast a pearl
Thy match in colour, weight, and worth,
Oh! that my shot could reach the churl
That laid thee on thy mother earth!

Long shall our hills thy loss deplore
And wail it to the echoing sea,
Nor shall we hear a tiger roar
But think, poor Mootee, upon thee!

Southern Konkan, April, 1828.

FOX HUNTING.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

Sir,

I herewith send you the latest Fox-hunting intelligence from Ahmednuggur.

Yours, &c.
A Subscriber.

July 19th.—Met at the village of Bingar at four in the afternoon. Went away for Nimboory at a slow pace, over a succession of newly-ploughed fields for full three miles—scent cold until passing the Elephant Well, when it became stronger, and continued increasing till on a sudden turn up the wind it became breast high. After a rattling burst Reynard was viewed skirting the high grain at Durreewarree, in which he soon after took refuge—finding his quarters too hot, he broke cover in beautiful style, boldly facing the open country for the Ferrah Bagh, and succeeded in making good his point;—driven from one field to another and back again, there was nothing for it but to try the open country once more, and away he went for Boorudgaum—completely beaten, he was soon after viewed and run into, after a chase of an hour and upwards.

July 23rd.—Met two miles on the Nepty road at sunrise—away at a slapping pace for Keirgaum, running close under the walls, when making a turn to the left went straight for the flower garden, within a hundred yards of which he was killed, unable almost to move: this run lasted

35 minutes without a check—best pace.

July 25th.—Met half a mile on the Nimblack road—at sunrise: took over the flat country for Hingingaum—came unexpectedly on the fox in a dead plain, and run into him after a brush of scarce ten minutes.

July 28th.—Met at Bingar—country heavy and the scent bad—away at a slow pace over the hills for Coperwarree, passing close by the earths, pace getting gradually faster, till turning suddenly to the left came on the fox in a deep nullah, which he kept for some distance, till, making another turn to the left for the small nullahs, soon bid adieu to the pack, taking a straight course for the Elephant Well, and passing within half a mile of the spot where we met, crossing the same heavy country rode over on the 19th. Leaving the Well on the left, and turning a little to the right, got into the nullahs, and after a run of 45 minutes, at an unabated pace from the time he was first viewed, was killed close to the village of Durreewarree.

July 30th.—Met again at Bingar, owing to the heaviness of the country in all other directions. The village of Coperwarree at first appeared the point the fox had determined on making good, but on descending the small hills took a sudden turn to the right, making direct for Sullabut Khan's hill, at the foot of which the hounds were stopped, the fox having gone clear over the highest part of the range, and men and horses having had quite enough, although the run did not exceed 35 minutes. The country was deep, and for the last 25 minutes the hounds never out of sight of deer, which for nearly the whole of the last mentioned time never quitted the track of the fox.

1st August.—Met at Goolegaum on the opposite bank of the river—ran up wind straight away for Hingingaum. After a very sharp brush the fox was viewed a short distance in front, and the pack immediately stopped—good law being given, were again laid on the scent—after holding the same direction for a short time, took a turn to the right for Nimblack, and finally leaving that village well to the left made for Nagapoor, viewing for an instant, when within a quarter of a mile from the river. The hounds here came to a check, when up jumped four deers in the midst of them. The gallant little pack, not even noticing them, presently hit off the scent, going away at a steady pace, and crossing the river for the Bhesht Bagh, where, headed by some travellers, Reynard came short back for the river, close to which, after a run of nearly 40 minutes, and after repeated views, he was run into and killed. Though not so fast as many other runs, this was by far the most beautiful.

August 4th.—Met again at Goolegaum, time as usual. Crossed the river almost immediately, the fox being headed in every other direction by cattle—kept the right bank nearly to the village of Nagapoor, thence turning a little to the right, passing within a quarter of a mile of Wurgaum, went away for Schendy, when again making to the left took a direct line for Pimpulgaum, when he was viewed for an instant passing through the hills. The hounds were here at fault; when the scent was again hit off half way up the hill. Here one of the most beautiful sights that fox-hunting *can* produce took place: the whole pack were seen threading the immense stones and rocks on the very top of the hill, whilst the

riders were keeping pace with them at the bottom, every now and then emerging from a deep ravine. The hill being of no great extent, the field joined in as the hounds descended, and the fox was again viewed a long way ahead in a straight line for the Happy Valley. Finding, however, the open country not to his taste, after a short circuit made once more for the hill, at the foot of which he was viewed, dead beaten, and instantly killed. This chase lasted one hour and a quarter, at a great pace, with only two slight checks—distance from home eight miles as the crow flies.

August 6th.—Met at Keirgaum —went over the small hill to the left of the Seroor road, passing within a few yards of the earths, and crossing the stony country at the top for Arungaum, where the fox was suddenly come upon close to the village — he soon, however, showed he had the foot of the hounds, and having gone well away, went to ground.

August 8th.—Met at the same hour, at the Bhesht Bagh—took the direction of Schendy, when away to the left for Peempulgaum—fell in with a large herd of deer, which continued to run abreast with the pack till turning to the left the herd run almost over the fox, who jumped up in the midst of them, going away in full view for Wurgaum, where he was run into about a quarter of a mile on the further side of the village, the hounds and deer running in company to the last.

August 15th.—Met three miles on the Hingingaum road near the village of Nepty. Turned out a very fine jackal, who went off in a determined style direct for Nimblack, at which place he was viewed for a moment entering the nullahs, and finally killed in the midst of the immense ravines in the Nimba Dhera Ghaut, after 30 minutes' hard running without a check.

Ahmednuggur, August 16th.

THE HOG-HUNTER'S DIRGE.

The spear hangs on the wall,
The hunter neighs in his stall,
The cap, with velvet of jet,
  At noon or morn
  No more is worn,
The Hog-hunter's sun has set—

With his sires he slumbers now,
His bold and manly brow
What time the chase is high
  No more is seen
  To the charge so keen,
In ardour sweeping by.

Why comes he not as of yore,
At the cry of the roused Boar?
His knell's been toll'd——he's asleep
  In a grave new made
  'Neath a Neemb tree's shade,
Which seems to bend o'er him and weep.

His sports are o'er and gone,
Calmly he sleeps alone,
Like a Boar in a sugar cane,
  When the sun has set,
  And his foes are met,
To tell o'er their feats again.

A GRIFF.

Camp at ——gon, 22nd May, 1828.

LEADERS' TRACES IN TANDEM DRIVING.*

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

For the information of your correspondent, as to where the leaders' traces of a tandem should be attached—I would say, precisely at the same part that extra hacks are hooked on to a chariot—by the buckles of the wheelers' traces, about nine inches from the collar: and in tandem harness, by swivel and ring at the same distance.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

July 14*th*, 1828. H. F.

* We have received another letter signed "A Dragsman" answering this query in the same manner.—ED.

SONG.

There is a Lethe in the bowl
That, as we drain the draught,
Pours sweet oblivion o'er the soul
With ev'ry drop that's quaffed—
Then haste ye moody sons of thinking
Whose souls are dull with care,
And try the antidote of drinking,
To soothe each sadness there!

And here's a health to woman first,
For who, though sad and drear,
Would feel himself entirely curst
When such a heav'n was near?
Then pledge the toast, that grief may ne'er
O'ercloud her laughing eye,
Or, on her cheek, the hue of care
Supplant the rose's dye.

All ye who love on jungle plain
The wild boar to pursue,
Oh! listen to the jovial strain
That swells its notes for you—
And as the brimming toast ye fill
Thus let the bumper flow,
That many a huntsman's spear may still
Lay many a wild boar low—

Ye too, who love to pass the night
'Mid pleasure's evening throng,
Where gleam the ball-room's stars of light,
And flows the tide of song—
One bumper ye will surely fill,
When memory calls to view
The feet that glanced in the light quadrille,
And the eyes that beam'd on you!

Whate'er the toast, oh! pour the draught
To the goblet's laughing edge,
And let the wine be duly quaffed
Whatever be the pledge—
Then haste ye moody sons of care
Who feel weigh'd down at soul,
And soothe each sad reflection there
With the balsam of the bowl.

ANDROPAIS.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO "NOVICE."

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

Bengal, 4th August, 1828.

SIR,

I have been much amused with the perusal of the letter from Poonah of the 24th April, published in your first number. There is an air of simplicity and originality about the letter that makes

me think the writer is what he assumes, "a Novice" seeking for information; but yet I cannot divest myself of a counter opinion that he is deeper than he allows himself to be in the "Mysteries of the Stable," and is himself "humbugging" us. If the latter be the case, he has done the trick neatly; if the former, my experience of some standing, though I have not "left off business," is, as far as it goes, for I make no mysteries, much at his service.

"A Novice" complains that "his horses are not in condition, their coats staring, and bellies as large as a mare in foal, and that all but one eat like devils." He could not give a stronger proof of greater want of condition than a swagging belly, and it will take him some time to cure the evil, which has been produced by long inattention to the mode of feeding. "Eating like Devils"—is a disease brought on by permitting a *foul feeder* to eat as much as he chooses. I am, however, no advocate for stinting, as you will observe by what follows; but a *foul feeder*, like a greyhound, is never satisfied, and if early accustomed to have more food than is requisite, and that of an inferior quality, will in time get his stomach expanded beyond the intention of nature, and will only recover its usual tone and healthfulness by attention and time. Such a horse will often eat his litter in preference to good hay. A horse well brought up from a colt, on a liberal allowance of grain, if in health, will not require above eight pounds of *good hay*; more is injurious. I do not find that mine will even eat that quantity. "An eater like a devil" will devour twenty-four pounds and be out of condition.

But "A Novice" will exclaim, What's the remedy? First, I say, gradually reduce his quantity of grass—take away his bedding, substituting either dry sand, or a straw mattrass—give him long walking exercise—let him have a small quantity of black pepper and black salt mixed with *each feed of grain*: give him an alterative ball of half a dram of aloes, and a scruple of prepared blue vitriol—I mean such as is sold by the druggist, not bazar stuff: give him this ball *daily*—increasing the quantity of blue vitriol every ten days, until by the end of the month each ball contains one dram, when administer a brisk purge. Four days after the physic has set, recommence the alterative ball, with another brisk purge in due season: continue this process until the horse mends.

I know of no use that wet bandages are, unless a horse's legs fly and get inflamed on exercise from want of due preparation and physic, when cloth bandages wet with a solution of sal ammoniac may be serviceable; warm flannel bandages, not *tightly* put on, are preferable for constant use.

I have in the former part of this letter said that I am no advocate for stinting, though it is well known that all horses do not require the same quantity. I early took for my guide what the celebrated Sam Chifney wrote upon this subject, and see no reason to regret following his advice: I will quote his words. "Some few, I am informed, have a way of pinching their race-horses in their meat and water: this is a certain way of perishing a horse in his spirits and strength: when a horse is too large in his carcase, he should be well fed, as horses, I believe, for the most part of them, are at Newmarket, and instead of pinching him in his water, where a horse is greedy of it he should be watered very often, and at all

times as much as he will drink; he will then drink less, and come straight and strong in his carcase."

The "Novice" will do well to set his horse the night before running by putting on the muzzle, also by giving him a go-down of Madeira and water before starting.

Now, Mr. Editor, I fear I may be censured as presuming by thus offering my sentiments and opinion from this side of India, on subjects that must be known amongst a class of gentlemen to whom we are indebted for all our good Arabs, and who, from their known love of racing, and the spirit and liberality with which it has been pursued by them for so many successive years, must be acquainted with all its practical parts. But be it remembered I write for "A Novice," with the hope, by contributing my mite, of gaining information myself. If through the medium of your publication I can obtain any upon the following subject, I think I have not written in vain———*Is the disease called Burzautee known amongst you, and what is deemed the best remedy?*

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
O. K.

SONG FOR THE ——— HUNT, 1828.

I can't, for my life, think the cause of this fuss,
Why we hear so much of the Packs in Bengal,
And what's Sholapoor, Dharwar, or Poona to us?
Let us e'en be content, tho' we're not first of all;
Come then, my host,
I'll give you a toast
Which I'm sure you'll enliven with three cheering sounds,
Fill it up to the top,
And drink every drop,
Here is "Health to Bill Nibbs, and success to his hounds."

Come away to the kennel and look o'er the pack,
There is Jumper, and Jirker, and Vocal, and Minor,
Can they turn you out better in countries called crack,
Or boast higher blood, or show symmetry finer?
Your heel-traps then finish,
Your glasses replenish,
And quaff with a zest surpassing all bounds:
Fill them up to the top,
And drink every drop,
Here is "Health to Bill Nibbs, and success to his hounds."

It is true that we turn out a huntsman in scarlet,
And in George Barwick's breeches are varmint a few,
And Jem is a dandy in "making his toilette,"
Yet they all are good sportsmen, to give them their due;
The huntsman is steady,
The whippers-in ready
To rate, or to stop, or to follow o'er bounds;
Then be it your boast
To fill to my toast,
Here is "Health to Bill Nibbs, and success to his hounds."

That I've seen sprucer prads, I don't mean to deny,
But I think they'll please those who are fond of a show ;
And on this, my prig sportsmen, you all may rely,
If they're rum uns to took at, they're good uns to go—
Then forward away !
We'll show you some play,
Over " Takrees," o'er nullahs, o'er rocks, and o'er bounds,
And when you return,
With ardour you'll burn
To drink " Health to Bill Nibbs, and success to his hounds."

Your Bengalites may swish at a rasper so clever,
And charge at a ditch, or a buffalo fence,
But will riding alone make a sportsman ? No, never ! !
So I think we could send them some tailors from hence :
In the van place old Barty,
With Jem cramming hearty,
Earl Foxborough, and Melton too, striding the grounds,
And if they be rul'd,
Or deign to be school'd,
They might yet take some hints from Bill Nibbs and his hounds.

But if riding, not sporting's, the base of their fame,
Why I'm sure we can show up a few who can match 'em :
For to rival the pack I oft think they lay claim,
And mean to run into the foxes and catch 'em :
But it is not for me
To say who these may be,
Should the cap fit, why place it upon your own crowns,
But a little hold back,
Don't ride over the pack,
And impute your bad sport to the fault of the hounds.

Some Deccanite Would-bes complain we are slow,
And can't carry ahead ; but don't take it for granted,
If we have but a scent, such a pace we can go,
As I warrant will soon leave these malcontents planted.
Let Pug get away,
And give them fair play,
And a fig for the nullahs, the hills, and deep grounds !
When it comes to the push,
We'll be hard at his brush,
Then whoo-hoop to the Fox, and success to the hounds.

But whatever our sport in the morning may be,
Or howe'er we deserve or may get a hard rub,
In the evening we'll meet at the brown board with glee,
And enjoy a good burst at our sociable club.
Let us often unite,
Let us thus spend the night,
And toast " Women and Hunting " in three cheering rounds !
And for many a year,
May this circle meet here,
And drink " Health to Bill Nibbs, and success to his hounds."

ENGLISH SPORTING.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

Newmarket, Monday, April 7, 1828. —A little before five o'clock the races terminated as follows :—

The *Craven Stakes* : for two year olds, 6st. ; 3 yrs, 8st. 4lb. ; 4 yrs, 8st. ; 5 yrs, 9st. 5lb. ; 6 yrs, and aged, 9st. 9lb. A. F.

Colonel Wilson's b. c. Lamplighter, 4 yrs	1
Lord Wharncliffe's b. m. Pastime, 5 yrs	2
Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Sharpset, 2 yrs	3
Mr. Wyndham's br. h. Chateau Margaux, 5 yrs	4
Mr. Payne's Belzoni, 4 yrs	5
General Grosvenor's gr. c., by Skim, 2 yrs	0

A good race. Four paid.

Match 200 sovs., 8st. 4lb. each. D. M.—Colonel Udny's Amphion received 45 sovereigns from Lord Wharncliffe's Carthusian.

Match 200. D. M.—Colonel Udny's Lisette f. received 40 sovereigns from Mr. Petre's Stapleton.

Handicap Sweepstakes for horses of all ages. Ab. M.

Mr. Pettit's Bobadilla, 2 yrs, 6st. 10lb.	1
Colonel Yates's Sharpshooter, 3 yrs, 8st. 4lb.	2

An amazing number started for this race, but we have not time for particulars.

The fourteenth *Riddlesworth Stakes* of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. ; colts, 8st. ; fillies, 8st. 7lb. Ab. M.

Mr. Udny's c. by Orville, out of Emily	1
Mr. Thornhill's Magnet (Shoveller)	2
Lord Exeter's c. by Filho—Advance	0
Mr. Rush's c. by Merlin—Rhoda	0
Duke of Grafton's Grisette	0

Three paid.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, 60 ft., for colts out of untried mares ; 8st. 7lbs. R. M.

Mr. Rogers's ch. c. Bugle	1
Duke of Grafton's gr. c. Archer	2

One paid.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for fillies, 8st. 5lb. D. M.

Lord G. Cavendish's, by Godolphin—Barrosa	1
Mr. Greville's Elinor	2
Duke of Portland's, by Teasdale—Zora	3

One paid.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. ; colts, 8st. 7lbs. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb. R. M.—Mr. Wyndham's Urganda walked over. Two paid.

Match 200 sovereigns, h. ft. ; 8st. 7lb. each. R. M.

Mr. Payne's Oppidan	1
Duke of Grafton's Lancastrian	2

Match 200 sovereigns, h. ft. First three miles of B. C.

Marquis of Tavistock's Leeway, 8st. 11lb.	1
Mr. Payne's Babel, 8st 7lb.	2

Newmarket, Tuesday, April 8.—*Sweepstakes* of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. A. F.—Mr. Payne's b. c. by Moses, received forfeit.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 5lb. D. M.

Duke of Grafton's Charon	1
Mr. Payne's Gramarie colt	2

Won by a neck. One paid.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. ; colts, 8st. 7lb. ; and fillies, 8st. 3lb. R. M.

Mr. Rogers's Juryman	1
Mr. Nowell's c. by Walton—Eliza	2
Mr. Batson's c. by Skim—Cecilia	3
Mr. Wilson's c. by Comus—Juggler's dam	4
Duke of Grafton's Druid	5

One paid. Won by a length.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. ; colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb. R. M.

Lord Stradbrooke's c. by Filho—Miss Cantley	1
Lord Orford's Vicar	2

Match, 200 sovs. A. F.

Mr. Irby's Toso, 7st. 13lb.	1
Mr. Udny's Donna Clara f., 8st. 11lb	2

Match, 300 sovs., h. ft.—Lord Anson's c. by Merlin—Prue, received from Payne's by Whalebone—Varennes.

The *Oatlands* of 50 sovs. each (First Class). D. I.

Mr. Gully's Mameluke, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb	1
Duke of Richmond's Miss Craven, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb.	2
Colonel Yates's Paul Pry, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb.	3
Mr. Goddard's c. by Anticipation, 3 yrs, 7st.	4
Marquess of Cleveland's Memnon, 5 yrs, 9st. 4lb.	5

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each. D. I.

Lord Jersey's Glenartney	1
Mr. Payne's Snowdrop colt	2

Newmarket, Wednesday, April 9.—The following are the particulars of this day's Races.

The Plate.—Betting—6 to 5 on Mr. Undy's Miracle f., and 3 to 1 agst the Duke of Rutland's Blacklock f. Miracle jumped off at severe running, very attentively looked after by Grimalkin, the others being tolerably well laid in: there was nothing striking in the race till they got to the ropes, where Grimalkin made a bold but ineffectual attempt to get in front. Miracle kept her lead and beat Pussy by a length: rode by Pavis, Grimalkin by Lear, the Duke of Rutland's by young Buckle, Lord Tavistock's by Baker.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each.

Betting—5 to 4 on Lord Jersey's, and 5 to 2 agst Stingtail. This race was very well run between the winner and Lord Jersey's Anticipation colt; the latter led off in good style, and headed to the cords. Stingtail then went up, challenged, and after a very spirited contest, won by half a length with some difficulty. Richard Boyes was on the winner, G. Edwards on Lord Jersey's, and Conolly on Lord Verulam's.

Filly Stakes.—The Rosanne filly (since christened Rosalia) being in the Oaks, and having for some months been a favourite, gave a good deal of interest to this race; the odds were 6 to 5 on her, and 6 to 4 agst Scribe. The running was not very severe; the Canvass filly went off at a moderate pace, the other two at her haunches, to the bushes, where Rosalia and Scribe gave her the go-by; a short and very decisive run between the other two terminated in favour of Rosalia by two lengths—rode by Robinson, Scribe by Wheatley, and Canvass by Arnull.

The *Oatlands*—2 to 1 agst Amphion, 4 to 1 agst Grampus, 4 to 1 agst Sharpshooter, and 7 to 1 agst Moor Buzzard.

Amphion went off with a rattler, seconded by Sharpshooter and Goshawk, the other three in a line close behind, Grampus reserving himself. In this position they ran to the turn of the lands, where Grampus came out and made a desperate push for the lead; at one time he was within a toucher of it, but at the Duke's stand he fell off in his speed, and Amphion mending his won the stakes in the cleverest style, by two downright good lengths. The winner was rode by Arthur Pavis, whose riding on this, as well as in all his races, cannot be too highly praised; it is alike distinguished for ease, intrepidity, and skill; for this same class last year he ran a dead heat with Belzoni, and was only beat in the second heat by a head; and at one part of the season he won fourteen times successively. Grampus by Conolly, who displayed some excellent jockeyship; Moor Buzzard (3rd), by Lear; Sharpshooter (4th), by F. Buckle; Goshawk (5th), by Robinson; and Marinella (6th), by a lad. Two paid.

The forfeits, amounting to 90

sovereigns, are divided between the second horses of the two classes, Miss Craven and Grampus.

Newmarket, Thursday, April 10. —Betting: At the new betting-rooms last night, and in the town this morning, the betting on the Derby has been rather brisk, and we are enabled to state that the odds against the leading favourites are as follows:—9 to 2 agst Navarino; 7 to 1 agst The Colonel; 9 to 1 agst Sorcery; 14 to 1 agst Giraffe; 16 to 1 agst Merchant; 18 to 1 agst Mariner. A change of considerable importance is observable in the Oaks betting, Zoe and Rosalia (the Rosanne filly, and winner of a stakes yesterday) having severally made a great spring in the odds, Zoe being at 8 to 1, and Rosalia at 10 to 1.

Sweepstakes for two year olds, 7st., and three year olds, 8st. 7lb. T. Y. C.

Mr. Udny's f. by Woful, out of Miracle, 2 yrs	1
Mr. Walker's Intruder, 3 yrs	2
Lord Orford's c. by Teresias—Stingtail, 2 yrs	3
Duke of Portland's c. by Teresias—Oriana, 3 yrs	4

Won by a length. Three paid.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for fillies. D. M.

Lord Cavendish's by Godolphin—Barrosa, 8st. 11lb	1
Mr. Greville's Elinor, 7st. 13lb	2

Won by two lengths. One paid.

Sweepstakes of 150 sovs. each, 60 ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. R. M.

Sir J. Shelly's Barnardo	1
Duke of Portland's Brother to Emilius	2

Won by a length. Three paid.

The *Dinner Stakes* of 300 sovs., h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. R. M.

Lord Anson's f. Louisa, by Filho—Elizabeth	1
Mr. Thornhill's Magnet	2

Won by half a length. One paid.

The *Underley Stakes* of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 3lb. R. M.

Mr. Molony's b. f. Zoe, by Orville—Nina	1
Duke of Portland's brother to Emilius	2
Lord Exeter's Zingance (Folly)	3
Mr. Milner's Staughton Lass	4

Won by two lengths. Four paid. After the race, Zoe was backed even to win the Oaks, agst Navarino the Derby.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. D. M.

Lord Exeter's c. by Whisker, out of Zealot's dam	1
Mr. Thornhill's Magnet	2

Won by four lengths. Two paid.

The *Claret Stakes* of 200 sovs. each; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. D. I.

Lord Cavendish's Rapid Rhone (Espagnolle)	1
Lord Verulam's Brocard	2

Won easy. Five paid.

Match, 100 sovs., h. ft.—Duke of Rutland's Sorcery c. received from Duke of Grafton's Segar.

The following are additional particulars of the races, given in the order in which they were run:—

First race.—6 to 4 on Miracle, who made first running at a good pace, seconded by Intruder; at the ropes the latter made up his mind to have a shy for the stakes; he accordingly came out in earnest, and really looked very well till they got within a few yards of home, when Miracle shook off the Intruder, and won by a length in good sporting style. Again jockeyed by Pavis, Intruder by Buckle, Gnat (Stingtail) by Buckle, jun., and Oriana by John Day.

Second race.—6 to 5 on Elinor. Arnull, on the Barrosa filly, went off with a rattler (well knowing

that his antagonist was a jade), and made every inch tell; the speculation was a good one and had the effect intended, for he headed all the way, and won by two lengths. Elinor was escorted by Buckle.

Third race.—5 to 2 on Bernardo. Brother to Emilius started in front, and went with a trifling lead nearly all the way, at a good pace; Bernardo then came up, and a very pretty run ensued; it was neck and neck, and either's race, till the last three or four strides, when Bernardo got the lead, and won gallantly by a length. During the race the odds varied repeatedly, and when near the winning-post, it was almost a toss up for choice. James Robinson rode the winner, and John Day the other.

Fourth race.—6 to 4 on Louisa, who cut out all the work to the Abingdon Mile Bottom, at strong running; there Chifney on Magnet made his best endeavour to win the Dinner Stakes; he strained every nerve, brought his horse up with his usual tact, and kept it up till they got within two or three lengths of home, when, all the work being taken out of his horse, he failed, and was beat by half a length. Arnull rode Louisa, who has long been a good favourite for the Oaks under the name of her dam (Elizabeth).

Fifth race.—A good deal of interest was excited on this race, as it brought out a favourite for both Derby and Oaks—Zinganee and Zoe. The betting was even on Zinganee, and 6 to 4 agst Zoe. The running was all in favour of Zoe, who bowled off at a terrible pace, with Emilius and the others close at her heels. At the bushes Emilius and Zinganee severally made a dashing attempt for the lead; but it would not do, the filly maintained it, and won very cleverly by two lengths. Rode by Robinson; Emilius, by John Day; Zinganee, by Chifney; and Staughton Lass, by Goodison.

Sixth race.—5 to 4 on Magnet. Lord Exeter's Enthusiast (Zealot colt) had little to do for the stakes; he was followed pretty briskly for a short distance by Magnet, who fell lame in running, and was of course beat by plenty of lengths. Frank Boyce rode Enthusiast, and Chifney the other.

Claret Stakes.—A description of this race is almost superfluous, for the roan colt (who, by-the-by, is very appropriately named Rapid Rhone) was the favourite at 3 to 1, had it all his own way, and won easy. Rode by Arnull; Brocard, by Conolly; Lord Verulam, owner of the second horse, withdraws his stake of 200 sovereigns.

Newmarket, Friday, April 11.—*Sweepstakes* of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. D. M. Mr. Wyndham's Urganda walked over.

Subscription Plate of £50. 2 yrs, 6st. 7lb.; 3 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; 4 yrs, 8st. 13lb.; 5 yrs, 9st. 4lb.; 6 yrs and aged, 9st. 8lb. D. M. The winner to be sold for 300 guineas, &c.

Mr. Stonehewer's ch. c. Goshawk, 4 yrs.	1
Mr. Bloss's b. c. Soldan, 3 yrs.	2

Ten others started, but were not placed. Won by a length.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb. D. M.

Lord Durham's c. by Filho	1
Duke of Portland's c. by Tiresias	2
Duke of Grafton's c. Segar	3

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for fillies, 8st. 5lb. D. M.

Lord Jersey's Trampoline	1
Lord Durham's, by Blacklock	2
Lord Exeter's, by Tramp	3

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. D. M.

Lord Durham's c. by Filho	1
Lord Exeter's c. by Filho	2

Sweepstakes of 150 sovs. each, 400 ft.; 8st. 5lb. D. M.

Lord Tavistock's Warlock	1
Duke of Portland's c. by Catton	2
Lord Orford's The Vicar	3

The *Port Stakes*, 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; the owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake. T. M. M.

Mr. Gulley's Mameluke	1
Mr. Udny's Amphion	2

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. D. M.

Lord G. Cavendish's f. by Godolphin	1
Mr. Waddington's Ephesus	2
Lord Anson's c. by Merlin	3

Match, 100 sovs., h. ft. R. M.—Mr. Pettit's Bobadilla, 7st. 11lb., beat Mr. Goddard's c. by Anticipation, 8st. 7lb.

THE RING.

GRAND FIGHT BETWEEN BROWN AND SAMPSON FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND, AND FOR A SWEETENER OF £500.

Tuesday, April 8, 1828.

This affair, about which so much "red rag" has been lavished away, and so much blunt both won and lost, came off this day at Bishop's Wood, beyond Wolverhampton. Various and many have been the reports since the first deposit was made until the final one was put down at the Woodman, Easy-row, in the quiet little town of Birmingham, on Tuesday evening last. No match for many years has excited such interest throughout the Fancy. The "strong man" is well known—(and too well known to many of the old ring goers)—while Brown is almost (not quite) a novice in the Prize Ring, his only rencontre having been with Shelton, whom he polished off in style—he is well known to be a most terrific hitter, and training under the auspices of such a "trump" as Tom Spring, the confidence of his friends was greatly increased; and when it became further known that he backed himself to win, with his own money, even to his last farthing, it fully warranted the opinion that he *meant winning*, nothing else, "and no mistake," if possible. Bets were made in Birmingham, before the last deposit was down, that it would not be made good, but when it was all "made right," the "strong man" became a greater favourite than before: he declared positively that he intended to do his best, and said he felt as sure of winning as of death and quarter-day. Stop, said the "rum dropper" of the Woodman, don't be too sure. "Be aisy, my jewel," said a swell cove from the Sister Isle; "by the powers, if Brown only gives you one of his teazers, you'll 'hop the twig,' or else he'll be after repating the dose, and get himself into 'lob's pound,' and then you know he'll run a chance of getting himself sent on an excursion free gratis for nothing, across the water, my jewel; and then, Philip, the 'resurrection men' will be after waking ye." "That's a 'whis-

ker,'" says Phil, "only let him wait till he gets at me; I shall make 'dog's meat' of him yet, and do him 'Brown' twice over, till he turns 'jet black.'"

These, and a thousand other "queer whids," amused the Fancy; and "St. Giles's Greek" was spouted in prime style over their steamers and a glass of "thunder and lightning." After the coves there assembled had "sluiced their gobs," they being well primed, prepared to toddle, and many were the attempts made by the "screwbadoes" to pass off their "queer she-lions" on the "rum hoppers;" but it won't fit at any price, particularly amongst friends, and in Brummagem, too, of all other places in the world, said a little *natty* lad; tip us a regular good one, or I'll send you "to quod," and then you'll not see the mill. Arguments like these soon became eloquent persuaders, and as no fault could be found with the "lap," the good "pewter" was soon licked out.

The assemblage in Birmingham on Monday was great, and the "motley group" proceeded in all directions towards the scene of action. Stourbridge was mentioned as the "rendezvous," and towards this spot all steps were bent; Lichfield, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Stafford, Stone, Tamworth, Warwick, Coventry, Shrewsbury, Bridgnorth, Worcester, and Hereford sent forth their hundreds to the scene of contention, while the more immediate towns of Sutton Colefield, Bilston, Walsall, Wednesbury, Willenhall, Darlton, Wolverhampton, Dudley, Bewdley, Kidderminster, Stourport, Hales Owen, Coalbrook Dale, Ironbridge, &c., poured out their countless thousands, and filled Stourbridge to an overflow; it being Easter week and holiday, it was calculated there were at least 80,000 people present. It was wished to have had the fight on Wolverhampton Race-course, but the thing became too much known, and the beaks "popped" a line in the paper printed in that town, commanding that the fight should not take place within their jurisdiction. As the only beaks who opposed it were "black coats," an attempt was made to appease their ire, by an offer of a turtle to each of them; and as one was known to love a good fat goose (query, has he not proved himself one?), it was hinted to him that he should also have one for the next twelve months, and that himself and his "brother sigher" should be accommodated with a chaise and four to pay their friends at Shrewsbury a visit, so that they might not be "wanted" on the day of the mill: but "it would not fit:" the flints were not to be mollified—the mill should not take place in their beat, and another place was in consequence obliged to be sought after. Stourbridge was named, and it became "head-quarters."

At an early hour on Tuesday, all the roads leading to Stourbridge were literally swarming; there were Corinthians in their bang-ups—the swell coves in their tandems, gigs, or on a bit of horse-flesh; while the pitmen, colliers, bog-trotters, black-legs, ken-cadgers with their king's motts, knights of the road, and also a few knights of the brush and moon, gave additional interest to the scene. The motley group "beggared all description," and never before had Stourbridge such an assemblage within its precincts. The lush-kens were crowded, and scarcely could the least accommodation be had either for "love or money." The "putts" were "regularly queered;" they had never dreamed of such a

scene as was now presented before their wondering eyes. Such as were not provident enough to bring their "hub and grub" in their pockets, or elsewhere, found it difficult enough to get "the suck;" and as for "prog," that was entirely out of the question; it was thought quite unreasonable to demand it.

Ourself, in company with another friend, left Wolverhampton early on Tuesday morning, for Stourbridge, and resolved to "nurse our prads gently," in case anything unpleasant might happen, and that "move off" should be ordered. It is pretty well known that the working people (*alias* the operatives) in that neighbourhood are the most illiterate in England, and, in consequence, we proposed a bet to our friend, of a flimsy to the tune of fifty, that the three first people he should meet at their doors, in the first four miles, did not know the Lord's Prayer. "Done!" was the answer, and the following scene took place:—Our friend went up to a decent-looking woman, who was staring at the cavalcade that was filing by, and accosted her with "My good woman, do you know the Lord's Prayer?" "Lod's Proyer? No, zur, I doant know him; he doant live hereabout, I'ze sure."—Our friend looked unutterable things; took a pinch of snuff, and asked ourself to smoke a cigar. "Yes," was our reply. We pulled out our *prads* at a decent-looking house, to get a light, which being procured, we prepared to toddle, first putting our smoking faculties into full operation, when the sight of a petticoat caught our friend's eye, and as he was partial to the ogles of a "rum blowing," he determined to pop the question, and thus addressing her—"My darling creature, a word in your listener, if you please: do you know, my love, the Lord's Prayer?"—"Lord's Prayer, Lord's Prayer? Noa, zur, I doant know en by that neame, but perhaps my devil does" (here's two, said ourself)—the females in this part of the country call their husbands by way of eminence their devils; here she cried, "Tommey! Tommey! come out, come out, here's some gemmen want to know summit."—Our friend here repeated his question to the "gentle creature's devil," whose reply was, "Noa, zur, I 'ant lived long about here; I doant know him rightly; but an you'll tell me whether he be a banksman or a pitman, I'll be zure to know him." Our friend was completely "stow whidded," and cut his stick.

Being mounted on good prads, we put them into a good trot, and soon passed a long string of gaggers, priggers, Adam Tylers, fancy coves, autum mots, gammoners, sweetners, upright men, bully huffs, lully priggers, stargazers, and coves of all sorts, and going gently over the stones into Stourbridge, we pulled up at the Vine Inn, where, being known to the jolly host thereof, we soon found a substantial meal before us.

Before, however, we had half finished our breakfast we were told we must rétrace our steps, and we had to go to Wolverhampton, Sampson having won the toss for choice of ground, and having received £40 from the rum droppers of Wolverhampton to name that place as "head-quarters," which he did in spite of the "beak's warning." At Wolverhampton the order was given to go to Bishop's Wood, eleven miles further north, and thus thousands were completely thrown out. The strong man had lots of "*blessings*" heaped on his head for serving his friends

such a trick, but in the end he completely satisfied all his *friends.*

A very commodious circle of waggons was formed at Bishop's Wood, fifty-four being in the first row, besides carriages and a double row behind; each waggon was completely filled, about thirty or forty in each, at a ticket of five *bob* each; long before the men came to the ground the outer ring was broken in, and it was only by the strenuous exertions of Dick Curtis and others that order was restored and the ropes again secured.

The men came to the ground in their coaches and six from Ivetsey Bank, accompanied by their respective friends. Brown threw his castor into the ring a few minutes before ten o'clock, and was received with loud cheers, which he acknowledged by bowing gracefully round; he was dressed in a blue coat, and looked remarkably well; he was accompanied by Tom Spring and Snowball (Richmond). Sampson repeated the same token of defiance a few minutes after, and was also well received; he was waited on by Dick Curtis and Harry Holt; the men shook hands rather carelessly, Sampson having a "pique" against Brown, which nothing but a regular mill could decide. After "doffing the togs," Brown having won the toss for choosing his side of the ring, they came at once to the scratch. Colours for Brown, red and white; for Sampson, plain red.

Round 1. Cautious sparring for some minutes; mutual stops on each side; Brown hit out heavily, and Sampson returned with his left; no flinching, two or three counter hits were exchanged, and Sampson was sent or went down.

2. Brown hit out with his right hand, but the distance was not well measured, or the blow would have told; Phil told with his left; more sparring for wind; Brown caught him right and left, and threw him heavily.

3. Loud cheers for Brown; beautiful sparring; Phil wanted to go to work, but could not get at him; in rushing to a rally, Brown slipped on his knees.

4. Both came readily to the scratch; no time was lost; Phil jobbed with his left, and Brown hit at him very short; a long pause; they went again to work at the ropes; Brown caught him and fibbed him severely, and fell heavily on him.

5. Sparring again; much caution on both sides; Phil jobbed again with his left, Brown laughed; Sampson rushed in, hitting tremendously right and left, and threw him heavily.

6. A short sparring bout; Sampson rushed in, caught Brown a thundering hit on his head, and floored him like a shot; Brown fell with his head against the stakes, and hurt himself seriously; loud cheers for the strong man, and "Bravo, Phil, go it."

7. Hugging at the ropes; Brown, finding he had no chance at out-fighting, rushed to a close, and lacerated Phil's back very much against the ropes, but Phil would not be denied, and jobbed his head repeatedly from under.

8. Brown hit short; his face dreadfully disfigured; he rushed in to a close, Sampson jobbing him as he came in; Brown hit right and left, and threw him.

9. Brown vigorous and full of courage; Phil sharp and leary; the outer ring was now broken into; sparring for wind; Brown hit hard at Sampson's body; Phil jobbed again with his left, and both went down.

10. No mistake about fitting; Brown hit out left and right, and threw him.

11. Brown fibbed again at him; Phil would not be denied, but was thrown in the close.

12. Brown hit out, hit him heavily, and threw him.

13. Sampson could not be got at at all, and jobbed him again and again; the inner ring was broken into by Brown's friends, but Phil threw him.

From the 13th round nothing could be seen, the inner ring was broken in most disgracefully, and the men fought ten times worse than if they were in a saw-pit. The affair between Spring and Langan, at Worcester, was nothing to it; they fought in this way till they had fought 35 rounds, for the confusion was so great that we could hardly distinguish the number. Brown was hit senseless, and Sampson was declared the winner, almost uninjured.

Remarks.

Sampson never fought so well in his life; Brown had no chance with him, the long odds were completely floored; five to one was bet on Brown over again. The writer of this saw them come out of the ring; Sampson very little the worse for wear, Brown's head cut to pieces; he vomited a great deal, and cried like a child; they were put to bed at Ivetsey Bank; Brown nearly killed, his shoulder was put out. Sampson went to bed for ten minutes, and then dressed himself; he arrived this evening at Birmingham in a coach and eight, loudly cheered by thousands of his enthusiastic townsmen; it will make him for ever; he can be backed against any in the ring. There was no second fight, the ring being broke into; Gas would not go in.

FIGHT BETWEEN HARRY JONES (THE SAILOR BOY) AND BILL SAVAGE, FOR £25 A SIDE.

The match was decided on the 26th March last, in a meadow close to the town of Chertsey, without let or hindrance. Shirley's, the New Inn, Staines, was appointed as the place of rendezvous, and here all concerned in the affair assembled on the morning of hostilities. Jones had trained under the eye of Mr. Shirley, and was certainly in excellent condition, and "brimful" of confidence. He was backed by a *Corinthian*, who, it is pleasurable to state, was highly pleased with his conduct throughout. Jones's weight was ten stone, while that of Savage, we believe, was 11 stone, added to which the Welshman had the advantage of length. The youth and vigour of Harry, however, placed him a favourite at 5 and 6 to 4 up to the morning of milling. Savage had trained at Hampstead, and was attentive to his exercise, but his appearance was anything but fresh—a circumstance attributable rather to constitution than to personal negligence or want of care. The feats of the men are so well known as to render recapitulation unnecessary.

It had been agreed that Curtis should second the Sailor Boy; and he, with Young Dutch Sam, arrived at the New Inn for that purpose. A rumour, however, having got abroad that he had given an opinion against Jones, Jones's backer declined his services, but offered him £5 to remain neuter. To this Dick, who felt the words of the old song, "Touch my honour, touch my life," would not accede, and at once went over to the opposite party, agreeing to second Savage against Jones,

instead of "*wicey warsey.*" This was thought to be a point in favour of *Taffy*, and betting hung a little heavy on the Sailor.

In due time the men proceeded to the field of battle, where several *swells* were assembled; and the meeting upon the whole was more select than numerous, and altogether very orderly.

The men soon entered the ring —Harry taking the lead.. His *castor* blew outside the ropes as he threw it up, which by some of his friends was thought a bad omen; but to show how doctors differ, when Savage dropped his *tile* within the ropes, which remained as steady as it were of cast iron, Dick exclaimed, "Blow it! I wish it had gone out;" and giving it "a kick for luck," sent it half over the field. The fate of the day may perhaps in future decide the knotty question as to the character of these omens. Dick now came out boldly to back his man, took all the fives to four he could get, and then laid his money even, having Savage for choice—a species of *bounce*, which, perhaps, being somewhat of a judge of human nature, he thought while it raised the confidence of Savage would sink that of Jones—but in this he was for once mistaken, for Harry never altered a muscle. Alick Reid was Dick's co-partner in waiting upon Savage, while Jones claimed the active offices of Ned Stockman and Young Dutch Sam.

The Fight.

Round 1. Shortly before one, both men were launched from the knees of their seconds. "Steady she goes," cried the Kid, and Harry bore up under easy sail. Savage was also well trimmed, and threw out the grapplings of his left foot on Harry's upper leather. Harry tacked a little—but again pushed forward. The men were yardarm and yardarm, when Harry let go his larboard feeler. Savage was alive and stopped his intentions, and Harry in return frustrated a similar manœuvre. Caution on both sides—at last Harry crowded all sail, and boarded Savage right and left on the figure-head; and hitting up in good style, left his mark on his mouth, while he came off "scot-free" himself. In the collision both fell—Savage under.

2. Harry wore off and smiled, while Savage looked serious. Harry again bore down before the wind—popped in a right and left jobber, and closing, pulled the Welshman down.

3. "Go it," cried the *Kid.* "I'm blowed, Harry, if you an't been taking a lesson from Old Shirley's bull." Harry wanted no prompter; but luffing a little in the wind's eye, he again ran in on Taffy's quarter—but Taffy put his helm to starboard, and avoided mischief. Taffy then tried the same manœuvre, but with as little success—good stopping on both sides —Taffy rather cautious. At length Harry crowded all canvas, ran in to his man, nobbed him right and left; and after a violent struggle, in which Taffy *peppered* away at his body, threw him heavily.

4. On Savage rising on his keel, he showed damage in his upper works, and *first blood* was announced. On again getting under weigh, Harry wore off a little, and Savage hit short—good stopping on both sides. Both backed their sails, but getting a fresh wind, they bore down—when Harry dropped on Savage's starboard side, and delivered heavily with his left on his *mug*—(more blood) —and Savage was tumbled.

5. Little time was lost in this round before each ran foul

of the other's rigging. Harry peppered away at the sky-scraper, while Savage delivered heavily on his hull. Harry tried hard to capsize him, after the manner of a cross-buttock—while Savage kept knocking at his rib timbers; at last the Sailor bore him on his head-work, and fell heavily on his bow.—[2 and 3 to 1 on Harry.]

6. A good rallying round for both; some good exchanges—Savage at the body, Harry at the nob. In the close, after a tough struggle, both went down.

7. Harry jobbed with his left, and wore off; Savage on the defensive. Harry again crowded all sail, and bored in. In the close Savage grappled, when Harry tried to hit up. Savage struggled hard for the throw, but Harry, planting his fist on his prow, kept him off; at length both went down—Harry the strongest.

From the 8th to the 15th round all was decidedly in favour of Harry—he stopped all the intended compliments to his upper works, and floored his man in every close—Savage occasionally putting in some good body hits. In the fifteenth round Savage popped in his left on Harry's side; but Harry countered heavily with his left also, and caught him a tremendous douse on the starboard *glim*, which immediately shut up shop. He followed this with a shot from his starboard quarter, which caught Savage on the nozzle, and in the close the Welshman was thrown.

16. Savage hit short at the body; Harry jumped away, and laughed—but again tacking, he bore down for mischief, and closed. Savage in getting away was falling, when Harry threw in a heavy shot with his right and dropped him. It was now seen that Savage had not a chance; he was dreadfully damaged in his upper works, but his hull was still good, and he was urged to close quarters. Harry was well trimmed at all points, however; nobbed him at pleasure, and showed most strength in closing.

The same style of action continued to the 29th round, all in favour of Harry; at this period of the action, after fighting one hour and two minutes, Harry went in to finish—he forced Savage back to the ropes, hitting him right and left terrifically; at last Savage got fixed against the post with his leg, and was heavily hit till he went down almost insensible. (It was now thought it was all over; but Savage, to the surprise of the ring, came round and was again at the scratch in time.)

To the 37th round the punishment was all one way—Savage's left *glim* fast closing. In this round, however, the hopes of the *Pet* were revived. Jones, on coming up, was sick, and Savage was told to go in and bustle. The Sailor, however, soon heaved his ballast overboard, again righted, and floored his opponent cleverly. It would be uninteresting to pursue the details further. Harry had it all his own way, notwithstanding the determined game of his enemy, who came up with unshaken firmness. In the 53rd round, he had scarce a ray of light left; and his brother Ned, who was present and shed tears at his deplorable state, threw up his hat in token of his having struck his colours. This did not suit the brave Bill; he again hoisted his flag at his main-top, and fought three more rounds. The Sailor Boy in these collisions, however, threw in such heavy broadsides, that Dick at last saw all had been done that a good Captain had a right to expect, and he hauled down his colours for

the last time. All was over, after fighting 56 rounds. in one hour and 35 minutes. Savage was taken from the ring in a dreadful state, completely blind; while Jones had not a scratch, nor did he lose a single drop of blood throughout the action; he was, in fact, to all outward appearance, without damage, although he admitted his hull was severely battered by Savage's hitting in the closes.

Remarks.

It was impossible for a human being to have shown more game than Savage, but he lost all chance by not going in to fight instead of holding off for long shots, which were always parried by Jones. Jones has added an additional leaf to his wreath of victory, and has proved himself one of the best of his weight in the ring. He wants the tact, however, of finishing his man offhand. His stopping out was excellent, and his returns very effective. He did not throw a chance away during the battle, but fought with great coolness and judgment. He arrived at the Norfolk Arms, Strand, the same night; while Savage remained at Staines, and returned to town next day, affording a woeful example of Harry's handiworks. An attempt was made by Curtis, during the fight, to lance Savage's right eye, but without any advantageous effect.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTING.

Badger Drawing: A Curious Scene.—The match made between the celebrated Oxford dragsman and a sporting boniface, for £50 a side, in which the latter backed the Surrey dog China to draw a fair badger, to be found by the former, out of a fair box, sixty-five times in ten minutes, was appointed to come off on Friday evening [April 28], at Weatherhead's, Borough Pit. The hour appointed for meeting was seven o'clock; at that time the doors of the pit were opened, and although the price of admission was raised to *half a bull*, every place soon found an occupant. A Jarvey soon after arrived, containing the badger and his friends, who were introduced to the intended scene of amusement with due ceremony. The dog and his backers were not long behind, and the usual forms were gone through. The badger was first brought forth from the sack in which he was deposited—and a fine vigorous animal he appeared—his weight was 36lbs., and upon being *tasted* by Weatherhead—that is to say, his head, ears, and nozzle having been rubbed with the finger, which Weatherhead afterwards applied to his lips, he was pronounced "as sweet as a nut." This done he was placed in the drawing box, about four feet long, and eighteen inches in depth and width. The dog was next weighed, and found to be 22½ lbs. These matters were all in conformity with the terms of the articles, and the next step was to choose two umpires, two time-keepers, and a referee, "according to whose decision," as the articles expressed, "the stakes were to be given up on the same evening." The preliminaries thus arranged, Frank Redmond, who was appointed to handle the dog, took his station in front of the box, while Weatherhead, who was appointed to return the badger to the box, as he was drawn, stood at the side. After a few prefatory claps of the box door, which was to be shut to and opened immediately after the badger was drawn, the sport commenced, and the stopped watches were set going. It was soon seen, however, that China's task was not so easy as had been expected. He was repeatedly drawn, but the badger remained behind; at length he got his grip, and out came the badger. As he waxed warm the dog got better, and the drawing became more frequent; but still the encouraging exclamations of "*Hi, Chaney!*" and the occasional aid of a little alum on his teeth, did not produce that vigour which the full performance of his task required, and in six minutes he had drawn the badger but fifteen times; thus leaving him but four minutes to accomplish the remaining fifty times. It was now a guinea to a shilling on the badger, and one gentleman threw his hat into the pit, and said "he would pound it." Still Redmond went on, and in seven minutes and twenty seconds nineteen draws were called. Just before this a person was seen to quit his station by one of the umpires, and run across the pit; a mysterious exclamation was afterwards heard, and in an instant down came one of the two lustres or rings of candles by which the pit was lighted, accompanied by a tile or a brick from the roof! All was consternation, and the falling in of the roof of the Brunswick Theatre

naturally *flashed* on the minds of the Fancy. In a moment after the second lustre followed the example of its fellow luminary, and at the same instant two sconces, each bearing a candle, were thrown down! All was alarm, and nothing less than "battle, murder, and sudden death," was anticipated. The *illuminati* were, however, awake, and wisely looked after their personals, while Tom Belcher, who was the stakeholder, jumped into the pit, and seizing three candles which lay flaring on the floor, held them up, and exclaimed, "Draw away!" while he called on the time-keeper to watch his time. These candles were soon flapped out with hats, but he again lit them, and called on Redmond to draw. Redmond, however, seemed to think his efforts would be useless, and sat quietly on the box. It was now pretty obvious that this *ruse de guerre* had been preconcerted, as *dernier resort* in case the dog failed to accomplish his task, as it was considered, if the event did not come off, bets could not be claimed. In this calculation, however, the "knowing ones" were foiled, for on the time elapsing an appeal was made to the Umpires. They, of course, disagreed, each claiming "a win." An application was then made to the Referee, a well-known sporting character, but he declined at the moment giving a positive answer, and all parties adjourned to Frank Redmond's house. Here the matter underwent a new and noisy discussion, the backers of the badger, of course, inveighing against the disgraceful scene they had witnessed, and the other party strenuously contending that the dog had not *lost*, although they *modestly* admitted that he had not *won*. At length a little order was restored, and the Referee was called on for his decision; when he said that he was placed in a very painful situation, because he had friends on both sides; but he believed the majority of those were on the part of the dog. Nevertheless he was bound to act impartially. It appeared to him morally impossible that the dog could have accomplished the task assigned him, and this being the case, it was absurd to suppose that the friends of the badger were the authors of the shameful trick which they had all witnessed. By this trick alone was the match interrupted, and be the authors who they might, they must take the consequences, for he was of opinion the dog had lost. The row now became general, and the rushing in of the waters into the Thames Tunnel could not have excited more commotion. All were scrambling, swearing, and pushing, and at last the badgeronians were glad to "make their lucky" downstairs, and betake themselves to the open air—the whole canine pack in full cry at their heels. Fortunately no mischief was done beyond a few rent garments; and the winners of the match and their friends proceeded to the Castle Tavern, Holborn, where Belcher gave up the stakes and bets, in strict conformity with the articles, amidst the general approbation of a crowded room. A protest against the step subsequently arrived, followed by a few of the *canine* multitude, who strongly inveighed against their money being given up, "when the event had not come off." It was in vain, however; and it must be pretty obvious, if such dishonourable tricks were to supersede the fair decision of matches, then must there be an end of sporting altogether. Upon the whole, we never witnessed a

more "out and out" sort of an affair. It was clear that the powers of the dog for the badger had been miscalculated. It was said, the same dog had drawn a badger seventy times within the same period; but then, as the *Oxford Whip* said, it must have been "an old wig of a badger, and not a thorough bred un like his, which had puzzled half the professors in the University." Of course a great deal must have depended on the character and weight of the badger; and in this the backers of China were clearly outwitted.—It is a singular fact that the referee had his money on the dog, so that his conduct was the more praiseworthy.

TO SHOOT FLYING.—After having loaded your fowling-piece with its usual charge of powder, ramming, instead of paper, leather on it, instead of shot put in half an ounce of quicksilver, stopping the muzzle with a cork slightly, keeping that end mounted till you have fixed your game to be aimed at; when, taking out the cork, and otherwise duly addressing, discharge off the piece, you can scarcely miss killing any mark but tolerably aimed at, on account of the immense distribution of the quicksilver.

ON THE PREVENTION AND PALLIATION OF LAMENESS IN THE FEET OF HORSES.

(By a correspondent of the British Sporting Magazine for May last.)

On this subject the following practical observations, drawn from professional experience, are at the service of the sporting world.

The two principal causes of foot lameness are, contraction and concussion. To such a beautifully complex piece of mechanism as the foot of the horse, the present mode of shoeing—that of permanently fixing it in close contact with an unyielding piece of iron—must ever be an act of extreme violence; and the wonder is, not that so many horses are lame, but that there are any horses that are sound. The fact is, there are few which have done much work that are not lame in an incipient degree, though perhaps their owners do not know it. But the non-elastic nature of the iron shoe is not the only thing to be regretted. The evil is greatly aggravated by the unscientific application of it to the foot; nor can we ever hope or expect any other result than numberless cripples, so long as the management of the foot is committed to persons totally unacquainted with the nature of its structure and functions.

The foot is furnished with more than a thousand springs, most of which act obliquely from the coronet downwards; and the remainder horizontally. The most important of the latter is the horny sole. So important is this, that if it be thrown out of use, the elasticity of all the others will be rendered null and void. It is convex above and concave below; and its healthy action is to descend from the pressure applied to it by the pastern and coffin bones, and, in consequence of that descent and convexity, to expand. By its descent, it allows of the elongation of the five hundred sensible laminæ; and by its expansion, it keeps open the lower circumference of the crust and heels. It becomes, therefore, matter of infinite importance that this spring—the horny sole—be kept in its natural healthy state, viz. thin, and, consequently, pliable, that it may descend, expand, and thus prevent contraction,

which, as I have said, is one of the principal causes of foot lameness. Its unhealthy state is that of being morbidly thick, hard, and inflexible; either too concave, or in the extreme of convexity, as in pumiced feet.

An idea is prevalent that contraction is *the* principal cause of lameness; but this is a mistake: for where there is one horse lame from contraction, there are twenty lame from concussion. The free descent and elasticity of the horny sole will also contribute to prevent this disease, concussion; but prevention mainly depends on allowing the newly-discovered and important functions of the posterior parts of the foot to be performed. By the posterior parts of the foot are here meant all those posterior to the heels of the coffin bone—viz., the quarters of the crust, bars, heels of the frog, and lateral cartilages. All these, in an unshod foot, from their attachment to the horny sole, have a considerable motion downwards: and to allow of which, when shod, the shoe should always be laid off the heels and quarters; that is, there should be a space left between the crust and the shoe sufficient for the introduction of a picker. The shoe so laid off will then, in fact, act like a tip (which is the nearest to perfection of all shoes, so far as the functions of the foot are concerned); with this additional advantage, that the heels of the foot will be prevented from wearing away so fast as with tips. This, then, is the other grand cause of lameness—concussion to the sensible parts of the foot; produced from the natural descent of these posterior springs being prevented, by their resting in close contact with the shoe in ordinary shoeing; and hence it is that there are so many lame horses, notwithstanding they have good open circular feet. It has been thought that contraction is produced by the nails; but it appears that the tendency of these will be, at worst, only to keep the hoof of the same size and shape as the shoe to which it is fixed.

The causes of contraction, then, are:—First, a morbidly thick sole, which will not descend and expand the heels and quarters. Secondly, the frog being pared away, consequently elevated from the ground, and not allowed to come in contact with it, as it ought to do, at each step of the animal. Thirdly, heat, by which the crust is contracted, and rendered hard and brittle. Hence so many horses turned out to grass in summer come up lame.

The causes of concussion are, that the posterior springs of the foot are deprived of their natural functions of descent by their close approximation with the shoe, and also by the want of elasticity in the horny sole.

To counteract the effects of heat in the stable, the horse should stand upon wet straw, strewed under his fore feet two or three nights in a week. This will render his crusts elastic and tough; and the less a horse, with a predisposition to have contracted feet, lies down the better; as, when he lies down, all pressure is removed from his frogs, which are the grand active powers to keep open the upper part of the crust next the coronet, and resist the contractile effect of heat.

The Epping Hunt.

April 7th (Easter Monday) was the day on which, according to annual custom and immemorial usage, the great London Hunt took place on Epping Forest: and most unquestionably nothing

could be like it—or, as the poet says—

> "Nothing but itself could be its parallel."

The day opened rather inauspiciously for hunting, insomuch that the landlords on the Forest—old Tom Rounding, and he of the Baldfaced Stag, especially—began to look rather lackadaisically at their larders, in a well-grounded fear that no cockneys would come to consume the many fair rounds of beef and portly hams, cooked purposely for cockney consumption. But at one o'clock the rain blew off, the sun broke out, and the cockneys came flocking down the road by hundreds—nay, by thousands; and old Tom Rounding's rounds of beef were speedily converted into cockney chyle. Old Tom, be it remembered, is the Master of the Hunt; for though the renowned William Tilney Long Pole Wellesley has the credit of the thing, yet old Tom rules the roast—and the boiled too; and many a gallon of *Old Tom* does he get rid of, at a pretty considerable profit, in consequence thereof. Consequently "the Hunt" did not begin till two o'clock in the afternoon; for old Tom is decidedly of opinion that it is bad to hunt upon an empty stomach. "Hunting," quoth he, "is sport—sport is a joke, and there is no joking with an empty stomach."

At two o'clock in the afternoon, then, the hunt began; at which time there was as pretty a field of sportsmen assembled at the top of Fair Mead Bottom as a body would wish to see on an Easter Monday. None of your Melton Mowbray concerns—four-and-twenty scarlet coats all in a row; but two or three thousand regular-bred cockneys; some on horseback, some on assback, some in *drags*, some in *rattlers*, some in Captain Abbott's *cabs*, and some in nothing at all, and all mixed higgledy-piggledy together, so that no man amongst them could say, "Here am I," with any chance of being owned by anybody else. Indeed, we heard one gentleman call out, "Where the d—l are you, Jack?" To which Jack replied, "*Cuss* me if I know;" and no doubt there were a vast many others in the same predicament. At two o'clock, as aforesaid, a fallow deer (of the softer sex) was brought from old Tom Rounding's stable in a cart, after having been shown at threepence a peep, as long as anybody could be found to pay threepence for peeping at it. There was at least nine couple of hounds brought with it; somehow or other, they got lost among the carts, cabs, and coaches. A ring was formed round the cart, and the lady deer was pushed out of it, *vi et armis*, into the middle of the ring. And such a shout was set up at the sight of her, as might well have quailed the heart of the proudest in the Forest.

The sportsmen soon rallied, and beset her to such a degree that she did not know which way to run; but went wandering in and out among the coaches and things seemingly quite bewildered, until a very valiant cockney, on a horse at least eleven hands high, gave her such a cut across the nose, with his hunting-whip, as sent her off right an end into a fold-yard hard by, and there they crowded upon her so fast, that in the scuffle they succeeded in breaking her leg. Of course she was put completely *hors de combat*, as the French say, and no doubt she was speedily converted into venison, for they took her away in the cart more dead than alive.

It was now after three o'clock, and as the sportsmen had not had sport enough, the managers gave

notice that they would bring them another deer. Accordingly they went back to old Tom Rounding's, and about four o'clock they brought down another—a more sprightly one than the first: and one that seemed to have been "trained up in the way he should go;" for he was no sooner out of the cart than away he went with a bit of a circumbendibus towards old Tom Rounding's stable again. Everybody—except the hounds—followed him at the top of their speed; but he would have got safe into the stable nevertheless, if some two or three hundred of them had not faced him, by a short cut; which he perceiving, he very unfairly ran up to his knees in a horse-pond. Though some two or three of the foremost tumbled in after him, he did not take the least notice of them. A consultation was then held as to what should be done with him; and at last, by general agreement, it was settled that he should have another start. So the managers got him out of the horse-pond at last, and he ran about in the wood a good deal, until everybody was very hot, and then he was lost. However, just then a nice cooling shower came on very providentially to cool the heat into which everybody had got himself, and so they all, as usual on this occasion, betook themselves to their heels—or the heels of their horses and asses—with all convenient speed.

Extraordinary Feat.—A horse, the property of Captain O'Hanlon, whilst galloping the other day, in the vicinity of Cheltenham, covered, in a single bound, the enormous distance of thirty-five feet and a half.—*Observer, March* 24.

Comparative Qualities of Gunpowder.—Gunpowder, to be good, should be quick, strong, free from impurity, and not liable to attract moisture from the atmosphere. The general method of trying the purity of gunpowder, is by burning it on clean white paper: two or three small heaps are made near each other, and one of them is fired; if the smoke rises perpendicularly, and there be no feculent matter left on the paper, nor the other heaps fired, it is considered an evidence that the ingredients have been of a good quality, and well compounded. If, however, the other heaps are fired, the paper burnt, or a dirty residuum left, it may be supposed that the nitre was impure, that the charcoal was completely pulverized, or the whole of them were not well incorporated together. It is remarkable that powder will vary in its proof at different times of the day, and from what cause we know not; in truth, notwithstanding it has been in use for four hundred years, we are still but partially acquainted with the nature and properties of this article. Several methods of proving or trying the strength of gunpowder have been adopted; but, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Dupont's eprouvette, none of them can be relied on for much accuracy, when used for fine powder. The mortar is very uncertain, and the spring eprouvette is worse than useless, and should be abolished. There is certainly no nation in the world where manufactures in general have so justly become celebrated as Great Britain, and in no article, perhaps, more than in gunpowder. The French powder has been highly spoken of; but, by experiments upon what is called "king's powder," made expressly for the King of France and his

court, and which is doubtless the best made in France, it will not be found to bear comparison with that of Pigou, Andrews, and Wilkes, of Dartford, Kent, which is no doubt the best foreign powder ever introduced into this country. Dupont's eprouvette is nothing more than a small chamber, capable of containing about the charge for a patent breech fowling-piece, placed in a vertical position, so that the action of the powder is upwards; when loaded, a weight of about four pounds, attached to a lever, is let down, so as to cover the chamber; to the movable end of the lever a graduated ribbon is so attached, that, when explosion takes place, the weight is thrown up, taking with it the ribbon, which passes through a small hole; the weight, of course, again falls to its place, but the ribbon is held by the slide at the point to which the force of the powder carried the weight. When the strength of gunpowder has been tested, its quickness in firing may also be proved, in a manner invented by Mr. A. Dupont. The method of thus testing quickness is both simple and satisfactory. It is nothing more than burning a train of twelve feet each of the samples to be tried: these trains are laid parallel to each other; and the board they are laid upon being graduated, you can thus plainly see the comparative quickness of each sample.—*American Shooter's Manual.*

LION HUNTING.—The lion, which in many points of his character resembles the dog, differs from him in this, that his hearing is not so acute, and he is not, for that reason, easily awaked. When a lion is asleep, particularly after he has gorged himself with his prey, you may walk round about him without disturbing him; and he has this property, that, if he is awaked by anything striking or falling upon him, he loses all presence of mind, and instantly flies off, if he is not confined, in the direction he happens to be lying at the time. The wolf and the tiger generally retire to the caverns and the ravines of the mountains; but the lion is most usually found in the open plain, and in the neighbourhood of the flocks of antelopes, which invariably seek the open country, and which manifest a kind of instinctive aversion to places in which their powerful adversary may spring upon them suddenly and unexpectedly. It has been remarked of the lion by the Bushmen, that he generally kills and devours his prey in the morning at sunrise, or at sunset. On this account, when they intend to kill lions, they generally notice where the springbucks are grazing at the rising of the sun; and by observing, at the same time, if they appear frightened and run off, they conclude that they have been attacked by the lion. Marking accurately the spot where the alarm took place, about eleven o'clock in the day, when the sun is powerful, and the enemy they seek is supposed to be fast asleep, they carefully examine the ground, and, finding him in a state of unguarded security, they lodge a poisoned arrow in his breast. The moment the lion is thus struck he springs from his lair, and bounds off as helpless as the stricken deer. The work is done; the arrow of death has pierced his heart, without even breaking the slumbers of the lioness which may have been lying beside him; and the bushman knows where, in the course of a few hours, or even less time, he will find him dead, or in the agonies of death.—*Philip's Researches in South Africa.*

PHIL SAMPSON'S ANSWER TO TOM SPRING.

Birmingham, April 17th, 1828.

SIR,

A short time back it was stated, in *Bell's Life*, that you would fight me for £250 a side, if I were successful with Brown, and on the next Sunday I answered it, stating that I would fight you, win or lose with Brown. At the time, I meant fighting, and nothing else. You, for what reason I don't know, stated to the company at the Woodman, when the last money was made good, that I had used you ill, and that you was sure I dare not fight you, and that my motive for challenging you was to get a good benefit. It is most true that you have won most of your battles, but whom have you fought? The best man you ever fought was Oliver, and his day was gone by—he was a stale man. You state in your bills, when on a sparring tour, that you are the Champion of England, and yet you dare not fight Ward, but challenge me. I have advised with my friends, and they say that they will back me against any man in England, for Five Hundred, and against you in preference to any other, for they think that you are an old woman, which is my opinion also.

In last Sunday's paper you state that I acted "like a coward," and my seconds "like bull-dogs." In the first place, you acted foul, and for an excuse said you was pushed by the crowd, and that you did not do it intentionally. I should have thought it was so had you not repeated it; and had my seconds done what they ought to have done, they would have hit you down with the bottle. But they explained afterwards, that the fight was so safe that they did not want to bring it to a wrangle, which they were sure you did. I have only to say, when I am placed in the world as you are (I mean cleaned out), I will fight again, and you shall have the first chance—but not till then do I mean to enter the Ring.

Allow me to remind you that Ward is in want of a customer, and, I have no doubt, would be proud to make a match with you as soon as you think proper.

To conclude, I have only to add, whether I am a second or not, if I ever see you acting in or about a ring as you did when I fought Brown, I shall act as I did on that occasion—that is, to chastise you for it severely. Hoping the past will be a warning to you to do what is right in future,

I remain, yours,

PHILIP SAMPSON.

To Mr. Spring.

FUNERAL OF RANDALL.—Yesterday being appointed for the interment of the remains of the above celebrated pugilist, great crowds of persons assembled round the front of the Hole in the Wall public-house, Chancery Lane, which was kept by the deceased up to the period of his dissolution on the night of yesterday se'nnight.

The interest excited was attributable to a desire on the part of the multitude to obtain a view of the most noted prizefighters, and other celebrated characters connected with the sporting world, who, it was anticipated, would follow the departed "Nonpareil" to his grave. In this, however, they were disappointed, as not one of those connected with the prize ring attended as mourners; Jack Scroggins was the only man of notoriety who attended. The pro-

cession was arranged in the following order:—

Two Mutes;
A Plume of Feathers;
THE HEARSE,
Containing the Coffin and the Body.

The Coffin bore the following inscription:—

JOHN RANDALL, AGED 32,
Died March 12, 1828.

Three Mourning Coaches, containing Mrs. Randall, her two sons, and other relatives and friends.

The procession proceeded up Chancery Lane, towards Holborn, and bent its course towards St. Giles's Churchyard, where the remains were to be interred.

The usual service being performed by the Rev. Mr. Sheppard, the body was removed to a deep grave at the south-east side of the church.

A CURE FOR THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS.—Two table-spoonfuls of salt dissolved in hot water, which acts as an emetic. Three hours after give the following pill, viz., 6 grs. of calomel, 10 grs. aloes, 5 grs. of ginger powder.

The above often cures, but is only adapted to the stomach of a full-grown dog. If fever continues, give 10 grains of James's Powder morning and evening until the nose is cool and free from fever. The bowels should be kept open.—*British Sporting Magazine, Feb.* 1827.

In shooting a Pigeon Match, if the gun misses fire and the pigeon gets away, it is counted a bird, and another is not allowed, unless by previous agreement.

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 3. — JANUARY, 1829.

FEEDING AND TRAINING.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

In answer to a letter which appeared in your Magazine for July signed "A NOVICE" (and for which many others as well as myself are indebted to him, since it is to be hoped that the subject once started will be thoroughly discussed), I beg leave to say a few words.

When we consider the amusement afforded by racing, in which both the peer and the peasant can equally join, and its utility in improving our breed of horses, it appears to be wholly without alloy, and if we except the gambling, which is the necessary attendant on a race-course, and which has driven hundreds to seek a refuge from their losses in self destruction, I really believe it to be so. A *little* betting increases the interest, and as long as it does not run high there is no harm done. But to the point.

The first thing a youngster has to do on coming on the turf is of course to procure horses. There are two ways of doing this, by breeding or buying young untried ones. The plan generally adopted in England, with the exception of old established studs, such as the Duke of Grafton's, Lord Egremont's, Mr. Watts's, &c., &c., is I believe the latter. In this country, breeding, except under very particular circumstances, would not, I am afraid, be found to answer. The horses bought or bred, however, then comes the TRAINING.

With regard to horses out of all condition, like NOVICE'S, the universal plan is to begin with three doses of physic, with an interval of a week between each. This is necessary to clear their stomachs of all improper food and to cool their blood; for, as the feeding of racers is necessarily very high, a horse put into strong exercise like training, without this preparatory physic, would most probably fall off his feed, become dull, and very likely break out into a surfeit.

CONDITION, which is the object of training, is acquired by going through a regular course of exercise, moderate at first, and increasing by degrees. *Walking exercise*, which is the first step, should be twice a day in clothes. As the horse's condition improves, the severity of the exercise will increase accordingly; but a horse

should never be put to strong work, till he has been in some measure prepared for it. More horses are spoilt by hard work, when not in proper order, than most people are aware of.

Cantering and *Galloping* exercise complete the process, and the time requisite is about three months. As a general maxim, when a horse is in condition he ought not to be allowed to lose it, especially with race-horses, as it is very doubtful if they can ever be brought to their former excellence by any subsequent training. This holds good with aged horses in particular, as after three or four years' racing, with the usual training, it cannot be expected that their legs will be as fresh as a two-year-old.

Many persons think that a turn out to grass for a month or two, after a hard year's racing campaign, would be of service, but whatever benefit a horse's legs would derive from it (and I do not mean to say they would not be benefited) must surely be counterbalanced by the work *those same legs* must endure to bring down the load of flesh that would accumulate, and to restore him to his former condition.

When the horse is in condition then comes the TRIAL, which is generally against the best horse in the owner's stud. This is far preferable to running a trial against time, since no horse can (if I may so express myself) be brought to exert himself to the utmost, unless *he sees the reason for so doing.* This may possibly appear rather overstrained, but let any one call to mind the emulation which he has seen any two horses show when running against each other, and he will fully allow it. The most extraordinary instance perhaps of the existence of this instinctive rivalry was manifested about three or four years ago at the races at Goodwood Park, where a horse of Lord Exeter's called *Ghost* threw his rider, but continued running the heat, and, if my memory serves me, came in second. Nobody can suppose that the horse ran for pleasure, some may suppose he ran from fright, but I am convinced it was from a natural desire to eclipse his antagonist.

To a delicate feeder too much attention cannot be paid. Delicate feeders generally digest their food badly. It should therefore be as carefully apportioned to the digestive organs as possible. A horse may get ten seer of gram daily and still pine away, but try him with six or seven seers and he will probably improve. When you see the dung of a horse interspersed with grains of *bajree*, &c., whole and fresh as when first swallowed, you know that he has taken more than he can digest, and every grain that he eats more than he *does* digest does him infinite harm, and retards his condition. With such horses alterative balls administered with judgment are of the greatest service, and as simplicity is the basis of all knowledge I will give your readers a simple receipt, viz. one ounce of common black salt, made into a ball with honey, and to be given in the morning.

It is very difficult to keep a horse of this sort in condition.

To a horse even in the height of condition an alterative ball taken occasionally will be found of service, for as it is well known that a horse in the highest condition is on the verge of disease, and when the consequences of a *throw over* are considered, we ought to compound a little to prevent them.

As to the GRAIN which a horse should eat during his training, I should think *gram* was the best.

Wheaten bread was formerly given to race-horses, but it is now universally exploded, and, indeed, when we consider the fermentation which it must occasion in a horse's stomach, it needs only to be mentioned to be disapproved of.

In feeding, too much regularity as to hours cannot be observed, and let the horse *eat* and *drink* as much as he can, but at the same time look over him yourself. There was formerly a practice of stinting a horse in his water. Nothing can be more prejudicial. If a horse drinks more than is good for him, give it him frequently during the day, and each time as much as he can drink; he will soon refuse it and drink moderately.

The night before running a horse ought to be muzzled, and between the heats a little *sherry* is preferable to beer or brandy-and-water; the former makes a horse heavy, and the latter, to let him feel any benefit from it, must be given in such large quantities that it would spoil his wind, and incapacitate him from running. This however might be obviated by following the plan of an acquaintance of mine, who says "there are two ways of taking *brandy-pawnee;* one-twelfth brandy, the rest water, or half and half;" he takes the latter.

The use of *bandages* round the legs is to brace the fibres and strengthen the sinews. Cold contracts all substances, and cloths must therefore have a good effect on horses' legs, though perhaps the heat occasioned by the flannel bandages a little counteracts the good effects of the cold application.

In wetting the cloths always remove them from the horse's legs; dip them in water; wring them slightly, and then bandage them on. Nothing is more disgusting than to see a lazy groom pouring the water down the horse's legs, equally regardless as to the quantity that remains on the cloth as he is to the dirt that such a proceeding necessarily creates in a stable.

Some old *turfites*, if any such condescend to read this letter, may wonder that mention of the operation termed *sweating* has been omitted. It consists in loading the horse with three or four times his usual quantity of cloths, and then giving him a gallop of from five to seven miles, with occasional bursts of speed. This is intended to pump out all the perspirable matter, which it certainly does. These *sweats* take place every six, eight, or ten days, according to the horse's constitution. The gallop over, he is taken under cover, and scraped down with a wooden scraper. Many horses, however, are ruined by the above process; for the strain which the sinews must undergo whilst running the above distance, with a weight on the back of at least 13 stone, cannot be supposed to do them much good. The horse will most probably be running half the distance in distress, and when such is the case, Nature is soon told out, and the horse falls off. I have written you a tremendous scrawl, much more than I intended, but I cannot conclude *without* saying a word in your private ear, Mr. Editor. It is to pull you up for your mistakes in your Racing Calendar, and when I tell you that my object is to improve your work, and thereby render it more valuable to yourself, I hope you will take my criticisms in good part.

* * * * * *

Wishing you every success, and that the Oriental Sporting Maga-

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zine may rival its brother in England, I remain, yours, &c.,

A TYKE.

Note.—TYKE cannot blame us for our summary mode of preventing the world from knowing our errors; we mean by supplying their place with a few stars. If however he casts his eye at the Racing Calendar of the present number he will perceive we have profited by his friendly suggestions, and we imagine that is all he intended. We shall be most happy to hear again from so intelligent a correspondent. One who can expatiate in so business-like a manner on the preparation of cattle for the turf must have a tolerable store of information in reserve, and we only hope he will not be a niggard of it.—ED.

A LETTER FROM NOVICE.

To Jasper Gambado, Esq.

SIR,

I beg leave to address you through the channel of the Sporting Magazine, in which publication you have been so good as to give me your advice, regarding the treatment and training of my present stud, and I offer you my best thanks with the more pleasure, because, though you are undoubtedly a knowing sportsman, yet you generously sport what you know; not like some folks I could name, who keep all the information they possess to themselves, not even allowing a friend to look into their stables. Your kindness in paying so high a compliment to my sporting zeal as to compare me to a British O'Kelly and an Indian O'Keefe flatters me very much, and I shall certainly endeavour to emulate such zealous turfites; but I think you are mistaken in the country of both, for the British O'Kelly was an Irishman, and the Indian O'Keefe is an European gentleman, and not a black fellow.

I have already squared my horses' tails, and upon my word they really look ten per cent. better than they did, and I have put one more horsekeeper on each (I could not afford any more).

I almost live altogether in my stable, though keeping the doors shut in the middle of the day makes it feel devilish hot, and the horses sweat tremendously.

My nags, since I have began to stir them up with my whip (a wire one, bought on purpose), know me the moment I enter their stalls, and they prick up their ears, and snort and start and dance about from pillar to post as lively as lambkins, and kick like devils if I attempt to go up to them, which I think is a sure sign that their spirits are improving.

In fact, I shall do all that you recommend; but I really don't know how to manage with the mashed turnips, for the colt was as obstinate as Old Nick, and wouldn't *look* at them, so I am trying it the other way: I've left off the turnips, and now water him every half hour, day and night, and if he won't drink I clap a twitch on his nose and drench him.

I shall certainly let you know the result, for I have great confidence in your mode of treating

horses. I began training on the 1st of this month, and I have had seven two-mile trails out of the known horses and five out of the Maidens, but only three from the colts, with a glass of brandy-and-water after every trail. Was not this right? By-the-by, one of the known, and one of the Maidens, have gone lame and look swelled about the back since, though I don't think they are actually broke down, so I fancy I shall only bring the following to the post.

Quiz. Whiz.—The known Nags. I shan't give their former names, but run them on the sly.

Boaz—is the big-bellied Colt, a lofty fine galloper.

Buzz—a stout fat Maiden with four white legs.

Friz—a ditto, ditto, but with a white face.

Fuz—is the foul feeder.

Kurruz—has now got cracked heels and I fear (though I regularly butter them myself every night) that he will not be well enough to start. You will observe that all my horses' names terminate in Z. This is a fancy founded on the custom of some old turf friends of mine, but I cannot for the life of me pick up any more—do you think "Doze," with a cross though the final e, would do, or shall I call the others "Fuz the first," "Buzz the second," and so on? Pray assist me in this, or else I must change my letter, which would look snobbish.

You have no doubt seen the letter from O. K., who writes well, and no doubt means well, but from his quoting Sam Chifney and following his rules, it is evident he pursues the English mode of training, which surely cannot be beneficial to an Arab horse; for if you were going to train a Brahmin to fight a battle with Belcher or Bob Baldwin, you certainly would not feed him on rump-steaks and onions!

What can be the use of O. K.'s pepper and salt in his grain? unless indeed the gram was green, and then a *little butter* might be an *improvement*. The fact is O. K. seems to be humbugging; but I'm not to be bit. I'll tell you how I found it out.

He tells me to *sit my horse* all night with the Muzzle on. Now how the devil could I, or my Jockey, keep on his back for eight or ten hours?—'twould fatigue both man and beast to death; and then he tells me to give him a "*godown of Madeira and water!*" a godown! what's a godown? No, no, *Weazels* says I, and am,

Dear Sir,
Yours much obliged,
NOVICE.

Poona, October 20th, 1828.

CHEETA HUNT.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

The contemptible way in which I have heard Sportsmen generally speak of Cheeta hunting induces me to give the following account of one, as it may probably be a caution to young sportsmen, and a wrinkle to some of the old who have not been in this part of the country, and not aware that there are several different species of this animal, differing from each other

as much in strength and ferocity as any other class of animals with which we are acquainted.

On the 22nd March, 1828, we had intelligence of a hog being found by the Wagrees at a village six coss distant. Three of us soon reached the place, and found the tracks so numerous over an extensive plain, and each of the Wagrees (who were following different tracks) so confident that they had the largest Boar and would find first, that we were induced to separate, each of us following the Wagree in whose skill we had most faith. After a couple of hours' pugging, we found the hog had been disturbed by the cattle of the village, and just began to feel that cruel heartsinking which is occasioned by hard fagging and disappointment at the time our hopes are most excited, and is familiar to (I may say peculiar to) the followers of this noble sport on such occasions. However, being determined not to give up whilst the Wagrees could follow the nearly obliterated tracks, we went on, slowly beating every bush in sight, when we heard a loud scream from one of the beaters, who immediately fell on his face. On riding up to the bush a small Cheeta sprung out, which was soon dispatched. With hearts a little elevated by this trifle, we moved on, each of us returning to our former station in the field, being about a mile and a half frem one another; another anxious hour passed, and our chance of finding any of the bristly tribe every step decreased, as we had got upon ground where there was scarcely cover for a hare, when a beater called out to one of the party who was next to him, and pointing to a little grass, said there was a Tiger in it. He advanced, and had not gone far when he saw the gentleman (a formidable Panther) crouching with his head towards him. Lowering his spear to the charge, he rode at him, and ran it through the skin of his chest, but not so as to hurt him severely; he made off, and was followed about two hundred yards and then speared again through one of his hind legs. He now became very desperate at being touched up in this way, turned and followed his pursuer about a hundred yards, and just succeeded in clawing his horse's hind leg (at this period the horse was not alarmed, though a gelding); finding he could not do him in speed, he returned to the nearest patch of grass, where we amused ourselves by riding past him alternately, he charging in the most furious manner for the distance often of a hundred yards, with such speed that he nearly overtook the horse and rider, both doing their best to get out of his way. Having got tired of this fun, Old Poins, after applying his thumb to the point of his spear, to ascertain that all was right, then placing more securely his old white beaver upon his head, with a peculiar screw (I saw there was mischief), in an instant charged at full speed slap at the Panther, who did not as formerly spring to meet him, but allowed the horse nearly to pass; then springing upon his hind quarters with such force, that he spun him nearly round, and all but *drowned* him and rider. However, the horse was too active for him, and broke away with his rump well clawed, and his rider with the loss of a top from his Europe jack-boot, taken as clean off as if a Savigny had been applied. Though this tended to frighten the horse to such a degree as to incapacitate him for field sports in future, it rendered his rider more desperate and determined on death and

destruction. It was now proposed by Old Poins that we should dismount and attack him on foot; this the majority would not agree to, as they had wisely considered what a poor figure they would cut with only a spear to ward off the attack of such a formidable brute; besides the chance of getting several spears in their bodies instead of his by the beaters, if they had the ill luck to have an embrace from this devil. However, no advice or entreaty would prevail with Poins, who had determined upon going at him with a short sabre (which he is in the habit of hunting with) in the right hand, and a strong spear in the left, with about eight beaters armed with spears and one Wagree with a sword; the other Wagrees and beaters having mistaken the direction we had gone in, had not come up. Placing himself in the centre, they advanced boldly till they came within about 25 paces of him, when he made his appearance with a roar, and advanced with his belly close to the ground, till within 10 spaces; then making a spring at Poins with the quickness of lightning (he being the only one to receive him, the others having made the best of their way to the rear on his first appearance), his spear being knocked out of his hand, he was under him in an instant, and seized by the left arm, was shaken as a dog would a rat. He cut at him with little effect several times; however, he let go his former hold and seized his right arm; then got hold of his throat; on which the Wagree went up with the greatest coolness, took off his pugree and put it about the Panther's neck, which made him turn on him, and *serve* him as he did his master. Poins having got up continued the attack, and cut him again across the loins, which had the effect of making him let go the unfortunate Wagree, and take after a beater a little distance off, who soon distanced him, he showing evident symptoms of fatigue and distress at this period. However, he was determined to die game, and in returning, amongst the whole party, showed his former partiality for his first antagonist Poins, who was not to be done this time, but gave him a dreadful cut in the neck, when in the act of springing on him, which nearly severed his head from his body; and after a few staggers he breathed his last. The wounds which Poins and the Wagree received in this affair confined them some weeks, and were months in healing.

For the authenticity of this account I pledge myself.

T. U.

Rajcotè.

SONG.

In that blest land of freedom from whence we all came
Let them hunt hares or foxes—who says they're to blame?
For the moist, dewy lawn leads the hounds in full cry
And noble's the sport when the scent is breast high.

But here, where bright Phœbus too soon drinks the dew,
Our hounds are disheartened, are sickly and few;
For without *assafœtida* hunting's a farce,
As the soil is as dry as a bundle of grass.

But what matters to us when the sun we defy,
And all that we ask is our game to espy;
For hounds, we despise both their speed and their force,
And let each man depend on himself and his Horse.

See yonder wet Nullah with rushes grown o'er
Is the favourite haunt of the black tusky Boar,
Wind your horns! raise a clamour, each man in the train;
See, he starts with a grunt and he flies o'er the plain.

Now hark to him hunters, lift high every spear,
Hang well on his flanks and stick close to his rear,
Be sure you at last in the glory will share,
For the foe, tho' he's speedy, begins to despair.

Now as close to his bristle yon bold hunter hangs,
He looks right and left and he gnashes his fangs,
But his cunning is vain; from the well practised hand
See the spear in his back, darted forcibly, stand;

In anguish he turns, but your steed with a bound,
Eluding his charge, to the left has wheeled round,
And marked you yon flanker, how close up he drew,
And to second his brother whipt in number two.

Now mad with his wounds against yonder rough stump
The foe comes to bay and has covered his rump,
Though he bleeds and is crippled, yet, hunters, look out—
And be sure you avoid the fierce charge of his snout.

Wheel actively round him and passing oblique,
Elude his quick glance and successively strike,—
See, provoked he pursues, tho' in charging he reels,
And three deadly points through the shoulder-blade feels

Enough, jolly hunters! exhausted he lies,
Yet rage, tho' expiring, still glares in his eyes;
Like a hero he fought, let his pain quickly pass,
And in mercy afford him the last *coup de grace.*

Now six able fellows beneath his weight bend,
So the sport for to-day we must cheerfully end,
And the milksop who dares at such pleasure to rail,
May he dream every night of a spear in his tail!

FLINTS AND DETONATORS.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

There is still such a difference of opinion regarding the respective merits of the flint lock and the detonator, and so much seems to depend in oral argument upon the talent for verbiage which the disputants at the time happen to possess, to exalt the one at the expense of the other, that, being

no orator myself, and consequently unable to cope with a wordy opponent, I should like to find the advocates of the flint fairly pitted on paper against the friends of the nipple and cap, and if the controversy be carried on with temper and good will, I have no doubt much valuable information might be obtained and the great question in some measure decided.

I acknowledge myself to be a convert to the superior qualities of the detonator, and therefore shall support it most strenuously, nor, with the exception of one or two just possible, but not very probable objections, can I conceive what arguments the advocates of the flint would adduce to prove even an equality in the merits of their gun.

The objections to the detonator, just alluded to, are those always brought forward against it by its opponents, and generally amount to the following:—

1st. The report is louder and therefore more annoying.

2nd. The recoil is greater, and therefore more unpleasant and more apt to make you unsteady.

3rd. The longer time required to load.

4th. The chance of the cap falling off the nipple.

5th. The possibility of a scarcity of caps, which would render the detonator useless until a fresh supply came from England.

6th. That the detonators scatter most, and do not throw the shot so far.

7th. The greater expense, in the price of caps.

Now it seems to me very easy to answer all these, and I should say, 1st, that as with the detonator, the whole powder in the gun is instantaneously and all at once ignited, and consequently acts with more power, so it therefore requires a *less charge*, by which the report is lessened and the recoil weakened. I know Col. Hawker maintains that the instantaneous ignition is not so powerful as the gradual explosion from the flint, but I am at a loss to discover the principles on which he founds his opinion, and although I have conversed with many advocates for the flint, yet no one has ever attempted to uphold this opinion of the Colonel's. If therefore my argument in favour of the greater power being with the sudden ignition be correct, it fully establishes my answer to the first two objections.

With regard to the delay in loading a detonator, I am prepared to admit that a little longer time is occupied in that operation than with the flint, for the hand must dive into the pocket three times instead of twice, but I am sure the difference would not be more than four seconds, which, if you fire sixty times during your morning sport, would amount to the aggregate loss of four minutes only. A sportsman must be a monstrous economist of his time to begrudge so very small a portion of it.

As to the chance of a cap falling off, it is possible—barely possible, and may happen once in a season, or you may forget to put one on; and of course there is a possibility of a failure in the supply of caps, but these objections are too idle to deserve a reply, and might be opposed by similar ones applied to the chance of losing your priming or forgetting to prime, or the failure of a supply of flints; however, the last of these objections is better removed by the certainty and ease with which caps can be made and fitted in this country.

To the only serious fault or failure attributed to detonators, that of scattering more and throwing shorter than flint locks, I shall oppose a more serious argument;

and, fact being always better than assertion, I will beg your readers' attention to the following statement of a trial which I made the other day. My detonator and flint guns are both double-barrelled —the former by Blanche, and the latter by Nock; the distance was forty measured yards, the shot No. 9, the mark was twelve half sheets thick of foolscap, and the wind was uncommonly high and gusty. The powder and shot were both weighed accurately, and the charges were of so many grains of Apothecary's weight, that is 20 grains to the scruple, or 240 to the ounce.

Weight of Powder.	*Weight of Shot.*	*No. of Shots that struck the Paper.*		*No. of Shots that went through the Paper.*	
		Detonator.	*Flint.*	*Detonator.*	*Flint.*
37 Grains. ...	300 Grains. ...	35	48	16	31
37 ,, ...	400 ,, ...	44	26	33	25
37 ,, ...	655 ,, ...	63	65	35	25
47 ,, ...	300 ,, ...	33	34	17	30
47 ,, ...	400 ,, ...	42	25	31	24
47 ,, ...	655 ,, ...	69	44	40	21
57 ,, ...	300 ,, ...	28	29	24	28
57 ,, ...	400 ,, ...	40	42	27	18
57 ,, ...	655 ,, ...	44	47	32	22
Grand Total of each.....		398	360	255	224

The result in the aggregate shows the superiority of the detonator, by its carrying closer and more forcibly. It put 398 shot in the paper, of which 225 went quite through the twelve sheets; whereas the flint put only 360 shot *in*, and only 224 of them *through*, showing a deficiency in proportion to the number of shot that struck of more than six. But it may be said that some guns carry better than others, and that perhaps my flint lock was not so good a one of its *kind* as my detonator was of *its* description; to set aside this, I will mention a trial made yesterday by a friend of mine, one of the best and steadiest shots in India, who, after nearly sixteen years' shooting with the flint lock, has now become a convert to the superior powers of the other. His gun was a Joe Manton, and had both flint and detonating locks; the mark was 40 sheets of coarse country paper, at 40 yards; the charge of powder weighed 62 grains, and the shot (No 5) weighed 440 grains. The result was that with both barrels, with the flint locks, 75 shots struck the paper, but only 28 went through,—while with the same barrels with the detonating locks, only 47 struck, but of these 30 went through. This proves that the detonating locks caused the shot to go with most power, and consequently with more effect.

It is time now to consider the advantages of the detonator in qualities which the flint cannot possess, and, first, the very much greater certainty of the gun going off every time, especially in drizzling weather, when the flint is nearly or quite useless. The almost instantaneous effect which the shot take; the greater accuracy with which aim can be taken; the absence of all smoke from the pan, which in flint guns, especially in moist or fog, or with the wind in your face, frequently prevents the sportsman from see-

ing if he has hit or not, and the greater security from all accidents in loading.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

DETONATOR.

P.S.—I forgot to mention anything regarding the greater expense said to attend the detonator, in the expenditure of caps—this could be met by the greater quantity of powder used by the flint gun in the barrel, besides the quantity in the pan and the cost of flints.

NIMROD ON RIDING, HOG HUNTING, &c.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I said in my last letter that of all difficult riding, nullahs are the worst, and I do not think any one who has tried every kind of country would hesitate for a moment to make the same assertion. I don't know anything that proves such a sickener, when in full pursuit, as coming suddenly in sight of ground of this nature, probably just at the time too that a very short distance more would bring you to close quarters. The hog appears at once to discover his cover at hand, and it must be a good horse indeed that can run into him in the last hundred yards "of home."

To expect a man "new to his work" to go *decently even* over a country of this kind is out of the question, but to be amongst the "first flight" is what very few can boast of, let their practice be what it will—in one word, he that is a first-rate performer in nullahs *must* prove a "tiptop sawyer" in any country under the sun.

It has often struck me as extraordinary that amongst the many "workmen" mentioned by Nimrod in his tours, few, if any, Indians are to be found; which would certainly tend to show that my opinion of the powers of a a first-rate hog-hunter is not "backed out" by proof; but before I can allow that much, we must take into consideration the age at which men return home, and the exceedingly short time that hog-hunting takes to slacken the nerves. It is scarcely credible how soon a man's day is gone by in comparison with fox-hunting, and I think I am not going too far when I say the breakneck nature of the sport is the sole and only cause. Hogs are usually found in the worst places of a bad country. The very sound of a horse behind him seems the signal for dashing for every difficulty within his reach: if *you intend mischief, go it you must,* and that as hard as the horse can carry you, for once out of view the game is up. The worse the ground, the better it is for him, and, unless "blown" at starting, his "bottom" will show you that unless your cattle is of real good stuff you've no business there, and I need hardly say that "to blow" an animal that even on a *bowling-green* has equal speed with most horses for three or four hundred yards, anything short of the *right pace* over *bad ground* is merely knocking about a horse for nothing;—as for killing! I can't use a better term than the climax the dealer arrived at when describing his horse's gallop—why d—m—e! In short, to those who have not yet arrived at the happy conclusion of what a hog-hunt is,

when contested for the spear, I shall not be far off the mark when I say it is a severely contested steeplechase over difficult ground, with this exception;—instead of a complaisant *steeple*, waiting like a polished gentleman to receive you, you have an ill-mannered brute not only doing his best to increase the distance between you, and will do it too, unless you are "up to your work," but when you have come up, is likely enough to *receive* you, to be sure, with eight inches of tusk as cleverly made use of as ever Shaw * did the broadsword. But putting aside the powers of the hog and the difficulty of the country, there is a great disadvantage under which an Indian sportsman rides, —a disadvantage which, considering the little trouble it would take to remedy, cannot but excite surprise. A sportsman in England would scarce believe a man who would tell him that the Indian hunters are *untrained to leaping!* and yet such is the actual fact. No man can make a horse clever when nature has rendered him *in form* imperfect:—a man may ride a horse of this kind not being able to find a purchaser;—he rides with open eyes at considerable risk, but remedy there is none, at least for the time; but can it be believed, when a "bar" *can* in a fortnight cure a serious imperfection, that a man is willing to add to the risk of a broken collar-bone, a thing happening every day, merely to save himself the trouble of an hour's daily attendance in front of the stable? I have heard it asserted that Arabs cannot leap with all the trouble in the world; if such was really the case, there would be some reason for not trying, but it is as contrary to *fact* as can possibly be; the Arabs are naturally leapers, and consequently would soon be made "perfect." What would become of half the men that hunt if such was not the case, when it is borne in mind that their horses are untrained? Another argument, if such it can be called, is, that leaps but rarely occur. Supposing this to be the case, which I would never admit, no one could seriously argue that because ten miles of country can be passed over without a leap, the neck is to be risked in the eleventh at a *jump* which a month's attention at the bar would have rendered easy and safe. While on this subject I have only to say that I have tried the experiment myself, and seen others go through the *fatigue* of giving a few lessons with most complete success. I once measured the jumps of three Arabs whose feat I think surprising, and although one of the horses was, and is, my own, I should be doing the gallant little fellow injustice were I not to mention it. On the last day of a hog-hunting tour, when almost all hope of another run had been given up, a fine sounder jumped up under our horses' feet, dashing through the midst of us and going away at his best pace for a large hill close at hand. Some four hundred yards of apparently fine ground had however to be passed, and at it we went in good earnest; as usual, the largest hog was selected, and, having before said the first spear is the grand object on such occasions, it will readily be believed every horse was at the top of his speed. The hog was already neared, and we had arrived at that moment of excitement when the spears begin to be lengthened to the utmost extent each man's strength can admit, when as awkward a place as often falls to one's lot to come on *un-*

* The Lifeguardsman at Waterloo.

expectedly showed itself right in front; the hog finding us too close behind to refuse it, sprung clear over in a style that on any other occasion I should have been willing enough to have admired —I don't say I did just then, as I fairly thought he would have had the laugh against us—but our little nags were not *to be done* with anything a hog could do, and that they proved. No leap was ever taken in finer style; the only three that went at it cleared it within a few feet of each other, and in another two minutes the hog was weltering in his blood. Before I mention the measurement, the height of the horses and weights they were carrying should be given, as well as their names—Chancellor, 13h. 3¾in., carrying 11st. 9lb.; Steam, 13h. 3in., 11st. 2lb.; Cedric, 11st. 11lb.—height, 14 hands. The weights include saddles and bridles. The distance, carefully measured, was 15 feet—two inches more or less being the trifling difference between their respective jumps. When the size of the horses, the weight each carried, the suddenness with which they came on the leap, together with the pace at which they were going, being nothing more or less than the top of their speed, the feat is one which I think *deserves* to be recorded, although I'm free to confess, if it should unfortunately meet the eye of any one who has seen in the Sporting Magazine the account of a leap said to have been taken somewhere in Great Britain, in which the horse actually *covered thirty-six feet!!*—I say, if it should met his eye any time within the *same year*, our little Arabs' performances will certainly cut no great figure: but really there is no standing your thirty-six feet leapers; it's lucky they are not to be met with *every day*, or one *might* be inclined to think some *trifling mistake* would be found in the *measurement*.

I have still a word more to say on riding. We have as yet got only as far as nullahs, and have not shown the method of crossing them, which can be told in a few lines. The whole secret lies in riding, without slackening the pace, *almost* if not to the *very edge*, with a horse that can *turn*, as all good hunters can do, round a spear; in other words, perfectly handy at turning. There is still time to "luff up" and try elsewhere should the point which the hog has passed prove, which is not often the case, impracticable. *Pulling up is out of the question:* so much time is lost in so doing that far from a chance of "taking the spear" remaining, it is ten to one that no more is seen of the hog; for it is to be recollected a short-legged active animal finds little or no difficulty in going up and down places of this description, and consequently gains on the best horse that ever stepped, let him be rode by the first sportsman in existence. As going *one's best*, then, is not sufficient to keep one on *equal* terms with the hog, I need hardly say how little a "craner" or "ginger goer" would see of the rest of the chase!—besides, as to *pulling up* an Arab *dead*, when at a sharp gallop, *the thing is impossible.** I firmly believe, that

* My putting the "impossibility" *last*, reminds me of a story of a friend of mine who was riding in company with another, when they met a horse which much resembled a "good one" which they had both before seen, but had not heard of for some time. That *must* be him, said his companion, "or else it's the very image of him." "Oh no," replied my friend, "it *can't* be him, he's not so heavy before, he's better made altogether, and his colour, too, is not the same; besides which, he's been dead a full year and a half."

take a dozen hog-hunters, put them to their best pace with a hog close in front, not two out of the twelve will be pulled up in less than a hundred yards, which must at once show, if true, the impracticability of doing mischief on that system. But although he cannot be pulled up, it is quite wonderful how sharp he will turn, and on *that qualification* more depends than on all the rest put together. What makes nullahs so difficult are the steepness of the banks, their great breadth, being not twice out of twelve times *leapable*, with deep sand at the bottom, or, what much more frequently happens, large stones or sheet rock—the consequence of which is there is always a scramble at the bottom and up the opposite side, which not only explains where the hog *gains* ground, but sufficiently accounts for cut legs and sprained shoulders, accidents which frequently happen even when out with the Ahmednugger Hounds, *although* the pace is one-third less. The best advice that can be given is to follow exactly the same track as the hog, who, unless sharply pressed,* is sure to take down, if not actually the *best place*, at any rate one in which there will be no *difficulty* in following: those which are only a few feet wider than a good leap are of course the most difficult, on account of the small space at the bottom in which the horse can recover himself; but by marking well the time it takes the hog to *reappear*, one may form a very good idea of the breadth, and consequently whether an "in and out clever" or "jump" is the point.

Of the other kinds of country but little need be said. Stones, holes, and hills are all bad enough to look at; perhaps it is difficult to say which, to appearances, are the worst; hills, as they all are in this part of the world a mass of stones and rock, are too awkward at first to be at all agreeable, but the position of a horse's hind legs in descents is such as to render the risk but trifling; and lucky it is so, for *one* fall at any decent pace would probably prove *underground work*. *Stones* need only be rode over *on a good hunter* three or four times to show there is more in the *look* than *reality*. Whether small pebbles or large rocks, a man has only to *forget his horse has legs* * for the time being, nothing else need stop him; destructive as it may be to the cattle, none but good ones should be trusted; owing to *this* not being sufficiently attended to, I *have* seen a fall or two that made my blood freeze, and which I heartily hope I may never witness again.

Holes, although they occasion more falls, are not such dampers

* Hogs are notoriously sure-footed, and seldom take down dangerous places: a surprising case *au contraire* took place at a chase no great distance from Poona. Four hogs were afoot, and being sharp pressed, actually took over a *precipice*, and were every one killed on the spot.

* I have never seen a horse in this country cut through so as to bring his fetlock joints in the ground; a thing which not unfrequently happens in Surrey. Although sharp flints are not met with, pointed fixed stones are to be found on most hills, which would appear equally bad: but though injuries of so serious a nature do not occur, the very sight of the poor little Arab's legs is enough almost to make a man forswear hunting over stones. I've seen, and so must every one, legs with scarce a particle of skin from the foot to the knee. I recollect once killing *a hog* that had the *whole of the hard part* of his foot hanging by a *mere* thread, so that the "sensible" foot must have been in contact with the ground! Hog-hunting is certainly not fitted in any light for tender feelings either in regard to hog or hunter.

at first as stones, but in reality are much worse: a man hunting for the few first times *reckons on falls*, and as long as the ground is not stony, expects to get off without much harm. As holes are unaccompanied by stones, they do not at first appear so terrific, but give me the *worst* stones, and let any one take my share of holes! In the one the horse sees what he has to do; in the other, when partly covered with grass, if he had a dozen eyes in his head they would be of no more use than the two Nature has furnished him with already. In short, one does not ride in safety for twenty yards together where holes abound, and the way of crossing them, bad as it is, is to go *straight*, and never attempt to avoid them; if your horse *can* see them he *will;* if he can't, it scarce ever happens that *you can*, at least in time to do any good; there is nothing for it then but to trust to Providence or "right-about-face" home. In short, what I have said on riding may be wound up and better expressed than I can do in the *only* answer the Meltonian gave to the question how he would go at three tremendous "raspers" that were pointed out to him.—"I say, B., d—n it, but *that's* a settler. How the devil would you go at that?" "*Hold him up and cram him at it.*" Of the "*Hunter.*"—under which designation God knows how many horses are daily bought and sold with as much pretension to the name as they have to that of "racer"—it would be scarcely fair to pass by without a line or two; 14 hands, or one inch more added to it, is quite high enough for a man not much exceeding 10 stone. I have seen and hunted with, often enough, that capital sportsman, Major P——r, and although he weighed nearly 14 stone without saddle or bridle, mounted his horse Bandycoot only 14st. 1½lb.—he was more than a match for the light weights on any but their *best* cattle, which will give a tolerable idea what, as John Dockery calls them, our cats can do, small as they are. The short, compact, the multum in parvo, are the ones for *my* money. If intended for a strong country, turning the toes *in* is *no fault*. I don't say it's *better* than standing *straight*, though almost all the *best* I've seen tended a little to the "*in.*" The "outs" had better be left alone; they may do for the "turf," but not the "field"—fetlocks inclining to the *short*, and the more *upright the better*—though this does not do for nullahs.—*Bending* fetlocks two minutes "cram" over rocks are enough to "peel," though in spite of *no skin* they are often good goers, always *springy* and generally *safe* over any ground. "Short action" saves many a "fall" over "holes," and is, I think, much preferable to "*long strides*" *anywhere*. If one is not lucky enough to hit on good action *altogether*, the hind legs should decide the question; let him paddle a little in front, it does not so much matter, the hind legs are the ones for shoving him uphill, depend on it; and with the right action *there* one will not be far out. For a young hand an *old hunter* is the thing, and although they are not to be had for *nothing*, such is the satisfaction in riding them in comparison with "fresh horses," which after all may or may not turn out good ones, that the difference of price should not be thought of for a moment. The sportsman that can take the field with three *old hands*, all so good as to be scarce a matter of choice which to mount, does the thing in a style that a man really fond of hog-hunting should spare no ex-

pense to accomplish. I would sooner have the *three known ones* than the most *likely looking six fresh* ones that could be picked out in Bombay, and that's saying a good deal; the *making a hunter* being in my opinion the proper office for the groom, certainly not for the men that wish to enjoy *hunting*. Whilst on the subject of horses I can't help giving my friends a hint that to add to the diseases to which our good little prads are liable a new one has been lately found to exist. I never heard of it till a few days ago, on a hunting tour, when I had it from my friend Mr. S—s—; he'll excuse me giving so much of his name. I've done it, not exactly because I could not relate the discovery of the disease without it, but to *prove* what I advanced in my last letter, "that the Guzerattees ride like the devil;" not that I suppose any one is inclined to *dispute* the point, but lest it should so happen, I give fair warning I could give, in addition to my friend's, such a host of names that would very soon settle the question; but there's nothing like proving one's assertions as often as possible. Well, but to return to the disease; it's nothing more or less than the "*flaps*," and what the deuce the said "flaps" *are* or *is*, is a cut above me! But the *discovery* that such a thing *does* exist, I certainly *can* relate, and as so doing may attract attention to the subject,—here goes. A gentleman in Guzerat who, like most others, professes and possesses no great skill in veterinary matters, seeing one of his horses apparently a little "queerish," thought the best thing *he* could do would be to take the advice of *some one* who at any rate professed to know what to order in such cases. Accordingly a European who lived at hand was sent for and requested to give his opinion as to what was the matter with the horse. Thus called upon, he began to examine the patient with all the solemnity the occasion could possibly call for. There's nothing like a little action when the importance of the case may be reasonably said to deserve it, and so our friend, the *would-be farrier*, without delay put himself into what at Winchester we used to call "teapot action," with this exception that the left hand and arm, instead of gracefully representing the spout of the said "teapot," was rather ungracefully applied to his head, on which the repeated scratches clearly indicated either that the horse was in a bad way or that some difficulty existed in determining the exact disease. The owner of the horse taking for granted his cattle was *too good* for this world and about to *leave* it, naturally enough requested he would say as soon as possible what was really the matter. I never knew much good done by pressing a man; in all the cases I ever saw it only made him take a longer time to deliberate, and so it did here.—Well, *at last*, after a few nods and turns of the head, sure indications that the eventful judgment was about to be pronounced, quickly followed by a short "ahem!" or two, "Why, Sir," said he, "you may *depend* on't that there horse has got the *Flaps!*" "And what the devil's the flaps, eh?" anxiously inquired Mr.—, and well might he, I think; but as for telling the name of the disease and then to be asked what the devil it's composed of? no, no, that's a little too much, and so convinced was our friend the farrier of the extravagance of the proposition, that no persuasion could induce him to do more than reiterate his former opinion:

"Why, Sir! I mayn't know much about what *it is* or what it ain't, but you may *depend* upon it *he's got the Flaps!*" I've now done *my* utmost at any rate to throw what light I can on the subject, but as there is no such awful sounding disease mentioned in White, it is to be hoped some able hands may take up the question, and if any *specific* is found out as a cure, it will of course be before long in the Magazine; though I can't help thinking if such a discovery was *possible*, my friend, who related me the rise, progress, &c., of this terrible sounding malady, would have before this found it out, for I never to my recollection saw a sportsman with so many *specifics*—they are worth *any* money, but to do him justice his specific for killing hogs I saw several times most efficacious, and I recommend any young hand in want of a "landmark" just to fix his eyes on the tail of my friend's horse, and I'll answer for it he'll not be long in getting on good terms with the best boar in India.

The very sound of the word "boar" has recalled in an instant so many pleasing recollections of past efforts that I cannot help giving a short account of *one* "*splendid fellow*," who, though he didn't patronise the "legging system," showed such determined bravery that the annals of sporting would be incomplete without him. The "Hunts" of which I made so much mention in my last, had met in the course of a sporting tour at the village of Merichgaum, and in a very short space of time roused several fine hogs. The canes were so thick and numerous, that it was with great difficulty any could be persuaded to "beat," and when they did, it was only to dust well the adjoining field. We had been at this harassing work for some time when a huge monster on a sudden dashed out in a style that, in the absence of the actual sight, *imagination* can alone do justice to. The oldest sportsman had not seen a more glorious sight! the unexpected appearance of an animal of such size had its instantaneous effect; astonished as every one was for the moment, we were in motion before he had passed us a few yards, and had but a short distance more existed between us and the next cane field the chase would have ended in as *small* proportion of time as he was *large*. Not many minutes were lost in arranging the beaters, and the process of refinding was soon in due progress; the line had advanced with an uproar that one would have thought sufficient to have roused any animal in the world, within a few yards of the end of the field—anxiety had turned the face of every one to deadest white, and doubts even were beginning to be entertained, when a rush that would have frightened an elephant was distinctly heard increasing in form every instant as he passed down the line, and in another moment the boar was out of cover in the midst of us. He charged furiously the first horse within his reach, who, by a sudden turn very nearly pitching his rider off, escaped like a godsend, with nothing more than a large patch of mud left by the brute as he grazed in passing. We had scarce congratulated our friend on his narrow escape when a sickening sight presented itself. In the apparently momentary course down the line he had ripped no less than three persons, who were carried out by their companions to the spot where we were standing; they were immediately conveyed to the tents close at hand for surgical assistance; but before the

wounds of the second patient were sewed up, the first was dead! To one who has not witnessed accidents of this kind it is scarce possible to believe the rapidity with which the wounds were given—a boar scarce ever returns on his fallen enemy—whatever damage *is* done, is in the charge, and in this manner he passed from one to the other. To give a more correct idea of this animal's powers in using his tusks, I need but say that on one man alone there was a gash on the head, one on each arm, the same on each leg, besides a cut to the very bone in his calf, all of which was the work of an instant! The sufferers being left in the best hands possible, more effectual means were taken to dislodge the boar, who had made good the next cane with only a slight scratch from a spear thrown as he was charging the hedge. An elephant, an old tiger hunter, with six camels, were formed in line and put in, every person on foot having been previously sent away. It rarely occurs that a man has an opportunity of witnessing so unusual a sight as the present formidable array presented; the scene altogether was one that *cannot* be described. All being in readiness, and each camel provided with a rider, the word was given to advance! Let any one *imagine* to himself a line of camels drawn up in battle array, the van filled by as fine an elephant as ever stepped. Imagine the anxiety of every man burning to join in the chase of so splendid a boar; imagine the grandeur of the scene when the word to advance was given, the cracking of the canes and the trumpeting of the elephant, who knew full well his game was at hand; imagine, I repeat, if he can, the furious charge of the boar from one end of the field to the other, straight for the elephant, and in another moment under his legs!—of all the sights a man may live to see, *one such as that charge* is worth a thousand!—the elephant, probably expecting a tiger, seemed thunderstruck, and in spite of the efforts of the mahout wheeled round like a shot and away for the hedge. The camels, who had hitherto understood carrying baggage to have been their only destined employment, were not long in following the "vanguard," with the exception of one or two, who, as if to pay off their riders, actually sat down. The elephant being once more brought to the scratch, the boar was on the alert in an instant, and again charged full at his adversary, and passing at speed through his legs—brake cover. There were but two roads near the point where he "broke," the one leading to the village, the other to our tents not a hundred yards distant, and, as is always the case, he took the very one that least suited us—slap for the tents. Now came the tug of war! The "Halloos" of the men on trees soon gave notice of the advance of the boar, and the running and hustling in the encampment presented a fit subject for Hogarth. The road, more of a pathway, was so narrow as to admit but one rider at a time; *there we were* like a flock of geese, and had he but turned he might with very little trouble have put the whole of his pursuers out of the power of doing much mischief, at least during that chase. Forward we went straight through the encampment, in amongst tent ropes, camels, tattoos, bullocks, and God knows what; such charging and bolting, tearing up of tent pegs, and smashing of "traps"—in short, such a total discomfiture of the "economy" of a camp never before was seen. The boar having

cleared all before him, crossed a nullah in front, and, ascending the opposite bank, in five seconds more was running straight for our horses, the whole of which, at least amounting to twenty, were at their picquets directly in front. All that had before taken place was child's play to the havoc: now threatened, by great exertions he was turned for the line, but had not advanced a hundred yards when a spear in his neck brought him fairly round back for the stud. Foaming with rage and streaming with blood he charged directly for the horses nearest the banks of the nullah, but their *owner* was close at his heels, and just at the moment of singling out his destined victim he received a spear through his heart, staggered, reeled to the edge of the banks and fell dead to the bottom.

NIMROD IN THE EAST.

SONG.

Parody on "*Oh, think not my spirits are always as light!*"

Oh, think not our spear-blades are always as bright
And as free from a stain as they now may appear,
Nor expect that the steel all so flashful to-night
Will return back to-morrow, unsullied and clear.
No! Dayspring shall see us, all dangers disdaining,
Our untainted weapons to purple with gore,
For the man that is last to debate about craning
Is always the first—for a touch at the Boar!
Then off with each glass, 'twill be pleasure indeed
To bumper our toast when the pastime is o'er,
Here's the Boar that has bottom to puzzle the steed,
And the steed will carry us up to the Boar!

The chase of the Hog would be dull, Heaven knows,
If we had not some *raspers* to vary the Hunt;
And we care not o'er what sort of ground our horse goes
While we see the Grey Boar dashing on in our front.
Oh, ride as you will but the bolder and truer,
More certain you are the heart's wish to obtain,
For the Hog, tho' he once fairly beat his pursuer,
Is a rare one indeed if he beat him again.
Then off with each glass—while a sounder shall stray
In mountain or jungle let's drink with delight,
That the chase which begins with the first blush of day
May be crown'd with success with the first shade of night!

THE GREAT BLACK FIGHT AT BOSREEGAUM BETWEEN MANUEL VICTORINE AND LALLA SOORTEE.

The Row.

Yesterday morning, several hundred copper-coloured amateurs of sporting celebrity, who uphold by their patronage the nascent interests of Native Pugilism, proceeded to settle the long chaffed of fight between the abovenamed coveys, Manuel being a Bawurchee from Bandora near that pig-prolific place, Mahim, and Lalla, a milling Mussaulchee of the Mogul Seroy, Surat, for a bottle of rack and a bellyful.

The quarrel which gave rise to this meeting is somewhat singular, and deserves previous mention; it originated in Lalla having, upon a certain afternoon, furtively and feloniously introduced his long bony fingers into a dish of curry just removed from Master's table, with the somewhat improper intention of extracting all or part of its savoury contents, for the benefit, comfort, and consolation of his own personal gastric regions; and which said savoury contents, time out of mind (that is, since he was able to handle a handee in the kitchen, or chase a chicken to death in the compound), had ever been considered by Manuel (agreeable to the usages of his ancestors) as his legitimate property, and had by him been always accordingly appropriated to his own private and peculiar refreshment.

But notwithstanding the hitherto undisputed right which the cook had established to this high-seasoned and precious perquisite, (a right which had been acknowledged and conceded to all culinary artists from the period when first the gentlemen of England kindly condescended to take into their own hands all the toil and trouble of governing India and its amiable inhabitants, up to the date of the present quarrel)—notwithstanding such authority and in defiance of all Bawurchee-khâna rules and regulations, this breach of private confidence and public faith was made, done, and committed by Lalla's illegitimate digits, which were pushed into the curry *sans cérémonie.*

This atrocious intrusion, although perpetrated while the cook was in the very momentous act of ushering a lemon-custard pudding out from the boiling and bubbling thraldom of the pot, into the placid and more seemly terre-pleine of a plate of Queen's ware, did not escape the lynx-eyed vigilance of the injured person, who, having what is commonly called an obliquity of vision, had (whilst his straightforward optic watched the projection of the pudding) kept his Lesbian squinter dancing in zigzags all over the kitchen.

"The cook-boy's eye, in a rum *phrenzy* rolling,
Glances from pot to pan, from pan to pot,
And as the steamy odours issuing forth
Denote their rich contents, the cook-boy's ladle
Tumbles them forth and gives to hungry subs
A devilish prime blow-out and d——d good feed!"

Manuel thus wary and vigilant, although busied in the mysterious duties of his avocation, heard with surprise the lean and hungry Cassius-looking Lalla as he stealthily stole into the cookroom; he watched him with wonder, ogling the curry-dish; he beheld him with horror lift the lid, and with uncon-

trollable indignation he saw him thrust his Day-and-Martin fist slap-dash in the saffron-coloured contents, which with the skill and rapidity of an accomplished purloiner he was conveying to the upper end of his middle garment, when, dashing the custard full into the pilferer's face, the enraged Bawurchee brandished his iron ladle, and with one well-directed blow, he laid Mussaulchee flat!

No sooner had he thus floored him than he applied his foot with scientific force and dexterity to that tender part of poor Lalla's person which I should blush to mention, but which George Colman, in his usual felicitous way, wittily, yet delicately, denominates "*The head's Antipodes.*"

Thus both ends of the intruder's carcase experienced their share of punishment; the upper story from the ladle-thump and the blistering effects of the scalding custard, and the fundamental department from the rat-a-tat application of the cook's unmitigating kicks.

In vain the wretched man roared and bellowed for mercy; the just and virtuous indignation of the assailant had closed all access to commiseration, and the result of such a devil's-tattooing might have caused "work for the Doctors," had not the big toe of the cook, by coming at last into violent contact with the link-boy's monkey-shaped "os coccygis," received so violent and cruel a wrench, that the member was nearly dislocated; as it was, the sprain obliged him to cease operating with his right leg, and the left being an awfully bandy concern, from a fracture in the days of his noviciate, the foot of the parabolic limb struck so feebly, and often so wide of the mark, that it gave the prostrate pilferer an opportunity of regaining his perpendicular, who instantly darted from the scene of his disgrace, well daubed with the yellow fruits of his crime, blent with the hot creamy curds of the custard, and sprinkled with the blood which the blow on his head and the kicks on the opposite sphere had produced from his nasal promontory.

On reaching the muddy precincts of his own hovel, the *acting* wife and *said-to-be* sister of the bleeding man immediately yelled out such shouts and shrieks and screams, to prove, by the strength of their lungs, the depth of their affection and affliction, and poured forth such furious and *figurative* denunciations against the personalities of the assailant's father, mother, sister, brother, relations and friends, accompanied by such resounding knocks on their hair-dishevelled heads, and thumps on their pendulous bosoms, that the syces from the stables, and hamauls from their huts, the Bheestie and Bhungee, the Dhobee and dog-boy, together with their wives and children, kith, kin, and kindred of every kind, tag-rag and bobtail, all rushed to the spot and evinced their sympathy and sorrow for the custard-covered, curry-coated, blood-bedaubed and blubbering Lalla by the loud, long, and simultaneous explosion of their delightfully national wah! wah!

It were in vain to attempt any account of the recital made by the Mussaulchee to the sympathizing group, of the cause of his lamentable plight. The reader must fancy a rapid *recitativo* of "*the song that made the King's stomach ache,*" with innumerable variations, deviations, alterations, and fabrications. Even so the sad tale sounded, but it nevertheless succeeded in making every one believe he was the most innocent and the most injured mortal of all Mussaulchees, and that his foe

was the most cruel, cowardly, brutal, bloodthirsty, blackguard b—n-ch—t of all Bawurchees!!

How long the male sympathizers would have continued their wahwahs, or the female their ululations, it were impossible to guess. The crowd was at length dispersed by the sudden approach of no less awful a personage than the Commander-in-Chief of both in and out door domestics—it was the BOOTREL (*Anglice*, Butler), who appeared in the shape of a portly, pot-bellied, pock-faced Parsee, fully aware of his own importance in the establishment, and determined to impress a due sense of it on the minds of all beneath him. As Walter Scott said in ROKEBY,

"All scattered backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham;"

or, as the whimsical author of the Tales of the Tinkers would parody it,

"All box'd their trotters with great joy,
For all funk'd Dhunjee Dadabhoy."

The Bootrel *Shate* having dispersed all the other vagabonds with his awe-inspiring look, now listened to the Mussaulchee's story, who having the very material advantage of a first hearing was, of course, believed and absolved from all blame, while the cook, though he produced the remains of both curry and custard in corroboration of the correctness of his statement, was pronounced to be a liar and reported as such and *more* to his master, who of course, on the Bootrel's verdict, ordered him into the house and licked him on the spot.

This secondhand sort of justice from the hands of the Sahib did not satisfy the gnawings of revenge which the Mussaulchee felt in his bosom, and the beating which the cook had so unjustly received made him also impatient to return the same with interest on the skin and bones of the violator of his rights. Both being so ready and so willing, a meeting was arranged by their mutual friends, and it was agreed (at the suggestion of some incipient pugilists) that they should box it out, *Englis fassun*, and that day fortnight was fixed for the fight.

The Preparations.

The day dawned as days usually dawn in the Deccan; first a faint, greyish light glimmered in the East, then off went the morning gun, and on to parade marched the Military, and out for their constitutionals toddled the Civil and the Sick; a tint of crimson flushed the horizon and up rose the golden sun; then back to their barracks bundled the red jackets, and home to their cribs cantered the black.

The intelligence of a fight with fists having been widely spread, and the office having been given for Bosreegaum, a half ruined village about seven miles from Poona, the roads leading to it by the Sungum, Kirkee, or Bhopekail were crowded with all the native lads of the Fancy in camp, from the peculating Parsee rumbling in his cow cart or rattling on his broken-kneed and broken-winded prad, to the pariah outcast, who, for the love of fun and the novelty of a fight, had for once forsaken the necessary duties of his brush and basket and left his matutinal stores, like unseen flowers, "to waste their sweetness in the desert air."

In one continuous line, like a procession of black ants, were seen the Sênor partisans of the cook; the first-circle sort dandily done up in true Monmouth Street toggery, with faded green coats, sky blue waistcoats, and yellow-ochre tights, their *tout ensemble* something Europeanized by the

frilled shirts of their masters borrowed from the Dhobee, and their dogs' ears bound up to their cheekbones by dingy silk fogles—most of these kiddies might have quoted the facetious Hood and said,

"I have a hat which is not all a hat,
Part of the brim is gone,"

The riff-raff coves of this party were principally countrymen also, joined by others of "Master's caste"—coatless, hatless, shoeless, shirtless, almost breechless rogues, who kept up the courage and spirits of their champion by shouting those well known rhymes of reproach to the sons of Surat—

"Soortee be moortee," &c.,

and

"Soorut shair Kustooree
Ghur Dharree, ghur Dharree
Jooroo dustooree ! ! "

The Mussaulchee was escorted by the cadgers, costermongers, prime slavey swells, and nothing-to-do lootchas of every sect in Camp, Hindoo, Purwarree, Mussulmaun, Dhare, high caste, low caste, and no caste, all with noise, uproar, shouts, threats, oaths and abuse, all in dust and confusion toddled on all agog for the fray, all ripe for fun and all brimful of rack, and mowrah, and opium, and "that veed of all veeds, boys, the backee."

Appearance of the Men.

At half-past seven Manuel, attired in a sky-blue (something tarnished) coat garnished with brass buttons, with the flaps warming his hips and the skirts dallying with his heels, in a red waistcoat that looked like an infantry shell, and nankeen fy-for-shames that reached to his calves, entered the centre of the gentlemanly crowd, attended by his two intimate friends Antone and Gabriel, the latter as little resembled his angel namesake, as the former did his patron saint. On *shelling*, Manuel appeared in good condition; a squinting swarthy, long-backed covey, with a straight leg and a bandy one, a half woolly head of hair, deep-set dark eyes, a Blackfriar's bridge kind of a konk, and a particularly pendulous nether lip.

Lalla arrived and peeled at the same time, and never was there seen so splendid a specimen of anatomy; he was a facsimile of the living skeleton — indeed, so little flesh and muscle did he exhibit that his *bones rattled* as he walked. He was pewter-blind of his dexter ogle, and his sinister one was as protrusive as a lobster's; between those lay his sneezer, a three-cornered looking feature like the button of a privy door; his nostrils extending equal to the corners of his lips, which were both skinny and scruffy.

The Fight.

Round 1st. Both men were over lushy, and consequently not over leary. Manuel's fists were elevated over his head at arms' length, as though he would pound his adversary into powder. Lalla's right mauley was doubled up to his right ear, whilst his left, stiff and straight, pointed smack at his opponent's navel depôt. In these attitudes they stood for some seconds and bespattered each other's relatives with dreadful abuse, till roused by an indelicate allusion to his mother, the cook let fall his fists whack on the Mussaulchee's canister and down he went. Shouts of Shâ-bâsh for the Bawurchee.

Round 2nd. Lalla, without waiting for useless sparring, rushed in, striking right and left, and missing all, dashed his head into the pit of Manuel's granary, who

instantly favoured Mussaulchee with the whole of its curious contents and fell.

Round 3rd. Lalla stood up quite fresh, and Manuel faint and puking; the former again made his rush, but the other, though weakly, was wary, and seizing him by the right ear with one hand continued to shove the thumb of the other into the only ogle in Lalla's unfortunate phiz, who in great agony fastened his teeth in Manuel's ear and brought him down.

Round 4th. Lalla came to the scratch, bellowing and blind; Manuel still catting and crafty; but before Lalla's sight would enable him to see the blow, the cook's foot fell dab on his ivories, which rattled like the loose keys of a harpsichord, "*He's loze all his tooths*," cried a Parsheeman. "*That dam lie*," said a Sênor, "*he not loze them all, him only knockee out two*," another dig on his rice grinders settled the round by a struggle on the soft rocks.

Round 5th. Manuel's friends had now whispered him to try Lalla's early mode of skirmishing by ramming his pimple into Lalla's bowel-box, which manœuvre he accordingly attempted to put into practice, but as his opponent happened also to do the same, their brain-pots came together with a shock that sent both, staggering and stunned, down to mother muttee.

Round 6th and last. Both seemed bothered; the Mussaulchee bled at the nose and mouth, and the cook looked like a tiger-cat, and seizing hold of Lalla's lean legs, he lifted him from the ground and threw him over his shoulders; but Lalla, fixing on the softest and lowest part of his back, bit him there till his teeth met. Manuel roared out with pain, and retaliated on the Mussaulchee's caffless limbs; both in agony rolled on the ground, keeping their hold like bull-dogs, till Manuel's friends rushed in to part them and Lalla's partisans attempted to prevent any interference, so a general row took place, blows resounded, stones flew about, and sticks rattled against the bones of the skirmishers, till after much bloodshed and more bruises both parties separated, each carrying off their champion as the conqueror, and each side of course claiming the victory.

Remarks.

In this fight, the first of the kind ever recorded in Indian annals, it was flesh and bandy-leg, against Bones and a pewter-eye; both men were more bit than beat, and we trust that the very respectable native Amateurs of this science who patronised this battle will endeavour to make their fighters make, in future, more use of their knuckles and less of their grinders. Manuel went home and soon got beastly with arrack, while Lalla, not satisfied with his beating, *bang'd* himself *à la Soortee*.

S. Y. S.

Poonah, October 17.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT RETURNED TO A FRIEND FOR A BRACE OF WOODCOCKS.

My thanks I'll no longer delay
For Birds which you've shot with such skill;
And though there was nothing to pay,
Yet each of them brought in a Bill!

I mean not, my friend, to complain,
The matter is perfectly right;
And when Bills such as these come again,
I'll always accept them at sight.

"WHO SHALL HAVE THE BRUSH?"

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

The following is not only a singular occurrence, but one also out of which arises a question, which I shall be glad if you, or any of your sporting correspondents, will answer; indeed, I am anxious to court information on the subject generally. The question is this, "To whom does the Brush of a Fox, when coursed, and killed by Greyhounds, belong?"

Not long ago, I was one of a party of three, who went out hunting, and, as we were riding over a country unfrequented by sportsmen, we had four young dogs ready to slip at anything likely to afford us a good run. At the particular time I wish to speak of, we were preserving a good line, and really looking for a fox, for one we had mobbed the evening before was the first ever seen by my two companions, which I had found, laid into, and whose Brush I alone had dismounted to hammer off (by placing it across one stone, and bruising it off with another) undisputed. Not so the following morning, for each was determined to bear home, if possible, the honourable badge. If you have ever been out fox-hunting, Mr. Editor, you will know the height to which anxiety arises, on coming on *a likely reach.* Palpitation ran high, and expectation was at its full extent, when the welcome "Tally ho!" was heard on the left. I was in the centre of the line, and not being so well mounted as either of my companions, I had not a second to spare, but was at spur before the view holla was well uttered. The fox was found equidistant from my friend on my left and myself, but well ahead, and he afterwards inclined to my direction, and I laid in the dogs; my friend who had found, having to get over some very bushy ground, two of the dogs were well at his heels on entering some low jungle; after a short run across a grain field, there appeared but one entry for horses into this jungle, and to that opening my right hand companion and I pushed, but he entered half a length before me.

Observing the dogs make a swift turn to the right, I brought my old hack instantly round, and saw the fox return nearly under my horse's legs, and go out through the opening by which we had entered; I halloed, but the two leading dogs did not appear; this I thought a lucky turn for the two puppies in the rear, and I laid them in close upon the fox; they had scarcely run a hundred yards when the fox actually drove a hare out of her form. Fox and hare continued in the same track for a considerable distance, and on separating, the dogs did so also. I stuck by the fox and single dog, till I observed the former gaining ground on us, and dog and horse, as if sensible of his superiority in

speed, mutually gave it up. I watched him till I observed his pace slaken to a sneaking trot and the elevation of his Brush sink to the standard of its natural carriage when on feed. I was returning full of disappointment, but fancied I had much more to talk of than my friends, and having found the dog that pursued the hare, without either fur or blood on his mouth, I proceeded to look for my companions. Observing them dismounted at some distance on a rising ground, I cantered up and found they had killed a fox, and that the gentleman who had been on my right on finding, and had beaten me into the jungle, had claimed the Brush. The fox killed must have been the originally found fox, and that which crossed me afterwards a fresh one.

Here, then, one person finds, a second lays in, and a third, being in at the death, claims the Brush.

Now, Mr. Editor, as I value a Brush exceedingly, I hope to be informed, through the means of your interesting work, whether I have any claim to that one. I laid in the dogs, and could have kept the lead, had I been well mounted, and I think the Brush was mine, and had I killed the other fox, and the hare, I should have placed her Ladyship's feet with the numerous Brushes that hang in my Stable. If I am nonsuited in my first application, I care not much, it will only prove a spur for me in future, to get in at the death, and as I have improved my stud and strengthened my nerve, I trust I may be able to obtain what for the present I beg to subscribe myself,

Your sincere admirer,
BRUSH,
On a tour of pleasure in the Dooab.

16*th August*, 1828.

SONG.

Parody on "*The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls.*"

The spear that once o'er Deccan dust
The blood of wild Boars shed,
Now stands as soiled in Deccan rust
As if all Boars had fled!
So dies each spirit-stirring thought,
And they who would have flown
With wild hogs' bristly forms to sport
Now ride to *sport their own.*

No youth—so hunting-zeal doth fade—
The idle weapon heeds,
The gore alone that taints its blade
Tells of its former deeds;
And thus that flush that tints each face
Tells its own story too,
And proves the spirit of the chase
Once found a home with you.

Then bid that spirit welcome home!
High pledge the joyous guest,
And join my song while bumpers foam
To give the toast a zest.
Here's bottom to the Horse we ride,
Size to the Boar we rear,
And nerve and skill to aid and guide
The Arm that wields the spear!

USEFUL INFORMATION.

MR. EDITOR,

I am desirous of seeing your Magazine made the medium of communicating useful Sporting Intelligence as well as amusing subjects, and I therefore hope some of your correspondents will reply to the question which concludes the very sensible and clever letter by O. K. in your last number, regarding that very extraordinary disease the Bursauttee. For my own part, although I have seen it in some hundred instances, still I have never been able to discover either the cause or the cure. I have spoken with many experienced people about it, but they could tell me nothing more than what almost everybody knows, that it almost always shows itself soon after the commencement of the monsoon, chiefly on the legs in the shape of small tumours, which break out into sores and spread rapidly: it then appears on the chest, rarely on the barrel, but sometimes very violently attacks the head. I have known corrosive sublimate, verdigris, blue vitriol, and mineral acids applied with various appearances of success, but the benefit has always proved temporary, and where the sores have healed in one place, the disease immediately broke out in another. I have seen the hot iron used with some benefit, especially where the granulations shot up above the surface of the skin. I have likewise tried sulphas of copper, aloes, resin, and calomel, all in small doses, to act only as mild purgatives, &c., but still nothing operated a complete cure. At last I allowed (it was this monsoon) the disease to take its own course, only reducing the food, keeping the horse on dry forage in a very dry place, and applying the *powder* of *burnt alum* to the sores several times in the course of the day. Many people recommend regular exercise, and I have no doubt with great benefit, but in the instance I have just mentioned, the animal's legs were too much ulcerated and swollen to allow of his walking about. The sores gradually dried up as the monsoon got milder, and were completely healed when the rains were over. This is all I can say in answer to O. K.'s question, but I hope there are some who, being more capable of replying more satisfactorily to it, will oblige the sporting public by so doing.

Any reply through your Magazine to your correspondent who asks if "Boxkeeper" and "Goblin Grey" are likely to meet during this season, must come too late, for they will most probably have tried their powers before your next number issues from the press: at present they are with their last year's owners, and in high condition. I should think the odds would run in favour of the old horse; he is too great a favourite on the Mhow Course to be lowered in the betting books by the loss of a chance heat which the Goblin gained from him in the last Mhow Turf Plate. He has proved himself a real good one, and as honest a horse as ever started. He is a blood-looking, high caste flea-bitten grey, with a splendid quarter, good shoulder, though uncommonly round on the withers, not particularly long or light in the neck, stands about 14h. 1 in., and has a fine straight action both in canter and gallop. He was bought by Captain M——s

from Daddy Suntook in October, 1823, and was then a fresh six-year-old; he next belonged to the late Lieut. C——e, then became the property of three partners, from whom he was purchased by his present owner.

	Rs.
Boxkeeper won in Feb. 1825.	
The Mhow Turf Plate	880
The Handicap	700
In December, 1825.	
The Guzerat Give and Take*	500
In February, 1826.	
The Whim Plate	870
Mhow Subscription Purse	900
In December, 1826.	
The Give and Take....	650
In November, 1827.	
The Give and Take...	740
Holcar's Purse	1450
Whim Plate	720
Hermit's Bowl.....	610
Mhow Turf Plate	680

These are all his winnings.†

Goblin Grey is a dark grey; stands 14h. 2½in., and is nearly six years old; has a beautifully-laid shoulder and fine wither, with great depth of brisket, is particularly well ribbed up with a drooping quarter that shows good muscle. He has a handsome neck but an ungainly head; in the stable he stands like a cow; in action he moves like a clipper. He was purchased, I believe, from the Bomb proof by Mr. B——n, for whom he won two Matches in Bombay, in 1827. He next belonged to Captain B——h, from whom he was bought by his present owner. He arrived at Mhow about twelve days before the races of November, 1827, began, and was in wretched order, notwithstanding which he ran in fine style, even against the great Boxkeeper, from whom, indeed, he contrived to screw one heat of the Mhow Turf Plate. He won that year the first heat of the Gold Cup, but his low condition and want of training lost him the race; he also won with ease the first heat of the Indore Plate, but a cross having been established against him, he was of course drawn. He carried off the Cockpit Stakes, and then went to Baroda, when he won three of the public races in prime style. He is now in fine order, and ought to run better than he has ever yet done.

Firefly was first in the possession of the excellent Father of the Bombay Turf, he then came (I believe) into the hands of Mr. E——e; next to the late Lieut. C——e; was then bought by Capt. M——s; and is now (I think) the property of Mr. O'K——e. Of his earlier performance I have no records by me, but I know that he won several races at Poona, and at Mhow, in 1825, he walked over for the Malwa Stakes and won the Give and Take, and Minister's Purse. He is a flea-bitten grey, about 14h. 1in., and aged; a fine figure and a free galloper; shows great caste, and runs honestly.

Cornet is an extraordinary little horse; nothing to look at, but for his hind quarter, which is muscular, and his shoulder, which is superb. His neck is long and light, and he moves with great ease, and makes powerful use of his hind legs. His colour is a bright bay with black points. He stands about 14½h., and is aged. In February, 1826, he carried off Col. Wilson's Gold Cup, the Give and Take, the Malwa Stakes, and in December, 1826, the Silver Cup, Holkar's

* I think one or two more, but I have nomemorandum.

† "This letter was written before the Baroda meeting of the present year, where Boxkeeper has added to his former deeds of high emprise."—ED.

Cup, Malwa Stakes, and Mhow Subscription. He first belonged to Capt. C———me, and ran last year at Cawnpoor, where I believe he is not in good health, and only won a plate of 50 gold mohŭrs.

Of the other horses mentioned by your correspondent, I know nothing, so, wishing success to your Magazine, I shall conclude with my signature,

O.

EPITAPH ON NEPTUNE,

A BEAUTIFUL NEWFOUNDLAND DOG THAT BELONGED TO MRS. ———, COLESHILL, NEAR AMERSHAM, BUCKS.

Reader—beneath this low and turfy heap—
Unshaken honesty and courage sleep;
Whose real essence once unsullied spread
Thro' the warm pulses of a quadruped—
Playful he bounded o'er the verdant sod,
The namesake of the mighty ocean god—
Of huge Newfoundland breed—his size and height
Set off a coat of mingled black and white,
Whose silken hair seem'd in its graceful curl,
Like sable dash'd, and speckled o'er with pearl.
A bold and independent part he play'd,
And scorn'd the sycophant's unworthy trade;
Ne'er wagg'd his tail to court and stranger-brat,
Nor frisk'd and wriggled for a great man's pat,
In puppyhood, with harmless bark and glee,
He romp'd and roll'd with playmate infancy,
Increased in size and shape by due progression,
And gradual reach'd the years of dog discretion;
Thence, quickly turning life's meridian stage,
Trod with untainted steps the path of age,
Till, full of days, nursed, petted, and caress'd,
He sunk into his grave, and here doth rest.
Neptune—Farewell!—till man shall virtue spurn,
Let two-foot dogs from thy example learn
With such unboasting faithfulness to be,
As apt an Emblem of Integrity—!!

S. Y. S.

LETTERS OF JOHN DOCKERY.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I regret exceedingly that I have mislaid the last letter of my friend, John Dockery, written on leaving the Deccan—it was full of amusing remarks told in his best style. These I now send are the commencement of his correspondence from Guzerat, and if you think their quaintness and originality will amuse your readers, you are welcome to them.

Yours obediently,

S. Y. S.

DEAR BROOTHER ROGER,

Thinking as I have tould you quite enoof about Hingian 'orse-racing and fox-hunting, and pig-hunting and tiger-hunting, and that all as I have seed will give you and feyther, and all friends and Phebe Harpur and her Babby a purty 'cute ideer of their cattle and dogs and wild animals, I shan't say no more about 'em, seeing as 'ow I shan't be believed in one half of what I've written; but I bean't a liar for all that.

So now I takes up my pen to let you know all about my travels since I last rote. Soon arter that Muster Doolittle, who is a civillian by trade, was made a red-jester to a joodge who is called a criminal, and being in the hanging line he talks o' leaving off all free-fellers* pursoots and take to stoodeying of the black langige, seeing as 'ow he was ordered away up to the Gooseze-rat† country, and lots o' both them 'ere animals there be surely, the gooses being not quite so big as our Tadcaster 'uns, but the rats beats ourn ollur. They be called Brandy-cutes, and they looks for all the world more like leetle pigs and moreover squeeks and groonts so oncommon like 'em that in the dark you wouldn't know which was which. They feeds principally on the black people's toes, which they nors off bit by bit in the night leaving nothing but the toe-nail, and that's only cause its piezun to 'em. I knows this bean't a tarradiddle, 'cause only last night I cotched one on 'em a norring at my big toe, and he nord till it was quite raw, and a marcy it was I woke when I did, or else the varmint would sartinly a snovel'd it all, being always a hongry and vouraciously greedy, so I now intends to sleep everywhere in my boots, like our yeomanry cavalry.

Well, as I was a saying, soon arter I rote that we had left Poonur, we was ordered up here, but just afore we embark'd Muster Doolittle was seized with a cruel cantankerous complaint called in Hinjia the colour-o-more-pis brought on chiefly by changing bad sitiation for a worser; it's what we calls at Tadcaster the jerry-go-nimbles, only oncommonly violent and vexatious, and it werked him oop and down, oop and down, back'ards and for'ards, back'ards and for'ards, and wicey-warcey, wicey-warcey, so deuced hard and so deuced quick too, that the Docturs all thought they'd earth him, but they didn't tho', knowing as they was; but 'ow he could keep all his leetle guts from jumping out o' that spinny carkiss o' his'n I can'nt pretend to say, only he did I suppose; and at last when the Docturs gived him over, then the colour-o-more-pis gived him over too, and he got hearty agen: and then we embarked in a nasty dark, dirty, stinking boat, which was called the Patty Mar, crissen'd I suppose arter some sweetart of the black captain's.

In about an 'our or so, Roger, off we went, and then measter and I was woundily seasick, but he sed as 'ow he was very glad on't as it would clear the bill o' the ducks; to be sure we'd a matter of a dozen on 'em on board, but 'ow our reaching and puking could do anything for they poor quacking creeturs, wa'nt very clear to me. Next day as I was a going over the starn on bizness, you knows Roger, what was entirely my own, down I toombled ploomp slapdash into the water; howsoever I cotched 'old of a boat

* Honest John means frivolous.—S. Y. S.

† Guzerat.

as was behind and soon got safe on board agen, when, rat me, but Doolittle began a laughing, and says he, "John, you Yorkshire men, when you toombles in the water, are joost like a neemetic," * and says I, 'ows that, and says he "because you're always *sure to coom oop again.*" I did not relish the comparisun and so I sed quite sarkatically like, "if you was ever to swallow a Yorkshire man I fancy you'd be nation glad to get him out of your guts which ever way you cou'd, oop or down—— "

Arter tossing and pitching about for four days, we came one night to anchor underneath an old castle, and next morning we got on land among a parcel of black women and children, all bathing without a shirt or a smock upon 'em. I be always (as Phebe Harpur knows) sadly floostrated and modest at seeing things of this kind, but with Negers it's quite different, being seemingly all of a piece from top to bottom.

Well, Roger, here we was at Soorat in the country called the "Hat of easy," and it was just the time when the people was busy in junketting and rantipoling about with large paper boxes, all covered with gilding and painted paper like, in memory of two young gentlemen whose names was Hobson and Jobson, just as we do with Guy Fox. They were tiptop fishermen in their day, and dealt wholesale in mussuls, and so all of their friends are called Mussulmen; they lived a long while ago, and had a fite and was both killed, and because their Mother, who was called Mommid was a great profit to them all, they all agreed not to be Christians no more, and they prays different to us, and Muster Doolittle tould me that there was a natural difference beside betwixt us and them, for he sed as 'ow we white people had four skins and the blacks had not, which is what I never know'd afore, though to be sure when I've lost leather in riding, the new skin always came again, so I suppoze a Yorkshiremen has more than four.

Them paper boxes are purty looking consarns, but then the folks makes sich a noise, firing and troompeting and shouting Hobson Jobson, Hobson Jobson, that when they brought 'em before the great gentleman's 'ouse where we put oop, he war quite angry, and ordered 'em to take 'em away and *throw 'em into the water!* And very proper too, not to allow any such unchristian-like doings.

But Roger, Roger, I've seed so many curious things that I never should have time to tell you about all. I've seed a black lady burn herself to ashes 'cause her dead husband sed he would haunt her all her life if she didn't! What'll Phebe Harpur say to that? and I seed a neger swallur a sorde as long as my arm and the pint of it come right down inside to his naval. I wounder if feyther'll swallur that, but it's all as true as I stands here, blow me if it a'n't.

T'other night I went with my measter to see a dance by black people which they calls a notch, and soon arter we went in, as I was standing behind his chair, they brought a youngish copper-coloured tawney-faced lady for-'ard, betwixt two ould women, and the poor thing was so heavily loaded with chains round her ankles that when the moosic began she couldn't dance a bit, but joost moved her feet about and threw her arms about quite in agony like, and so then they tried to

* An emetic.

make her sing, but she couldn't sing a bit, but poor creetur, she put oop her 'and to her feace and screem'd out so loud that I ran away as fast as I could, for it made me fit to cry to hear her. Measter arterwards tried to hoomboog me, and sed it was the black kind o' singing, but I was oop to un; I warnt quite so soft as that comes to neither: he won't make me beleave that a woman is singing a song, when she's a bellowing like our Tadcaster Town Bull when he couldn't get to the Cows.

Talking of bellowing out, bless you, Roger, you never in all your born days heard such a bellur as I heard yesterday. I went out with a friend of my Measter's a fowling, and out of a leetle bush near a dry ditch, joomped a large yollur looking creetur with black spots on his skin with a divil of a roar that fairly sent my heart into my britches; and well 'twas no worser, for it was a tiger, a real live wild tiger, Roger, and crept away quite like a tom cat, and because he's so deuced sly and so vastly cunning they calls him a *cheater*.

This is all I can say for the present. I don't think I shall keep my place very long, for Muster Doolittle talks of selling off his 'orses and I don't imagine I shou'd be of much use without a 'orse. I've saved a pratty lot of money. A matter of some pounds and if I stay above a couple of 'ears more I shall be worth looking arter, so tell this to Phebe Harpur; but cuss me if I'll have anything to say to her babby—it's none o' mine, and I'll tell the parson so in church if she likes it; none of our family be carroty-headed, and if the young un's got a red pole she may swear it to Bill Bullock if she will—Give my duty to feyther and love to sister from dear Rojer—your loving brother,

J. DOCKERY.

P.S.—Measter has been to me to consult about making a match with his brown mare Mad Margery against a well known 'orse here; but the pint was this: Mad Margery has stood to Zigzag and is three months gone, and he wanted to know if the mare runs next month whether or not the foal won't lose his maiden. Warn't this damned silly? and so I as much as tould un—but he's as obstinit as a roosty weathercock.

J. D.

P. S.—I rote this a matter o' six weeks ago but measter sed as 'ow no ships would not sale for Yorkshire till now, so I didn't send it—and now this is to let you know that yesterday measter ran Mad Margery against Muster Skilite's Bloo Blazes, and a very purty race it was. I rode Margery—and Muster Skilite tooled his own for two miles, the mare carrying 7st. 9 and the 'orse, being a gelding, the same weight. Muster Skilite was quite cock-ahoop about winning, and set off at a devil of a dig, so that I didn't ketch him for a mile, but then I comed oop and tried foot with un—and headed, and passed.—Soon arter I held a leetle as the mare was blowd and began to change legs, when oop came Bloo Blazes with second wind and challenged for the lead. I warnt ready to spare a breath, so on he went and Muster Skilite calls out to me, "Hullo, Dungfork, I'll be dom'd but I'll do for you." Will you, thinks I, for I never says nothing when I races for fear of fritening and disordering my 'orses; but as soon as the mare got a little steddier in her gallop I put her to her rate, ran up to un, and made Muster Skilite very bizzey with his legs and looking as yallur as sulfur. We was now at the distance post and Mad

Margery began to show her nose about his knee, and out came his whip; but the mare creeped on, and collar'd him, then he flogged but did not mend, then I got neck and neck, but felt Mad Margery had done her best; we was close to home, only wanted a few strides; so I lifted the whip, kept a steddy eye on the 'orse, who some'ow worked a little ahead, and was only a length from the joodge's stand, when I give Mad Margery a cruel cut over her near shoulder, screwed in my spurs, lifted her head with the snaffle, all at the same moment, threw her in at the post and won by a nostril. War'n't that worth winning, Roger?—At all events measter thought so and made me a present of money to the vally of twenty pounds. He wun a matter of a hundred; I remains your loving brother,

JOHN DOCKERY.

P.S.—Tell Phebe Harpur she may marry Bill Bullock as soon as she likes for I'm thinking of making o' loove to one of our black groom's half sisters, who bea'n't a bit browner than Phebe except about her feace and arms and legs. Measter says she a'n't a regler neger, but a three parts bred un; she bea'n't a maiden but an't had any babbies yet: she has got a fine for' and, well up in the cupples with roomy hips, walks free and carries two good ends.

J. D.

P.S.—In my next I shall tell you all about my fellur sarvants.

A LETTER TO NOVICE.

MR. NOVICE,

A fellow who signs himself Jasper Gambado has been trying to hoax you, and as I am pretty certain from the language of your letter that you are just the sort of chap who would snap at his hook, though baited with such palpable humbug, and thereby play the devil with your stud, I write this to give you a caution, and, through you, to also advise some more youngsters of my acquaintance who have just now been inoculated with the racing mania.

You tell us you are a young one, *coming on the Turf;* that you have ten horses, and that you neither know how to feed or to train them, and moreover profess yourself altogether ignorant of Turf affairs.

Why, what a spongy spooney you must be!—but I hate to damp anything that looks like sporting spirit, so take the advice of an *old one going off the Turf.*

Sell as speedily as possible *all your colts; keep* one of your *known* horses (if a real, tried good one) and the most likely of your maiden five-year-olds; part with all the rest. I suppose you are like most young fellows more *seedy* than *flush*, and often with pockets to let *unfurnished:* if therefore you are tolerably successful with this commencement, *go on;* if not successful, *go off.*

See your nags *fed;* make your syces strip when they are grooming, and let them make as much use of the *brush* as they do of the currycomb; as much depends on *good grooming* (take my word for it) as on good feeding.

Give a gentle opening medicine previous to beginning your training and then commence with quiet canters at the same hour every

morning; after a month increase the *distance*, with now and then a short breathing gallop, until the fortnight before running; then increase the *rate* but *lessen* the distance.

If they continue to carry too much flesh don't try to take it down by furious gallops; try sweating, but mind that your horses are above their work.

Never stint in water, grain, or grass!

Attend to O. K.'s truly sensible letter!

Never lose command of yourself on the course, whether winning or losing!

Never depend on private trials!

Never lay the odds!

I wish you good luck.

Yours,

SAM SURLY.

P. S.—As to beer or brandy or gin for your horse, send it to hell, or take it yourself if you like it; but don't make a beast of a brute.

S. S.

HINTS TO TRIGGER SPORTSMEN.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The *Nimrodical* achievements in your Sporting Magazine contain not only much information and amusement, but, what I am more delighted to observe, display a general desire to support the newly-produced spirited little work.

I was much pleased with a letter in the last Number, signed Percussion, in which are many good and feasible arguments. Now, if Percussion, or any other able writers, would take it in their heads to add their mites on the subject of shooting, boring of barrels, and other branches of this science, which in my humble opinion has many questions to be solved, both chemical and mechanic, they would afford valuable information to many sportsmen of the trigger. Before I conclude these remarks, allow me to observe one thing which escapes the minds of nine shooters out of ten: there are in all countries some few months of the year in which a gun is totally useless; therefore, during those months, let the mainsprings of the lock be taken off, slightly greased with mercurial ointment, to keep them from rust, and put up on extra springs, which will ensure their lasting, and preserving their force much longer than when cramped in so narrow a compass.

RAMROD.

Poona, November 21st.

THE LATEST SPORTING INTELLIGENCE FROM AHMEDNUGGUR.

The Ahmednuggur Hunt proceeded on a tour to its principal covers on the 20th of last month, and reached the Hunmuntgaum Jungle on the 22nd, 33 miles from home.

23rd Sept. Met at the Nimlegaum Jungle on the Kurrah side of Sherall; beat up to Nimlegaum without success; tried the bajree field, and in spite of marks of hogs in every direction the day turned out blank.

24th. Beat the Hunmuntgaum Jungle down. Several hogs were found, but none took away; tried

back, and three broke, taking to the bajree ; the beaters were immediately put in, and forced from one field to another; one hog broke in beautiful style and was soon dispatched, the run scarce lasting five minutes, being nothing more or less than a well-contested race. A fine boar was soon after found in a field further on, and whilst pursued by two of the party through nothing but thorns and holes, two more went away in an opposite direction. The day was wound up with another sharp run, at which the whole field were present—total killed, 4 hogs.

25th. The bad success at the jungle itself yesterday rendered any further beating a hopeless concern. The point where yesterday's sport ended was the place of meeting, and a hog soon found after much beating ; he took away in an opposite direction from where the riders were stationed, and a very long, and for some time uncertain, chase took place. After a severe gallop over a large tract of country in the direction he was said to have taken, he was at last viewed a long way ahead, and the chase begun in good earnest. He had an immense start, and made the most of it ; and it was not until the horses were all but beaten that he was run into and killed. Scarce returned from the last chase, when another went away, and was finally killed in grain. Tiffin was now resorted to as a change, men and horses requiring rest. We were scarce mounted again when two hogs broke in the most beautiful style imaginable from a small cover, in which the most sanguine could not have expected to find. The field were all together and instantly in full pursuit; the ground was, with the exception of a few large stones, a bowling-green, and a very short time sufficed "to turn them both up." Another fine hog was found, but was too fat to go; a single spear brought him up, and the next was a settler. More were afterwards seen, but the day was at an end, and further pursuit unavailing — total killed to-day, 5 hogs.

26th. Changed ground to Keirrah, nine miles.

27th. Met at Chinchorlee, four miles from Kurrah. Beat a cane field bajree adjoining; a fine boar broke in glorious style, dashing into the stream of a deep nullah in a manner that baffles description. He was allowed a fair start and then away! The ground was fine, and hills distant : like all large hogs, he was unable to throw us out in turning, and was killed almost immediately after the first spear was given. Owing to the great number and extent of the grain fields, all attempt to do more mischief were unavailing, though several hogs were seen, until late in the day, when one, finding his quarters too hot, at last, after repeatedly breaking back, was forced out; he was closely pursued, and killed in less than a quarter of a mile. Two others showed themselves for a moment, as if with the intention of going away, but sensibly enough changing their minds, broke back through the line, and night put an end to further proceedings.

28th. Just before breakfast this morning one of our followers came in with a report of three hogs having just entered a grain field within two hundred yards of our tents. All were accordingly soon after on horseback, and in less than three minutes three fine hogs were roused almost under our horses' feet. The country, which we had understood to be clear of grain, was shortly proved the contrary, and the hogs, perfectly well acquainted with the difficul-

ties, as usual availed themselves of every piece of high cover in the neighbourhood—one, after passing through several grain fields, at last stole away, but was soon after viewed, and after a hard chase, during the course of which he crossed and recrossed six or seven times a deep and muddy nullah, was killed. The beaters were on our return again in line, and a second broke in a few minutes, taking at first the same line of country, but subsequently making for and getting into the koorun,* where with great difficulty and immense exertions he was killed. The holes in this place were bad beyond all description, covered with high grass, and brought one or two of the horses more than once to the ground. The remaining third hog having gone away in an opposite direction, we proceeded on our road to Damungaum, nine miles.

29th. Tried the nullah about two miles distant, and although everything was to be expected from its appearance, there was no find. Returned to the grain fields adjoining the village, crossing a villanous country, a mass of hills and rocks. We had scarce entered what could aspire to the name of a field, so low was the grain, when two of the party came on a large bush with a "run" into it, appearing a likely place for some animal: no one had an idea of a hog, a stone was thrown, and on a second and more effectual beating, out rushed an immense boar with a grunt that thrilled through all within reach of the sound; the beaters and two of the party luckily got out of his way, but the next person he met, though a good hundred yards off, he charged in most furious style. The chase now began, and in spite of the rocks and hills which we had crossed on our way to the spot where he was found, part of which we now repassed, he was speared before he had gone a quarter of a mile, though it took some time before he was finally brought up and killed. Had it not been for his charging qualities he must have rendered killing something under an even chance; but he was game to the backbone, and charged gallantly, and thus bringing us frequently to close quarters saved the fatigue of a long chase over a country which, with a very little *mire*, would have given a Flemish account of horses' legs.

It was late in the afternoon before another was found, which took away, pursued by the whole field. Almost the entire chase was through grain, except the latter part, when he plunged into and swam a deep nullah, and after a sharp brush on the opposite side, was speared in a ploughed field and "turned up." The day being near its close, we made the best of our way to Nagtallion, distant six miles.

30th. Changed ground from Nagtallion to Yeenkhaira, eight miles.

Oct. 1st. Moved to the Dategrove—six miles.

2nd. Put in 200 beaters at half-past 10; beat the Grove down and saw but two hogs, one of which went into grain close by, and from thence back into the cover; tried the Grove up with no better success. Thus ended our day's work, to the utter disappointment of the hopes every one had entertained that the ill success that had hitherto accompanied us would assuredly end! We had now gone over ground that had invariably produced sport sufficient to satisfy the most sanguine. I need only mention that the same

* Grass land.

line of country now crossed has produced a result amounting to 169 hogs killed, the work of four parties only, without taking into calculation many smaller numbers at each of these two fixtures.

3rd. Moved on for Yonddowly (in the direction of the Godavery), nine miles distant from the grove and five beyond Kurudgaum.

4th. The immense size of the hills and ravines in which hogs and Neelgyes abounded rendered beating with any chance of success out of the question—tried the bajree on the other side and succeeded in rousing a boar, who, after trying every means to baffle us, at last succeeded in stealing away unperceived, nor was it discovered until the Shikharee clearly pointed out his track. We were immediately in full pursuit in the direction that appeared his most probable course, and came again on his track in the bajree at a village a mile and a half distant. He was again roused by the Shikharee, who had never for a moment lost "the scent," and once more succeeded in making good at least half a mile of country before he was viewed, taking right back, nearly recrossing the dead plain over which he before passed. Making the best use of the immense start he had thus gained, he made good his point and was safe in the grain with no further injury than a mere scratch on his back which had been with difficulty effected within a few yards of cover. Having still some miles to go, and evening setting in, he was left undisturbed, and after a ten mile gallop we reached our ground at the village of Julgaum, in the Nizam's territory, and six miles on this side the Godavery.

5th. We had been led thus far (being a country never before hunted) by accounts of another date grove, and although its appearance was so small and insignificant on our way here as to preclude all reasonable expectation of hogs, we were agreeably relieved by the most favourable accounts that had hitherto greeted us. The grove, it was said, was swarming with hogs (two men had been killed) but lately, and the bajree in such small quantity as to *add to*, rather than spoil, sport. With anxious hearts we mounted our hunters, and commenced beating in dead silence, lest *too* many hogs should be forced out at once. On arriving near the end, we for the first time discovered that the country was very far from the clear plains which from a distant view we had imagined to exist; a strong thorny jungle with tremendous holes too clearly showed itself in continuation from the grove, reaching as far as the eye could trace. The near approach to the end of the dales had already began to damp our hopes, when a sounder of eight hogs broke cover; six took over what appeared a dead plain, but we had again to learn that a few minutes' gallop often transforms the finest plain into a difficult country, that the eye is not always to be depended on. Before we could close, the sounder was safe in grain of a large extent, so that in spite of positions being immediately taken up, from which it was thought impossible hogs could steal away, the whole sounder but one, who got into the jungle crossing a country *impassable at a quick* pace, actually went clear away unperceived, nor could we afterwards find out even what line of country they had taken. Completely baffled, there was nothing for it but to beat the jungle, which continued almost unbroken for six miles; two large boars some time

after were found, and both speared, one eventually escaping, and the other, by far the largest, killed after a severe chase through thorns, holes, and swamps of the worst kind. Speared through and through, he charged through the bushes as if uninjured, in one of which furious dashes he succeeded, though dreadfully speared in the charge, in ripping "Exmouth," a horse too well known to require further description. Whilst thus engaged another immense boar rushed out from a bush close by, but was soon lost in the impenetrable thorns; the wounded boar still held out, taking up positions in which it was almost impossible to spear him—not to mention the great risk of adding more horses to the one already injured. Driven from bush to bush, he at last dashed into a pool of water, in which he was attacked on foot and finally drowned, his head being literally forced under water, by repeated spears. He was dragged from the pool, and measured from his snout to the end of the tail six feet! The line being again restored, beating recommenced, and a fine sounder of twelve hogs broke cover, going straight for the Godavery. Here again ill luck could not for a moment desert us, with a fine sounder in front, ploughed land to cross—everything apparently favourable—all chance of killing was in one moment more removed; heavy rain had fallen, and the very ground which appeared the certain field of destruction to one half of the sounder proved at once the means of escape; the horses were up to their chests the first step.

The mud was scarcely waded through when as a final settler we found ourselves in the strong ravines on the banks of the Godavery and the sounder immediately lost. Scarce had we returned to the beaters when two fine hogs were descried in the middle of the cover, and almost instantly after two more got up under the feet of the beaters and away they went for the river. As the last chase had put beyond all hope a possibility of killing, it was voted "no go."

6th. The difficulty of the ground suggested more beaters, and 250 men were put in line at the place where yesterday's work left off, beating the same ground the contrary way: a sounder of five charged back through the line into the thickest of the jungle, and shortly after a single hog disconcerted us in the same way. Arrived almost at the extremity of the grove, a small hog went away, and in spite of a pursuit at speed made good the adjoining bajree; the line was once more brought up, and after a short and unsatisfactory chase he was forced out and almost instantly killed.

7th. This was determined on as a day of rest; the first we had had since the commencement. One of the party, however, who found sitting still a whole day too good a thing, went out with the Shikharee alone, who soon got on fresh tracks which he held to the very lair of a hog. The grove was, however, too near to admit of a kill, and our disappointed sportsman had the infinite satisfaction of ascertaining, on his return to the Shikharee, that his course through the grain had roused two more, considerably finer, who disdaining the aid of cover had crossed the open country! The rest rode out for an hour in the evening and fell in with two tigers (Cheetas), who escaped, owing to the lateness of the evening, without a shot.

8th. Moved on to Kamptee, four miles distant, beating the

grain fields. For once this meeting fortune favoured us; a small and low field of bajree had been all but passed by as too unlikely to warrant the trouble of beating. As hogs, however, had been found "lying out" in the most unlikely places, it was determined to try, and we were rewarded. Not fifty yards had been passed, beating in silence, when a fine boar jumped up and after a very short run was speared and dispatched in a small pool of water close to the jungle.

9th. Moved on to Vytun in the Godavery. Hogs in abundance on the banks of the river, but the quantity of high grain and the innumerable deep muddy ravines put hunting out of the question.

Of the remaining days a few words will suffice: grain, grain, grain, nothing but grain appeared in every direction. Where the *marks* even of a hog were found, such was the extent of cultivation that success was impossible, and although we had still 50 miles to return to Ahmudnuggur, we had no more occasion for our hunters. 18 hogs, after an extent of country never before crossed on any single tour, were all we could call our own; two others escaped slightly wounded. Even this small number were dearly purchased, two horses being left unable to move at the village of Julgaum, not to mention some others whose legs showed evident signs, that, although the sport was poor, the jungles were the self-same prickly thorns in which scores and scores of hogs have hitherto invariably been found.

It would be far from the truth to say there was any scarcity of hogs; so far indeed from it, the country appeared overrun with them, whole patches of grain being completely destroyed; but where to find them was the difficulty. Masses of grain not only prevented our finding the numbers fairly to have been expected, but put an effectual stop to killing when found. The fact is, we had chosen a wrong season, and that much was ascertained too late to be remedied; as it was, crossing a great extent of country in no ways tended to sport, and it is fairly to be presumed had we never left the Hunmuntgaum plains the number of fine bristlers slain would have equalled what, as it was, it took so many miles to accomplish.

October, 1828.

N.B.—The Fox-hunting season terminated on the 24th December, after continued and unexampled good sport, the nineteen last runs giving an average of 44 minutes for each, out of which number only two foxes escaped and two runs fell short of the half hour.

LION CHASE.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

If you think the following extract of a letter from a friend on the Runn, containing an account of what I consider a most plucky affair, worthy a place in your Magazine, you will much oblige by insertion. I must first however inform you that about three weeks ago a large lion had fallen into a pit 25 feet deep, where my friend shot him. In his eagerness to escape from the pit, he made the surprising leap

of 21 feet, as was ascertained by measurement. The skin is very beautiful, and the dimensions of this most splendid animal are as follow:—Length from tip of nose to stump of tail, 6 ft. $3\frac{1}{4}$ in.; from tip of nose to junction of neck, 1 ft. $5\frac{1}{4}$ in.; circumference six inches above the knee, 1 ft. 4 in. Two lions, a lioness and three cubs, were also seen in a small piece of tamarisk jungle in the bed and banks of the river, but through the stupidity of some coolies, who beat in a wrong direction, they escaped with but one shot, and that at a distance of 150 yds. most likely with no effect. Now for the letter.

Yours obediently,
E. L.

Camp Deesa, 4th Sept. 1828.

"This morning (26th August) just after breakfast an old Durjee came in from Beynop with information that there was a lion near, that he had killed a bullock the evening before close to that village, and that he then was sitting in a bush. We went to Beynop and inquired of the Patail, who told us the day before at 12 o'clock the brute had been seen eating his prey, but now was certainly gone, and we could hope for no success in finding him. Upon this we sent the few armed men who were with us back again, whilst we went to see the place where the bullock had been killed, taking old Muggah and a few other Waggrees with us. On our return home we found a lion's pug, which we followed for some time, and by mere accident Muggah and another caught a sight of him taking his repose at full length, quite cosily, under a bush. Being a little ahead, we returned immediately, and thinking it a false alarm went close up to the spot to examine, but were soon convinced of his being there by his two bright glistening eyes fixed upon us. We placed ourselves on each side to watch his motions, until the return of the men whom we before had sent away, being determined to leave him no chance of escape.

"When the men arrived we went up to the bush, but the brute turned out before we could get a sight of him; however, we fired and ordered the men to do so likewise, from which he received two or three wounds and went slowly away, we following at a distance of 100 to 200 yards across the jungle, firing as opportunities occurred. Whilst at a distance of eight yards, he turned round for the purpose of making a charge, and I must confess I never saw anything so terrific, in the whole course of my life, as the appearance he then made. —Still he continued in his former direction, until he arrived at a small tank, thickly surrounded with trees, and here he stopped. After a short debate of what we should do, we advanced upon him, firing without ball all the time, but my gentleman would not turn out. Being resolved that he should do so, I advanced with three men at my side to the bush where he lay (P. had unfortunately gone to the other end of the jungle). At first he only gave a growl, but the second time out he came. It was a toss up on whom he would spring; luckily he fixed his choice on Blacky, and seizing one man, got him under.

"I fired, and, oh, ye Gods! my rifle flashed!—three or four others fired and all missed——what a pickle. I stood close by, and seeing the poor fellow getting mauled most dreadfully I seized a bayonet that had fallen on the ground during the scuffle, and with my whole force plunged it, most for-

tunately, in a vital part, repeating my blows at least a dozen times to make my work more sure. The other men now came up and stuck it in right and left. Our escape from the balls was as providential (for those behind kept up a pretty smart fire upon us) as from the lion's paws, &c., &c."

THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

(From a Correspondent).

THE distemper so often proves fatal to dogs in this country, especially those introduced from Europe, as to become a matter of no small importance to a person keeping a large kennel; I am induced, therefore, to transmit the following recipe, in which I have the greatest confidence, having, by experience, found it to be the most efficacious of any, particularly in greyhounds.

For a full-grown, strong dog, give 3 grs. of Turbith's Mineral every other day for a week at least, or till it operates; taking the greatest care to keep him from cold.

The above prescription I received, when in England, from a friend who had used it throughout a large pack of foxhounds for four years with the utmost success; it was at that time but little known as a medicine for dogs, but it is now becoming generally used. The common opinion of this medicine is, that a dog having once taken it, will never afterwards get hydrophobia:—how far this is correct, it is difficult to say. Beckford mentions it (when taken in larger quantities) to be the only remedy for the latter disorder; it is, however, a powerful remedy, and should therefore be given with caution, and according to the foregoing instructions, in which there can be no danger.

In using Turbith's Mineral, place he grains between two thin slices of bread and butter, as the easiest method of ensuring the animal's swallowing the proper quantity.

Another invaluable and never-failing remedy is mentioned by Col. Hawker, in his justly celebrated work entitled Instructions to Young Sportsmen, which, when analyzed, proved to be no other than

For a full-grown pointer:

Jalap powder.....	30 grs.
Calomel.....	8 grs.

For a half-grown pointer:

Jalap powder.....	25 grs.
Calomel.....	5 grs.

One of these doses, mixed with butter, or in a piece of meat, should be given to the dog every other morning, on an empty stomach. The food should be light and easy to digest, and the following lotion for its nostrils if required should be applied.

Alum or Sugar of Lead, of either	½ Ounce.
Water	1 Pint.

The person possessing this last recipe declined disclosing the ingredients until deprived of the secret by means of analysis.

Should this paragraph be thought worthy of the attention of those who deal largely in Canine, I doubt not that it will have the good effect intended by

F. H.

November 20th.

CRICKETING.

Grand Cricket Match played at Bombay in the year 1797, the Military against the Island. Of the Gentlemen who played, six of the latter have their mortal Wickets still standing; of the Military not one exists.

MILITARY.

First Innings.			*Second Innings.*		
Stuart, Maj. H. M. Ser.	3	C.	W. Crawford	15	B. Whitehill
Morse, Artillery	5	B.	Warden	16	B. do.
Barclay, Infantry	4	B.	Warden	3	B. do.
Comyn, Artillery	2	C.	Whitehill	31	C. Inglis.
Harris, Infantry	6	B.	Warden	5	Stumped Warden
C. Morse, Artillery	2	B.	do.	1	B. Warden.
Warden, George, do.	1	C.	Crozier	0	By Whitehill
Bond, Artillery	4	B.	Warden	6	C. Crozier
Mc. Coll, H. M. Ser.	2	Not out		47	B. Warden
Philipps, Marine	0	B.	Warden	3	Stumped do.
Baker, Infantry	3	B.	Do.	14	Not out
Byes	3			10	
	35			151	

THE ISLAND.

First Innings.			*Second Innings.*		
Wensley	0	C.	Stuart	18	B. Barclay
Shubrick	0	B.	do.	5	C. Morse
Crozier	23	B.	Barclay	13	B. Stuart
Warden	31	C.	do.	11	C. Comyn
Crawford, W.	4	B.	do.	30	B. Barclay
Whitehill	6	C.	do.	13	Not out
Inglis	0	B.	Stuart	0	Stuart
Le Messurier	8	B.	do.		
Diggle	0	B.	Barclay	6	B. Stuart
Williams, J.	2	B.	Stuart	4	Not out
Craigie	2	Not out			
				100	
Byes	2			87	
	87			187	
			Military	186	

THE ETONIAN TO HIS FATHER.

To the Editor of the Bombay Sporting Magazine.

Bhooj, 26th August, 1828.

DEAR SIR,

The accompanying lines were written by a young gentleman 13 years of age to his father, from Eton, requesting a little *law* from his books for the purpose of enjoying the diversion of shooting. If you think them worth a corner in your spirited publication, they are much at your service. Yours, J. H.

I pray, my dear Father, that you will remember
That it wants but a day to the first of September,
On which you're aware partridge shooting commences,
Which, while you're pursuing, I'm at moods and tenses.

Now I cannot, dear Dad, at all see the reason
Why I should not lay by my books for a season.
For in my opinion it's of all things most pleasant
To fire at and bring down a partridge or pheasant.

If you can't come and fetch me, send John with the tandem;
I most solemnly promise I'll not drive at random—
Get my gun put in order—Next line is the last, so
Give my love to Mamma, Belle, Ponto and Basto.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE MHOW COURSE.

No.		Established.
1.	An Officer from the Staff, Artillery, and each Regiment of Cavalry and Infantry are severally appointed Stewards, although sometimes new Stewards have been proposed and elected by a Majority of Votes on the last sitting day of the meeting.	25 Nov. 1824. 17 Feb. 1824.
2.	The Subscribers in general nominate a Secretary and the Stewards appoint the Clerk of the Course	25 Nov. 1824. 9 Apr. 1825.
3.	The Stewards arrange the plan of the Races, settle the amount of the Plates, Purses, &c., and fix the days of running,—although, when it has been deemed necessary to alter the date of the meeting, they have sometimes submitted the proposition to the Subscribers...	25 Nov. 1824. 4 Dec. 1826. 4 Feb. 1825. 7 Apr. 1825. 22 Dec. 1826. 14 Sept. 1827.
4.	Their decisions on any points of reference or questions connected with the Mhow Turf are final and subject to no Appeal	25 Nov. 1824.
5.	All Matches or Sweepstakes made for or during the Race meeting are run under their directions	Ditto.
6.	If a Steward enters a horse for any Race he appoints a friend to act as Steward for him during the Race	Ditto.
7.	All Handicaps are made by the Stewards.—They select one of their number to Start the horses, and one to judge the Race	Ditto.
8.	Two of them take the time, and the Secretary notes it down on paper from their watches	Ditto.
9.	No person can time a horse except during a public Race without the express permission of the owner	Jockey Club Rules.
10.	No person except the Stewards, the Secretary, and the owners of horses about to Start, are permitted to remain in the Judge's Stand	

No.		Established.
	after the Bugle has sounded for mounting, and the Clerks of the Course have the most strict and positive orders to see that this Rule is not infringed	Nov. 1825.
11.	The Owners of horses must send in sealed nominations to the Secretary for every Race for which they intend to enter on or before 3 o'clock of the day before such Races take place. No horse can be entered after that hour	Nov. 1827.
12.	No horse will be allowed to start unless the entrance money has been paid at the time of entering, which is to be put with the amount of the Plate or Purse, &c., into a Bag and delivered on the course to the winner as soon as the Race has been decided	2 Apr. 1827.
13.	The Bugle for Saddling sounds at Sunrise, and that for mounting exactly a quarter of an hour after, when the Steward should immediately proceed to arrange such Horses as are *then* at the Post. Agreeably to the number of their Tickets, for Owners or their Jockeys having drawn lots for places, their horses are entitled to stand accordingly, number one taking the inner course, number two next to him, and so on, but any horse that is not *actually* at the Post when the last Bugle sounds has ceased forfeits his place and must take the outside	25 Nov. 1824 2 Apr. 1828.
14.	The Steward then directs them to be walked up quietly together to the start, and when nearly abreast of it gives the warning—"*are you ready?*" If after a very short pause he receives no answer the word "off" is given, and the horses must start or be distanced. Should any go away before "off" is heard, they must be brought back, and a fresh start take place.....	Jockey Club Rules.
15.	Half an hour (by the Secretary's watch) is allowed between heats, and a quarter between Races.—By the half hour is meant the time between the ending of the heat and the sounds of the Bugle for *mounting* again.....	25 Nov. 1827.
16.	No crossing or jostling is allowed, the horse of any rider doing either is distanced. By crossing is meant when the leading horse takes the inner course from his antagonist before he has gained a clear length ahead of him—and any horse coming in actual contact with another after they are once well on their legs constitutes a jostle; a slight touch at starting (if purely accidental) is not deemed such. ...	Jockey Club Rules.

No.		Established.
17.	After each heat the Jockeys must *ride* their horses, as they have been placed by the judge, up to the weighing scales, then dismount only by order of a Steward, and be weighed. And if there is any deficiency of weight, their horses are distanced, which is also the penalty for dismounting without orders	25 Nov. 1824.
18.	Horses walking over for Plates or Purses receive only half the amount; they must be regularly started and their rider be dismounted and weighed by a Steward as if they had run a contested Race, otherwise they are distanced, and the Plate or Purse reverts to the Fund.....	Ditto.
19.	No horse can walk over twice during the meeting.....	25 Nov. 1824.
20.	A horse distanced in one heat cannot start again for that Race, nor run for the Beaten Plate unless he has saved his distance throughout one Race during the meeting	Ditto.
21.	If a horse be the property of confederates, such confederacy must be avowed, and all the parties must subscribe to the Races before that horse can start; for none but subscribers can run horses on the Mhow Turf, and the owner of any horse that has been entered before on a public course must, if his horse's name be changed, send in his former appellation with his new one.....	Ditto. Nov. 1827.
22.	All horses are aged and measured at 12 o'clock on the day before running by at least three Stewards, but an owner, if not satisfied with their decision, may call upon *all* the Stewards to age or measure his horse, and by their opinion he must abide.....	25 Nov. 1824.
23.	In extraordinary cases a horse can be aged by the Stewards at any time of the year and registered accordingly	24 Aug. 1826.
24.	All colts must have a colt's tooth in their head on the 1st October, and be shown to the Stewards on that day, to qualify them to start for the colt's plate, though they must be aged like the other horses on the day before they run.....	Nov. 1825.
25.	In measuring horses with their shoes on, a quarter of an inch is allowed to be deducted.	25 Nov. 1824.
26.	Mares and geldings allowed 3lb	Ditto.
27.	Galloway height is 13h. 3in. and under ...	25 Nov. 1824.
28.	Pony height is 13 hands and under	Ditto.
29.	Fourteen hands to carry 8st. 7lb. with 11lb. 12oz. for every quarter of an inch; aged horses carry 9st. one year old 6st. 5lb., with seven pounds for each year.....	25 Nov. 1824.

No.		Established.
30.	No English horse can run for a public Plate unless where the Race particularly specifies such an admission; but the term *All Horses* signifies only Arab, Persian, and country horses, and any mixture of their blood; half English and half country come also under that denomination, as do likewise their produce with Arab or Persian blood; but no horse with a nearer approach to full English is allowed to enter.....	25 Nov. 1824.
		2 Apr. 1828.
31.	A horse that has won *any sum* of money by running against another horse or against Time, either in trial or Match, public or private, is no longer a Maiden on the Mhow Course	Nov. 1827.
32.	No Post Entrance permitted	Nov. 1825.
33.	No horse that has been in training or taken regular gallops on the course can enter for the untrained Plate	Ditto.
34.	All horses pay one Gold Mohur entrance to the Turf Fund	Nov. 1824.
35.	The length of the Mhow Course is one mile and a half and 94 yards	Nov. 1825.
		Dec. 1826.
		Nov. 1827.

H. ROBINSON,
Secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A letter we have just received from a Sportsman at Neemutch contains the following sporting anecdote, said to be well known in that part of the country.

"A friend of mine, during the last hot season, made a practice of sitting up alone, at nights, near pieces of water in the midst of the jungles, with only a double-barrelled Manton, in quest of tigers, and other wild beasts. A small embankment of loose earth, raised about a foot and a half, was the only cover he had, and this was, of course, more to keep him out of sight, than to afford protection. In this manner he has killed tigers, leopards, elks, hyenas, and hogs, without having occasion to deliver a second shot, allowing them to approach within ten or twelve yards of him, which was easily effected in the obscurity of the night. On a few occasions, my friend was in great danger, one night particularly, when the animal he fired at sprung into the middle of the nullah, near to which he was sitting." This surely is a more "dreadful trade" than that pursued by him who "gathers samphire."

DISEASES IN MOOR GAME.—Having heard a great deal said about a destructive disease spreading devastation among the moor game of this district, we have taken some trouble to inquire into the truth of the report, and having ascertained it to be correct, we afterwards caused some inquiries

to be made into the nature of the malady. From Mr. Wallace, of Kelly, a well-known adept in sporting matters in this immediate neighbourhood, several grouse, in a state of complete emaciation, were sent to town. These were carefully dissected by one of our medical friends, and the disease found in all of them to be tape-worm. It is quite astonishing to observe the extent to which this disease can exist in the feathered tribe before causing death. In several instances the middle intestines were literally crammed with the worm, so as to render it difficult to conceive how any nourishment could pass along the alimentary canal to support the animal. Mr. Wallace has one of these worms in his possession. It is a bunch of several inches long, and about the thickness of 3-8ths of an inch. This thickness is composed of some hundred folds of the animal, of a pale colour, and beautifully and regularly jointed, possessing, indeed, all the characteristics of the tenia frequently found in the human body, only of a smaller size. Some years ago, when a similar disease was prevalent, Mr. Wallace caused many specimens to be examined, and in some of them life had been protracted in the animals even after the worms had penetrated in the intestines, twisted round their outer coats, and produced such extensive suppuration in the cavity of the abdomen, that the intestines literally floated in pus or matter.

Mr. Wallace attributes this dreadful malady, and the occasional scarcity or plentifulness of game generally, to one and the same cause, viz. a continuance of damp and wet weather, with little sunshine, during the spring and summer months; or, as his own words gave it—"Game, like wheat, will abound in proportion to the heat of the season, and the continued brilliancy of the sun." Mr. Wallace is aware that this opinion is at variance with the generally received one of the older sportsmen; but a laborious series of observations made by himself have confirmed him in the accuracy of the remark. The sporting men of other days affirmed that dry summers cause death to game for want of water: Mr. Wallace thinks that with warm nights there cannot be too much sun or too little rain, and this for any species of game in the west of Scotland, for in such weather heavy dews never fail to supply their wants.

To suggest a cure for this evil (when we have to do with the untamed and uncontrolled tenants of the moors) is obviously next to impossible. The disease can be cured in domesticated animals, it is true; and in small preserves, perhaps, some means might be taken to induce the birds to eat of food imbued with so much turpentine, or other substances known to be destructive to the worms, as to effect their removal.

It is always, however, gratifying, and can never be useless, to trace effects to their causes, or even causes from their effects; and a hint like what we have been enabled to give on this subject may, from the assistance of science and research, added to the enthusiasm of some genuine sportsman, one day, perhaps, lead to some easy means of preventing the recurrence of this wasteful disease to a class of creatures, whose existence in health and abundance is alike necessary to the enjoyment of our sportsmen in the field, and to most of us in the afternoon, when there are few things more to be desired than a

sound bit of game, just when you cannot eat anything else, and when, if you did, you would do yourself no good by the indulgence.—*Greenock Advertiser.*

THE ORIGIN OF HORSE-RACING —EPSOM RACES, &c.—The following is a short extract from *The History of Epsom*, an interesting work recently published:—"When Epsom races first commenced we have not been able with certainty to trace. Few writers who mention the district do more than simply state the fact that horse-races are annually held at Epsom. The first information that we have of horse-racing in this country is in the reign of Henry II.; there can be no doubt that Epsom Downs early became the spot upon which the lovers of racing indulged their fancy, and perhaps the known partiality of James I. for this diversion will justify us in ascribing their commencement to the period when he resided at the Palace of Nonsuch, near Ewell; and his reign may be fairly stated as the period when horse-racing became a general and national amusement. They were then called bell-courses, the prize being a silver bell, and the winner was said to bear or carry the bell. The first Arabian which had ever been known in England as such, was purchased by the Royal jockey of a Mr. Markham, a merchant, at the price of £500. During the civil wars the amusements of the turf were partially suspended, but not forgotten, for we find that Mr. Place, stud-master to Cromwell, was proprietor of the famous horse White Turk, and several capital brood mares, one of which, a great favourite, he concealed in a vault during the search after Cromwell's effects at the time of the Restoration, from which circumstance she took the name of the coffin mare, and is designated as such in various pedigrees. King Charles II., soon after his restoration, re-established the races at Newmarket, which had been instituted by James I. He divided them into regular meetings, and substituted both there and at other places silver cups or bowls of the value of £100 for the royal gift of the ancient bells. William III., though not fond of the turf, paid much attention to the breed of horses for martial purposes, and in his reign some of the most celebrated stallions were imported. George, Prince of Denmark, obtained from his royal consort, Queen Anne, grants of royal plates for several places. In the latter end of the reign of George I. the change of the royal plates into purses of 100 guineas took place. In the time of George II. there were many capital thoroughbred horses in England, the most celebrated of which were the famed Arabians, Darley and Godolphin—from the former descended Flying Childers. To continue a list of celebrated horses would exceed our limits, we shall therefore close with a brief account of the famous Eclipse. This horse was first the property of the Duke of Cumberland, and was foaled during the great eclipse in 1764; he was withheld from the course till he was five years old, and was first tried at Epsom. He once ran four miles in eight minutes, carrying 12st., and with this weight he won eleven King's plates. He was never beaten, never had a whip flourished over him, or felt the tickling of a spur, nor was he ever for a moment distressed by the speed or rate of a competitor, outfooting, outstriding, and outlasting every horse which started against him. When the races on Epsom Downs were first held periodically, we

have not been able to trace with accuracy, but we find that from the year 1730 they have been annually held; for a long period, they were held twice in every year; it was then customary to commence at eleven o'clock, return into the town to dinner, and finish the evening; but this arrangement has been long discontinued."

TIGER FIGHT.—I shall conclude my letter with an account of an adventure which I met with a few days since. Towards the latter end of last month I arrived at the banks of Ganges, opposite to the Gurmukhtesor Ghaut, on my return from Bareilly, whither I had been dispatched with Treasure. The place of encampment was close to the river, and nearly surrounded by jungle. In the middle of the night my slumbers were disturbed by loud shouts, proceeding from my servants, who, on my running to the door of the tent, directed my attention to a couple of tigers, which by the assistance of a bright moonshine I could distinctly perceive. They were making for the jungle, and one had on its back what appeared to be a bullock, the other followed close after. I immediately took the determination of proceeding towards that part of the jungle in which they disappeared. Having well armed myself and two of the stoutest-hearted of my servants, I sallied forth, but had not gone far when the most violent roaring became audible. I then felt convinced that the combat, which I from the first anticipated, had now commenced. I hurried on in the direction from which the sounds came, and these became every moment louder, and I may say more terrific. I approached, as near as I prudently could, the place, which I found to be an open spot surrounded with jungle, near to the edge of which I posted myself. The tigers were on their hind legs, fighting with the most determined fury, striking each other with their fore paws, any one blow of which would, I imagine, have been sufficient to smash the head of a human being. All this was accompanied by roaring, and lashing of tails, and "the give and take" lasted for three or four minutes, affording no bad representation of western pugilism. At last they rolled together on the ground, when after a severe struggle one seized his adversary by the neck, and, judging from the increased roaring which followed immediately afterwards, must have inflicted a severe wound. This decided the combat, the other disengaging itself and skulking off to a short distance, whilst the victorious one seized upon the bullock. Nothing could be finer or more imposing than the appearance of the latter tiger as it rested its fore paws on the animal, lashing its tail and growling, whilst watching its enemy. This shortly after disappeared. It was my turn to try. I fired; but only struck it on the side, and before I could reload the wary beast retreated with the bullock, leaving me to "plod my weary way homewards" with the mortifying reflection that I was not yet to be numbered amongst the "happy few" who smoke their hookahs on that most enviable of trophies —a tiger's skin.—JOHN BULL.—*Meerut, August* 12, 1828.

ENGLISH SPORTING.

THE RING.

FIGHT BETWEEN JEM WARD AND JACK CARTER FOR FIFTY POUNDS A SIDE.

Jem Ward, decidedly one of the most scientific fighters of the age, on Wednesday put the cavillers for large stakes, without half his pretensions, to the blush, by contending manfully in the ring with the gallant, but unfortunate, Jack Carter, for the humble, but we believe to Jem, in these hard times, the not less acceptable, stake of Fifty Pounds a side. The names of the men are so familiar to the amateurs of pugilism, that few words are necessary to refresh the memory, in once more placing them in battle array before them. Jem, who, like Ned Neal, is of Irish extraction, is an Englishman by birth, and therefore has the double honour of supporting the character of two countries at once—that of his father and his own. He is twenty-seven years of age, standing five feet nine inches and a half in his stocking feet, and weighing 12st. 10lb.; of a fine symmetrical form, broad shoulders, ample muscle, and a mild and engaging countenance; inoffensive as a child in his manners, and a general favourite with all who know him. Unlike many of his contemporaries, however, he possesses so much of that rare quality, *modesty*, that he is incapable of pushing his own interests, and of reaping that golden *harvest* which men not possessing one half of his merits have obtained by exertions of a very *ordinary* character. Strange as it may seem, too, even in his present match he had a difficulty in raising the amount of his stakes, which were made up by small sums among the more humble class of his admirers; and we question whether a small portion of this amount was not advanced as a bet, rather than as a voluntary risk for his advantage. In fighting for so small a deposit, however, it should not be forgotten that he has also contended for one of the largest *milling* stakes on record, namely, for £1000 in his match with Tom Cannon. His last match, previous to the present, was with Peter Crawley for £300 a side; and although the "falling off" was great when he closed with the offer of Jack Carter, we think he showed his good sense, for, as the adage says, "half a loaf is better than no bread," and many a hero of higher rank has fought and won more important battles with much less personal advantage.

Jack Carter is one of the old school, and a *trump* in his way. He is much older than Ward, being thirty-eight years of age. His life, too, has been one of greater vicissitude; and in the "ups and downs" which chequered his career, he has lost most of that vigour which at one period gave him consequence in the ring. He is a Lancashire man by birth, and his last great match was with Tom Spring, by whom he was beaten, in May, 1819. Subsequently to this, *suspicion*—and it is generally believed by those who were cognizant of the circumstances of the case—*suspicion alone*, led to his being placed under Government *surveillance* at Chatham, where he remained for

four years, his general good conduct having led "the powers that be" to dock his stipulated confinement of nearly "one half its fair proportion." On emerging from this temporary retirement, he was received with a liberal consideration by those who were induced to believe him innocent, and all will remember the generous sympathy with which he was met on his first public appearance at his benefit. Jack's heart swelled with gratitude at these marks of kindness, and he thought he could not do better than afford some sport to the Fancy for their liberality. With this view, and remembering what he was, but forgetting what he is (comparatively an old man), he resolved to have a shy with the "Great Champion of the Age," Jem Ward. To him he put forth a challenge for £100; but Jack, finding when Jem came to the *scratch* that the confidence of his friends was not equal to his own, and that it would be impossible for him to muster so large a flock of *goldfinches* as one hundred, he threw himself on the kind indulgence of Jem, and succeeded in persuading him to fight for £50, which he said he could put down himself, as it was part of the proceeds of his benefit. In this way was the match concocted; and in all the expenses of training which followed, Jack was, we believe, nearly dependent on his own resources. In height, Carter is five feet eleven inches; and in weight, 13st. 6lbs. In these respects, therefore, he had the advantage of Ward. His frame, too, is muscular, and his limbs in fair proportion; but they want that elasticity and vigour which is the characteristic of youth alone; added to which, his science, as compared with that of Ward, is greatly inferior. It was this comparison that placed him so low in the estimation of the betting circles —and although his spirit met its admirers, his chances of success were considered only as one in three, and therefore the odds in favour of Ward were three to one.

The fight, after an interruption at Thorpe, where the ring had been imprudently fixed, took place on Shepperton Range.

The men arrived on the ground soon after one o'clock, Ward in a *swell drag* and four, and Carter in a more humble carriage and pair. The assemblage of amateurs at this time was both numerous and respectable, and an excellent outer circle was formed.

Ward first entered the Ring attended by Phil Sampson and Dick Curtis, and Carter soon followed under the care of Tom Oliver and Young Dutch Sam. Josh Hudson was to have waited on Carter; but being lame in one of his pins from gout or rheumatism, he reluctantly assigned the office of second to another.

On shaking hands the ceremony of *peeling* soon took place, and the men stood in their *buffs* before the critical connoisseurs assembled. Ward looked in the finest condition, and Carter seemed in robust health, but his *corporation* partook a little too much of civic consequences.

The Fight.

Round 1. Both men looked "unutterable things," and each approached the other as if perfectly conscious he had his work to do. Ward worked his guard and posed himself on his toe in customary form, ready to let fly, as an opportunity might offer. Carter stood erect, hands back on his breast, rather on the defensive than otherwise. Some time elapsed in mutual caution, Carter getting away and keeping out of distance; at last, after nearly four

minutes had elapsed, Carter threw out his left, but Ward was awake, and stopped him. The blow was too short for effect; twice did Carter try the same manœuvre with as little success. Ward now crept in and caught Carter with his right on the side of the head—another little pause, when Ward again got in and hit right and left. Carter now fought to a rally, but wildly; while Ward showed great quickness and tact at in-fighting, planting a heavy blow on Carter's mouth with his left. Carter returned slightly on Ward's cheek with his left, and in the close was thrown.

2. More caution on the part of Carter, while Ward worked his left for a shy. Carter hit out with his left, but it was short and stopped, as was another trial of the same sort. Ward now got within distance, planted his one, two, and three, catching Carter round the neck with his left, hit up with fearful precision, gave him another deep cut on the lip and floored him. (5 to 1 on Ward.)

3. Carter came up bleeding profusely from the lip, and flushed in the face. Jim was ready and all on the tip-toe for mischief. Carter again tried his favourite left hand, but was prettily stopped. Jem made a feint; but although Carter left himself open, he did not go in. Carter kept away for a time, and got away from a well-intended smack from Ward's left, and smiled. At last Jem stood on no ceremony, but rushed in right and left, jobbing well at Carter's nob. Carter fought with him, but wildly, and received a fresh visitation to his mouth. In the close for the fall, Carter was thrown over on his head.

4. Each stopped a left-handed compliment. Carter at length went in, left and right, in rather a scrambling manner, and open-handed. Jem drew back, and jobbed him severely on the *mug*. Carter caught him round the neck, but Jem was alive to his opportunity, and his in-fighting was excellent. He hit up well, and in the close threw Carter a beautiful cross-buttock, falling heavily upon him.

5. Carter stopped Jem's left with great quickness. Jem neatly rushed in with his one, two, and then drawing back, hit up in admirable style. The men broke away, but Jem was with him, and counter hits were exchanged. Jem now made himself up for execution, and having tried his right at Carter's body, got to a rally, hammering away right and left. Carter stood manfully to him, and popped in a good left-hander on the side of his nose. This roused Jem's choler; he rattled in, delivering right and left, and hitting up. A long struggle ensued for the fall, during which Jem fibbed with great quickness. Carter got down, Ward falling easy upon him.

6. Carter hit short at the body, and stopped Jem's right and left with excellent precision. He then planted a slight blow on Jem's *nob*; Jem, all alive, saw his opening and hit away right and left with the rapidity of lightning, and the force of a two-year-old. His execution was dreadful, and Carter's left eye was *puffed* to a close; still Jem peppered away without mercy, and at last Carter fell on his knees, somewhat groggy.

7. Carter came up game, but Jem gave him no time for reflection. He at once rushed to work, delivering with terrific precision right and left. Carter was wild in his returns, and on closing, was dropped.

8. (30 to 1 on Ward.) Jem

jobbed severely with his right, and then with his left, drawing more blood. Carter fought manfully with him, but without precision; Jem was busy at in-fighting, and in getting away, fell on his back, while Carter remained standing.

9. Carter stopped Ward's right and left with good science, but Ward was quick upon him, made a good left-handed job, and was ready to let fly, but Carter kept *à la distance*. Carter made a good stop with his right, but left himself open, and Ward, alive at every point, went in to work right and left, and again hit up with wonderful rapidity. Carter once more fell on his knees, and was bleeding fearfully from all parts of his face —his left eye completely dark.

10. Carter came up strong on his legs, though winded, and stopped Jem's left. Jem then closed for in-fighting, and hit as he liked with terrific effect. It was slaughtering work, and Carter was grassed without a hope.

11. All in favour of Ward, who had it his own way, and dropped his man, after he had hung for a short time on the ropes.

12. Carter was not to be stalled off! he hit short with his left. Ward stopped a well-intentioned delivery; but in a second attempt was not so successful, as he caught Carter's left on the nose, and a slight effusion of blood followed. Jem now rushed in, and, catching Carter round the neck, jobbed and hit up repeatedly. Carter's arm got entangled in the ropes, and he tried to grapple Jem, but Jem was too leary, and continued to pepper him in the face up and down till he fell—a woeful spectacle, and with a deep gash on his left eyebrow.

13. There was now a general cry for Carter to be taken away, but he would not have it, and again came up strong on his legs. He bored in wildly, and Ward jobbed him right and left—in every direction. The deliveries were dreadful, and at length poor Jack was hit down.

14. Carter came up in a melancholy plight [cries of "take him away!"]. Ward went to finish, hitting right and left, and cutting away without leaving Carter "the shadow of a shade of a chance." Carter down.

15. Renewed cries of "take him away." Carter came up to be slaughtered, and having received heavily, was dropped.

15. Jem delivered right and left, and hit him down—weak and groggy.

16. Spring and Peter Crawley, who were time-keepers, now entered the ring, and entreated Carter to give in, but he would not, and having received additional punishment, was dropped by a flush hit in the face.

It was now clear that to prolong the fight would be inexcusable cruelty, and the referee entreated Carter to desist, as there was no chance in his favour. "Oh," said the unhappy fellow, "I can *foight* longer yet—there's nought the matter with me." The *primâ facie* evidence of the contrary was so obvious, however, and his seconds being convinced it would be inhuman to suffer him to be further exposed to the severity of Ward's hitting, they gave in for him, to the general satisfaction of the spectators; who, although they could not but admire Carter's game, felt that the seconds performed their duty in the humane course they had adopted. The fight lasted thirty-two minutes; and Ward, on shaking hands with his vanquished opponent, generously forewent his claim to a purse of £5 3s. 6d., which had been collected previous

to the fight. Such was the favourable impression which Carter's conduct had made in the ring, too, that a further subscription was made, which increased the original sum to sixteen pounds.

Remarks.

Few remarks are necessary where the moves were all one way. Ward had the lead throughout, and may be said to have won without a scratch. In fact, we do not think he ever had an easier, but we must add a gamer, customer. Youth and science completely served age, and poor Jack showed that in matching himself against such a man as Ward, he had suffered his imagination to get the better of his judgment. His punishment was entirely about the the head, and he walked from the ring with great firmness—being still quite steady upon his legs—a proof that he had paid every attention to his training.

ROWING MATCH.—A good rowing match took place yesterday, for a sweepstakes of five sovereigns each, three gentlemen scullers, one heat. The match had arisen in consequence of some dispute concerning the decision of a rowing match on Thursday week, in which the parties had been in some manner engaged. The candidates were Mr. Charles Gwyder, a Mr. H. T. Jones, and another gentleman, whose name we understood to be Hawkins. Each had before contended in amateur wagers, and were reckoned good scullers. The distance was to start from Putney-bridge, through Hammersmith-bridge, and return down and finish the heat by being first through the centre arch of Battersea-bridge. At starting Mr. Jones took the lead, closely followed by Mr. Gwyder; these two went with great speed, and Mr. Hawkins resigned after a short distance. The boats, after a contest in which some scientific sculling was displayed, came in thus:—Mr. Charles Gwyder, first; Mr. H. T. Jones, second; and Mr. Hawkins, third. The match was won by two hundred yards or more.—*Sun, June* 28.

PEDESTRIANISM.—FOOT RACE FOR ONE HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS.—Yesterday afternoon an assemblage of upwards of 1,200 persons congregated on Lord's Cricket Ground, St. John's Wood, to witness J. Shephard, the celebrated Yorkshire pedestrian, and Monsieur Grandserre, the French velocipede, run ten miles against each other, for a wager of fifty sovereigns a side. A circle of ground was staked, round which the pedestrians were to turn thirty times before the completion of the ten miles. At seven minutes past six o'clock the runners started, Monsieur G. taking the lead. Shepherd, however, before the completion of the first round, went ahead, and continued to gain on his opponent in such admirable style that at the conclusion of the twentieth round he left him a half mile in the rear. The race, at this period, became exceedingly interesting, Shephard doing as he liked with the Frenchman, occasionally stopping to take some wine and water, which the latter perceiving, he exerted himself to the utmost, and went ahead about 50 yards. The Yorkshireman then, to use the phrase of Mr. Leech, his backer, "took fright," and showed to the immense assemblage his wonderful strength, by passing his antagonist with the rapidity of lightning. At the termination of Shephard's thirtieth round, which completed the ten miles, he proceeded into the house and went to bed. A number of persons

who had betted heavily on Mons. G. at this period endeavoured to bring about a wrangle, by declaring that Shephard had only proceeded round twenty-nine times. Mr. Leech, the backer of the Yorkshireman, on hearing the dispute, immediately went to his man and informed him of the circumstance, which Shephard no sooner heard, than out of bed he jumped, ran out of the house, and proceeded round the circle for the thirty-first time, and before his opponent had completed his twenty-ninth round, thus winning the match in a truly manful manner. The acclamations of the immense crowd that greeted Shephard on his entering the house were beyond description.—*The Sun, June* 20.

Remarks on Arabians and Racing in India.—We extract the following from the British Sporting Magazine for August last. Our readers will no doubt be glad to perceive from it that the deeds of *our* cattle are thought worthy of notice even in England.

"Sir,—It is generally understood in England that the Arab horse, though possessing the highest blood, is an indifferent performer on the race-course. Such has proved the case with the few tried in this country; but at the same time it should be taken into account, that those horses which have been brought forward have never established any claim, by previous performances, to be ranked as racehorses, and that they have suffered from a long sea voyage, which irremediably cramps the limbs: farthermore, that total change of diet, system, and climate must make so great an alteration, that the Arab has to contend against insurmountable disadvantages. It is not my intention to put him, even with everything in his favour on his own ground, in competition with the English racehorse for speed; but the running of some of the best Arabians, attested, as far as timing is a criterion, by steady observers, would be considered not bad even in England, and extraordinary in point of lasting qualities.

"Within the last twenty years the Arab blood has gone very much out of fashion with our great breeders; and the reason we must attribute to the number of inferior Arabs imported by individuals, who have chosen them, not from any superiorities they have shown, but merely from their beauty and *appearance of blood*, usually small, and adapted only for your Park horse. This description of Arabs, of which great numbers are to be met with in India, are a species of horse held in no estimation for the Turf, as, from frequent trials, they have been found to possess great speed for a short distance, but they can rarely maintain it beyond a mile. It is, therefore, to be expected that their stock have inherited their failings, and have therefore disappointed the breeders, who naturally calculated on lasting qualities from the Arab blood.

"No Arabs can be considered thoroughbred but those who have justified their claims to this distinction by true running. As there are no means of ascertaining the purity of blood, all other rules must be a matter of fancy and opinion, in which the best judges are liable to error. Those horses, which within the last few years have been conspicuous on the turf in India, accord but little with the received idea of the form of Arabs—all showing great bone or muscle, and partaking much more of the shape of the English racehorse. Such was Buckfoot, the best horse, perhaps, that ever ap-

peared in that country: his powers of maintenance were particularly striking—he could run his three miles, carrying 9st., in six minutes and eight seconds; and he has been known to run two miles in three minutes and fifty-six seconds. The horses which have come out as winners lately at Bombay are remarkable as differing totally from the small prancing Arab, some of them being nearly fifteen hands high, with lengthy quarters, depth, short forelegs, and powerful gaskins. Such were Beningboro', Fitz-James, and Sussex; and the smaller horses, Don Juan and Tom Thumb, were remarkable for these points, combining with them perfect beauty. Fitz-James was beat but once: he ran his two miles in four minutes and three seconds; and in the second heat of a singularly hard contested race of two miles and a half, he beat Tom Thumb only by a head, in five minutes and eleven seconds. Don Juan, the most beautiful little racehorse that ever started, was not quite 14 hands high (but remarkable for symmetry and muscle), and could run his mile and a half in two minutes and fifty-nine seconds. Slyboots, a very extraordinary horse, has been winning his races of two miles in four minutes and one second, and doing the same in a second heat; and a horse of great bone, but not showing much breeding, apparently a Persian, sent round to Bengal, called Spartan, has done the same distance in three minutes and fifty-seven seconds.

"If it be borne in mind that these horses have not the advantage of a spongy turf, but usually run over heavy courses, their performances cannot be deemed despicable. The following race will give our readers some idea of the bottom of good Arab horses:—Sussex, Advocate, and Reveller, started for the Bombay Subscription, a distance of three miles: Sussex won the first heat; the second was a dead heat between Sussex and Advocate; and Reveller won the two last: they did their best each heat, running over twelve miles. Such horses as these have alone a chance of redeeming the celebrity of the Arab blood. It is only by breeding from proved horses that a fair chance can be given; and if Don Juan, Tom Thumb, or Fitz-James were sent home to cover, we might reasonably hope for a change in the opinion, justified by experience, that the Arab stock cannot go a distance.

"I am, Sir,

"Yours, &c.,

"AN ADMIRER OF THE TURF."

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 4. — APRIL, 1829.

A FEW LINES TO NIMROD, AND A WORD OR TWO ON GUZERAT SPORTING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

Allow me to congratulate you upon your having started; keep moving, Sir, and I have no doubt but that in this age of velocity we shall find you "somewhere." Your having such an important supporter as Nimrod makes me entertain the most sanguine hopes for the success of your Magazine, for though perhaps not so great as his namesake in the "West," I have little fear of his not being able to find a sufficiency of subjects to dilate upon, which, in his hands, will prove highly instructive and amusing to the coves on this side of the water. They say, Mr. Editor, that you should never look at an Arab walking, he trips so cursedly; well, I must say I have not found it a general rule; yet there are exceptions—one thing I am sure of, Nimrod was not on the outside of a horse when he penned that part of his letter regarding "Guzerattees," because he must be (from the productions of his pen) one of them "*as* knows how to do the trick!" consequently not fond of going at a walk, ergo not liable to trip; but *trip* he did! and *tripped* he has, as far as my slender knowledge of hunting in "Goojrat" goes. Not many years ago there were two Hunts in the North of Guzerat; the "Saburmuttee" and the "Wartruk." I *have* been out with the former; well, their time of hunting was (your readers say) of course gun-fire? No, no! verily I say no!

Any man who has ever been at the renowned city of Ahmedabad has either seen or heard of Surkej, some three or four miles distant to the West; had he ever been that road he must have passed a bheer of Dhab Grass, extending for miles on the bank of the Saburmuttee to his left, and if he was a sportsman (having his eyes in full play at all times and in such a neighbourhood) he could not have missed seeing a well! Oh, Mr. Editor, excuse my weakness, but the mention of that well shakes the innermost fibres of my heart throb; stirs up those kindly re-

membrances of old friends, days gone and past, pleasures and regrets, happiness and sorrow; it is no use now making a bother about it, so I will try and keep on my course. I ran riot at a well; true enough, this said well was the fixture of the Saburmuttee Hunt for a long time, when hunting in the immediate vicinity of Ahmedabad, and the circulars ran thus: "Saburmuttee Hunt. To-morrow morning at *sunrise*, at *the* well, on the road to Surkej." In those days the hunters chiefly were gentlemen of the Civil Service, holding situations which required their attendance at office by eleven or so—the time of hunting became subservient to the same, but by that time three or four bristly gentlemen or ladies had bit the dust. As the hog became scarcer the time of hunting was prolonged (how far official duties thrived I cannot say), and two or three o'clock often became the hour for departure from the field of glory. Eventually the society of hunters became enlarged, and I have seen circulars to the following effect:—"Swift steeds, sharp spears, bold riders; and attendance required at the Snake and Mosque, on the road to Surkej; breakfast on table at eight to-morrow morning precisely, after which an adjournment will be proposed to *the* well! Wagries in abundance!!!" Kolud and Jajpoor can say what hour of the day their plains then rang with the clangor raised by the hoofs of the mighty Nimrods' steeds. Tiffin often was the word for the hunters retracing their steps, and nightfall saw them enter the Rakur Durwazn of Ahmedabad. Some of the first members of the Wartruk Hunt used to frequent the Koolud ground, and I am sure never left it without a day's sport. The last time I was out in search of hog was in company with one of the first sportsmen in Guzerat; we breakfasted at Surkej, and beat the whole of the Koolud and Jajpoor bheers. Evening had closed when we reached Ahmedabad. I have entered so widely on this subject because Nimrod has a sly rap at the *effeminacy* (as it strikes me) of the "Guzerattees"—a hint regarding the heat of the weather, &c. Every one knows Mr. V. (how he must have laughed on perusing Nimrod's letter when he came to the paragraph alluded to). I never was out with him hunting except *in the middle of the day!* and I think it is one of his grand maxims that if you want to kill hog that the hotter the day the better the sport, and that no man should think of going about the same with an empty cupboard. He acts up to it accordingly! I hope I have proved in a measure that the Guzerattees do not *always* hunt at *midnight!* or without a supply of that necessary article under the belt commonly denominated prog, and under this impression I dismiss the subject with the end of the paragraph.

I was quite delighted on perusing the schedule of the Deesa Races. There must be some royal sport before nags can be entitled to enter for the hunter's plate, and I hope your contributors, correspondents, or subscribers in that quarter will not fail to forward their lists of killed and wounded, first spears, splendid runs, &c., &c. I know one or two "*raal good uns*" up there at anything of this kind. I am confident, therefore, I shall not be disappointed in the expectation of seeing a page or two of your next publication filled with a description of their sport during the ensuing Season.

There are some "friends of the trigger" in Guzerat; a day's performance of theirs now and then would prove highly acceptable to those who have bagged game in that country, and moreover be an interesting record of the abundance of game in India, and worthy of perusal by an English sportsman!—not to mention the astonishment it would create in the minds of the battue shooters!

With regard to the arrangement of that part of your work dedicated to the noble sport of Racing, were it to form a distinct part at the end of your Magazine (in the same manner as in the English Sporting Magazine) I think it would be generally considered an improvement. It would admit of a person's forming a sort of Indian Racing Calendar, by separating it from the Magazine, if inclined.

I hope your correspondent "Novice" will profit from the hints conveyed in your second number. I suspect *he* is a bit of a "*wit;*" those who have come forward to assist him in his difficulties are decidedly so,—no mistaking the thing—your correspondent *Gambado* forgot to say whether or not the *turnips* should be mashed with butter (the natives generally use ghee in their recipes for fattening *beasts of all descriptions);* I consider this a most material point in the success eventually of the system proposed to be adopted.

With regard to Racing, I see no reason why I should not record a few remarks of mine on the same in your Mag. Every man has his own way of training, yet in one point I believe they all unanimously agree:—if a horse's legs can stand it, give him lots of exercise. With regard to food, some weigh their hay and grain, and measure the water; others allow nature to dictate the quantum requisite: few horses refuse grain for grass, and that which has the most substance in it must afford the greatest nutriment and consequently gives stamina, which in other words is called "bottom." Here, then, is one grand point in racing gained; but without speed what use is "bottom"? some people will say. All very true at first sight. But I ask, how many Arabs yearly turn up speedy horses? Perhaps one or two, and they nothing particular: most of the races run on this side are races of heats, two miles or so; and how are they generally won? By those horses who show that their bellows are free and their ribs firmly cased; not those who can go the fastest:—this looks something like an attempt at logic, a sort of confused arrangement of ideas, yet what is meant and which will be found to be the case, is that it is not the speediest horse always that wins the race, but the horse that is best trained.

In selecting an Arab for the turf a man generally looks to point: what else can he have to guide him? He sees one which in his opinion ought to go; he buys him, trains him; if anything of a trainer, the horse proves he can go *at a certain rate*, but perhaps cannot do his two miles in 4m. 6s.; he runs him—a 4m. 6s. or so horse takes the first heat from him, ten chances to one but he wins the second and perhaps the third. Why? Because his "bottom" comes into play in lieu of speed. Look at *Harlequin* and *Slyboots'* performance last season. I have heard *Harlequin* was not right; had he been well it must have turned up otherwise; and, if heats had been run, is there any person who is of a different opinion to me when I say Harlequin would have been the winner positively? Slyboots' subsequent

performance showed how fast he could go, and the same remark holds good with Harlequin; the latter's *previous rate* of going is also on record. Occasionally a good trainer gets hold of a speedy horse, and of course he becomes a winning horse; but nine times out of ten it is the contrary. Till that times arrives when winning Arabs will be kept for stallions, men will go on as they hitherto have done; and the result will be, as generally has hitherto proved the case, that the horse *best trained* will be the most successful at the outset.

If you think the above worth entering in the Sporting Magazine you shall hear from me again.

Yours obediently,
GUZERATTEE RUSTICATING IN THE KONKUN.

Note.—"GUZERATTEE" cannot write to us oftener than we shall be pleased to hear from him. He evidently understands "the thing." His suggestion about separating the Racing Calendar has been adopted in the last and present numbers of the Magazine, and for the convenience of those who wish it, we intend to bind up the Calendar separately at the end of the year.—ED.

INTRODUCTORY CANTOS TO A SPORTING POEM.

I.

I sing of India, and its swarthy faces,
Its d—d white ants, and cloud-deserted skies,
I sing its maidens, and their dusky graces,
Their raven locks, and darkly-beaming eyes,
Thee too I sing, from whom the huntsman traces
The fount of life and health-brown exercise,
That lovest, the dull toil of office o'er,
'Cross the wide plain to urge the bristly boar.

II.

Gravesend! thou dear last spot of English land
That my foot linger'd on—how deep the sigh
That my young breast heaved forth, as thy loved strand
Grew dimmer on my fix'd and aching eye.
Upon my heart there was a scar,—a brand
Upon my burning brow, and silently
I turn'd away, to seek for better cheer,
'Mid bales of young Cadets, and Hodgson's beer.

III.

Of the first article the ship held plenty.
They all were sold; (the *beer* was yet to sell)
And in their room—no disrespect is meant—I
Had liked a few more casks ofbeer as well;
Unwhisker'd heroes from 14 to 20
Sighing for the red honours of a shell.
Out of 13, the number of the pack,
Scotland sent 4, whose names began with Mac.

IV.

McDuff, McCleod, McHatchins, and McGregor,
Fine growing youths, whose coat sleeves shunn'd their wrists,
Who, when they quarrelled, scorn'd to pull a trigger,
But sought the safer argument of fists,
Thus, always of two disputants, the bigger
Needed no subtle syllogistic twists,
But when he found his adversary's crown
Dull to all Logic's force—he knocked down.

V.

One too there was—a Peri of eighteen,
(Woe for thee, England, 'tis no theme for jesting,)
Sent with the beer and cheeses to be seen,
And, if approved of, purchased—interesting
She was, of course, like beauty's classic Queen;
At her sea-birth the quiet waters breasting.
The beer was Hodgson's—the maid's name was Priestly,
The one was pretty, but the other beastly.

VI.

Alas for you upon whose cheeks the rose
Is blended with the alabaster's hue!
Who modestly scarce ventures to unclose
Your bud of beauty to the stranger's view—
Alas that such a flower, which sweetly grows
In its own soil, should vegetate anew
In a fair climate, where the rising day
Gleams on thy suicidal isle, Bombay!

VII.

The glossy tendrils of the long dark hair,
Or the black fringes of the blacker eye,
The cheek where red and white combine to share
Their realm of Beauty with alternate die,
And the whole charms of Britain's blooming fair—
The light that round them shines—the luxury
Of their fine form—Can Beauties such as these
Be sold for gold or barter'd for Rupees?

VIII.

Forbid it, Heaven!—and so thought brave McDuff,
For with a purse and spirits light as air,
This griffin loved, and loving grew less rough,
And combed the tangles of his ruby hair,
And tuned his voice to sing some doggrel stuff
In her (Miss Priestly's) praise, his chosen fair—
And when on high the moon's pure lamp was hung,
Thus in her ear the youthful minstrel sung:

"I love thy cheek's pure rosy tinge,
I love thy dark eye's shadowy fringe,

I love the raven locks that flow
All blackly o'er thy neck of snow,
And all the beauties that display
Their charms to steal men's hearts away—
But still, unhappy must I be
Unless those eyes will smile on me,
Unless my wanton fingers stray
Amid those locks in loving play,
Unless my lips in thy warm kiss
May antedate Elysian bliss.
Oh! that those heavenly charms that shine
To make thee what thou art, were mine,
I would not give the least of them
For Persia's richest diadem."

IX.

Thus sung McDuff, and the young maiden listen'd,
As the pale moonbeams o'er the unruffled Sea
Slept in mild Beauty and her black eyes glisten'd
With the pure tears of love, and tremblingly
Met brave McDuff's—he had already christen'd
The child he saw through dark Futurity,
And call'd him Donald; still he was not quite
Lover enough to lose his appetite.

X.

He drank one evening too much beer and fell
From the ship's deck; he saw but could not save—
She heard him shriek, as the rude ocean's swell
Plunged her young lover in his early grave.
Her eye met his, and still her thoughts will dwell
Upon McDuff, as struggling with the wave
He gave his long last bubbling shriek for breath
Ere the dark waters did their work of death.

XI.

McHatchins oft had heard that hog were hunted,
And thought what kind of beast this hog might be,
Whether he had a curly tail and grunted
In the true British manner genuinely.
And as McHatchins' intellects were blunted
By long-confinement to the Highlands, he
Swore in pure Scotch, he would not care one fig
For riding after *any kind* of pig.

XII.

Whether McHatchins changed his mind, and whether
He found hog-hunting no such easy matter
Will be found out hereafter, when together
With his two friends, we shall behold him clatter

O'er Deckan's stony ground with breeks of leather
And hearts of steel, and hopes that vainly flatter.
They went—McCleod, McHatchins, and McGregor
With one large Brandy bottle and a nigger!

XIII.

At last the long-desired Bombay appears,
And 'mid the waters lifts its ugly head!
Soothed by the sight, our maiden dries her tears,
And each young Warrior arms himself in red.
But still Miss Emma could not calm her fears,
Nor view the natives but with maiden dread,
Who came, uncumber'd by shirt, shoe or stocking!
To a young British vestal very shocking.

LETTER TO JOHN DOCKERY.

The following has been sent us under an envelope with a request that we would forward it to Honest John Dockery. We shall certainly do so by the first private opportunity that may occur (wishly to save John unnecessary postage), but in the mean time we will venture to treat our readers to a sight of it, as it contains many very valuable hints for sporting people.

Thorparch, nere Tadcaster,
Yorkshere, Nov. 1828.

DERE COUSEN JOHN,

Them be vine inventshuns that the noing ones calls *Steemers*, —mi i how they does fly! Unkel and cousen Rooger ave got them letters which you rote from Poonur—what a vunny place it mon be!—Virst and voremost I will tell'ee that your feyther is delited to hear you bares no malice in your art, and hast forgot the kick on your you no where. He's quite harty and sends his benedickshun and is glad to larn you are so pleesed wi Mr. Doolittle, your new maister, who mus have sum old Yorkshire blud in his vains, I take it, to be so vond of sporting, more particular, as from your account, he's sich a rum set to hunt wi.—But cousen in these parts we all think you're vunning us about the dogs they hunt wi at Amudnoogur; for I nose that sum very fine dogs of the true sort goes evry yere to a pleace thy calls Calicut, wich being not far from you, being as how I ears it be also in the Eestern Hinges, you ave I dare say seen, in your travels. I ears from that notoryas good rider Sam Thaw, who went out from these here parts as you've done, for a Jockey to a great racing Gemman in Calicut, that them little ones you turned up your nose at, goes well after the dogs—this we guess to be another of your Hingee flams, for how can such a poney like get over the vences? the upshot is I spoze, they've nun to stop 'em—I nose also that fine orses ave been sent to Hingee from Old England, and I can't but think it would be more worthier the English caractur, and for the benefit of the poor Hingeans, to do as we've dun in Old Yorkshire: improve

the bread of your Cattel, by getting of size from them as we sends out. But this I spoze your Hingee friends object to, from the huge fortins they makes in so short a time which makes 'em not like to wait and zee the end on't, or as we're tould here few men in Hinjee loikes to go out of the beaten path; yet I'm tould that a great *Kernel*, who is called "the Feythur of the Turf in Bengall" thof he be in Calicut, keeps a foine stud, at a pleace they calls Mererut, the Kernel's Country house I take it, and has, wi some others there, bread a team of winners, such as your leetel poney like Arabs, cannot rate wi, anihow, wait for age, as we runs em here. Look cousen John at the size and powers of our Orses —yet our true blud I'm tould, is from your poney Arabs. Now as you must have a lot to chuse from for dams, why in the name of fortune don't you try and make Mr. Doolittle endeavour to improve your Hingee stock? He'd have pleesure in breading I takes it, for it be the delite of a Yorkshireman and at less expense, sum considerashun; for I hears say you pays from a matter of £200 to £500 for a poney like, that, ater all, may have no go in him; for Sam Thaw rites that it be often your cross-graind, ugly three cornerd commodity brutes, loike the one you rode ater the varmint kivered with arsa fetitur, that often proves to have the nack of putting his legs from his sholders, better, and quiker, than the more reglar shape ones.

Who told you Phebe Harpur's youngun squints and as a carroty pole? Bless you cousin the boy promises to be as foine a chap as you ever clapd I's on; he's your I's and is a little bandy leg'd or so. I mean to tak'um in, and for your sake, whatever you may say to the contrary, shall put un into the stables, and when you cum hoame, you may zee an riding the fether waits at Doncaster. Poor Phebe hant hung her head up like since you went away, and I nose she has a loiking for you; so mi dere cousin, dont marry any of the black Hingee Ladys; made your fortin, which I spoze will be in three or four ears, and cum away hoame to us.

Poonur and Bumbay from what I gathurs from the news, which we now rede since you've gone out, appears to have a huge number of libral gemmen who keeps large racing stabels. I zeed also an account of races at Kaunpoor, near Poonur I spoze, where they ave a fashion as you ave, of preventing a orse running as a maiden, because as why, he has started and lost! Why man alive no orse looses his maiden rite, till he ave won! and upon principel, we lets a bad one try his chance to be flogged into notice.

Maister Gambado, in a vunny letter telling a Gemman how to train orses—By the way I'll recummend the mashed turnips to your Broother Roger, for the vurst custumer as comes to un for advice about a delicate feeder, for we have a mort of Turnips now in Yorkshire, and some queer uns are for boiling all mannur of food,—I sees Mr. Gambado says the *Accident* colt, which walked over for a colt's plate, was distanced, cause as why his Jockey dismounted before he cum to scales. All right this, but Mr. Gambado goes on to say, that the orse, or his maister, which be all one you no, lost his Maiden. How is this settled with you Hingeans? Wi us, by the rules of the Jockey club, he would not be in sich a perdicament—Jack Squezebottle, who you must remember keeps The Flying Chil-

ders, now takes in the Racing Kalender—he has lent it to me, for thof I can only sign my mark (Oliver Keepstrait our clark rites this letter for me) I can rede and the following rules of them as knows what's what says, "The term winner applies only to the horse that beats all the rest; that the receiver of a forfeit is not deemed to be the winner of a race unless specified to be so by a *particular article.*" Now the Accident colt, could have won nothing, not even the forfeits, cause as how he was clean distanced, and if you take the trouble to look at Racing Kalender 1823, Page 26, you'll find that at Chester 5th *May*, (mind the dates John) Mr. Beadsworth's Brummagen, was second for a Sweepstakes—Page 28 at the same place, he ran again but was not placed, yet at Manchester the 21*st same month*, Page 40, Brummagem ran for the £60 plate for *Maiden Osses.* I give this as xampel particlar—as Brummagem having runned twice without winning, starts for a *Maiden Plate.*

Again I ears one of your fancies is that if two gemmen makes a race P. P. them as bets on the osses, must be maid to make their bets P. P. also—This I ears tell, is *Nagpoor Law.* Why cousen John what a fine thing this would be for our black legs; a fortin might be maid by 'em on a race. Two queer ones have nothing to do, but make a flam race P. P. and settel between 'em that they would compromise the match, and then in a reglar, black leg stile, with their party, lay it on thick and thick, upon the orse they ment should receive, and the betters, simple volk, coming into Yorkshire, not nowing the trick, would be reglar fleaced, by being compelled, if Nagpoor Law be racing Law, to pay their bets. No, no, John, we don't race, or bet in this here fashun in Old England, and thof we are said to bite even the noing ones who comes into Yorkshire we stick to the law of our old opponunts at Newmarket.

Again I be toald at that pleace I before mentioned, Kaunpoor—they says as how a gemman can't pay or declare his forfeit to a Sweepstakes, the mornin afore the race. Why here now they deviats from English rules, and therefore as you be a Jockey now, and I spoze out and out the best in your parts, I will put you up to the thing, in case it happens to Mr. Dolittel.

Look at Racing Kalendar for 1824. Page 50. For the Workingham Sweepstakes at Ascot, 21 Subscribers—after giving the neams of the orses is the following remark, "all the above were saddled for starting, and with the exception of three, ran the course through, Orion and Philip coming in first and second; after it had been declared a false start, seven horses were drawn,—Betting before the false start 2 to 1 on Barefoot, 8 to 1 against any other, 12 to 1 against Orion, afterwards 5 to 4 on Orion against the field,—under the particular circumstances, it was referred to the Jockey Club to determine how bets were to be settled, whose opinion was, that bets should stand only against such horses, as started the second time, excepting of course any P. P. bets."

"A fresh rule, however, was made, which will be found amongst the resolutions of the Jockey Club, see Page XLI. Racing Cal. 1824."

This rule is, that horses, once brought *to the Post*, when called for are obliged to run or pay, and then, are no longer able to declare half forfeit.

No more at this present from your looving cousen,
PHIL. DOCKERY, his × mark.
(witness O. K.)

P. S. Dido's poops are all well. The brown mare has a colt fole to Dr. Sintacks. Bring me home a Rinocer orse, if you catch one in your hunts, and let me no how you trains and feeds em.

To John Dockery,
At Squire Doolittle's
Poonur East Hingee.

BARODA RACES.—BURSATEE.

SIR,

As you were good enough to express a wish to hear from me again (though I am afraid the majority of your readers will be of a different opinion), and as you call on all sportsmen to assist you in your work, I will try what I can do; but as I see John Dockery intends favouring you with an account of the Baroda races, and no doubt they will be served up in a first-rate style, I am afraid my communication will be distanced. However, as Baroda is the only meeting I have had the pleasure of seeing this season, I must try and give you some of the leading points of it. The first race of the meeting was for the GOVERNMENT PLATE, given with a view of improving the breed of horses on this side. The plate was advertised too late for the regular turf characters to prepare horses for it. Three, however, showed at the post, but the race was won easily by SORCERESS, a large chestnut by *Sorcerer* out of a Kattywar mare. I should not have noticed this race had it not been the first of the kind run on this course and to mark the liberality of Government in some things, yet I hope I shall not be deemed presumptuous if I submit that the terms of the race as they now stand are not at all calculated to forward the object in view. The present terms are known to all; the following with some modifications would, I think, be more likely to succeed. I would make three races, viz. A plate of Rs. 500 for all Country Mares, who have never started, &c., &c., carrying 9st. 4lb. heats two miles, Government to have the option of taking the winner for the stud at Rs. 700. A plate of Rs. 400 for all maiden Country Horses, two miles heats carrying 10st.; the remaining 300, which will make up the amount given by Government this year, to be given for all country horses *bonâ fide* the property of natives. The winner of this stakes to receive half the stakes down and the remaining half at the following meeting and to show the winning horse when he comes for the money. This plan has no doubt many objections, but when a hint is thrown out it is easily improved upon, and I hope this next will not be thrown away on your other contributors. We had two very interesting races the first day: the first in order was the EXTEMPORE PLATE. *Harlequin*, *Blackfoot*, and *Little Rib* appeared to contend for this Prize, *Harlequin* the favorite for the first heat. *Harlequin* and *Blackfoot* ran well and together to within the distance, when *Blackfoot* came out and won by a couple of lengths. *Harlequin* after this was drawn, and the race was considered to be decided. The knowing ones,

however, at fault (though I did not hear of any *unknowing* one profiting by it), for after a regular rattler *Little Rib* won by a length. He also won the third heat and thus the race. The next was the POST MATCH. *Paul Pry* and *Chapeau de Paille* were brought out, *Paul* decidedly the favourite in consequence of *Chapeau's* not having been able to take his regular exercise for some days previously. The event confirmed the general expectation, for at the last turn in, *Chapeau* swerved (which, by-the-by, he had been attempting the whole way round) and *Paul* came out and won easy. We had another POST MATCH the second day, between *Paul Pry* and *Wildrake; Paul* won this easier than the former one. *Wildrake* is too violent for two miles, but for a mile or a mile and a half it will take a very capital horse to beat him: with the exception of *Boxkeeper*, perhaps, he is the most blood-looking animal on the course. His colour, bay, however, shows him off to the best advantage, whilst the colour of the other, grey, is rather against him. *Paul Pry* was again lucky on the third day, winning the RESIDENT'S CUP against *Blackfoot* and *Ugly Mug*. The fourth day brought out the old horse *Boxkeeper*, and well did he support his former character by winning the GUZERAT TURF CLUB CUP from *Paul Pry* in two well contested heats. *Harlequin* was brought out for the HUNTER'S PLATE, and I fancy for the last time. *Lightly-beats* won easy, *Harlequin* second. The MHOW stables were again lucky on the fifth day, *Boxkeeper* winning the CHAMPAGNE STAKES without much trouble, and *Wildrake* the Give and Take with equally as little. But the sixth day was destined to show as fine a race as ever was run on the BARODA course. The race, the BARODA PLATE, the competitors *Boxkeeper* and *Paul Pry*, and each had their backers. The first heat was won very cleverly by *Paul Pry*, time 4½; the second *Boxkeeper* got three lengths at starting and *Paul* could never get to his head; time 3-59½. The last heat was beautiful, *Boxkeeper* led by half a length for a mile and a half, when *Paul* came up. At this distance it was either's race; but through superior jockeyship *Paul* won by a length, time 4-4. The riding of *Paul's* jockey was as near perfection as anything could be, and quite equal to that of any provincial jockey in England. He rode all his races through the meeting with a patience and judgment that did him infinite credit. It will be seen that the two heats won by *Paul Pry* were much slower run than the one won by *Boxkeeper!* the slow running exactly suited *Paul Pry*. It was the general opinion that had *Boxkeeper* gone off at score for the last heat and made running all the way round he could not have lost the race. The remaining races were indifferently contested; *Paul Pry* won another stakes on the last day, thus coming out six times, and winning five races; however, he deserves it all, for he is a beautiful animal.

The question of what is a cure for Bursatee will, I am afraid, remain a long time unanswered. The treatment recommended by "O." appears to be judicious. It is something of the same nature as the Grease, only much more virulent. No one attempts to cure the Grease by local remedies; the first object is, improve the state of the blood and the condition of the animal, and the effect will soon show itself at the parts diseased. Sooner than be troubled with a horse afflicted with

the Bursatee I would get rid of him at any sacrifice. He will be useless all the monsoon, say five months of the year, and surely the trouble, medicines, and attention he requires at that season greatly overbalance his services for the remaining portion of the year. And now, Mr. Editor, to conclude. Your Racing Calendar has surpassed my expectations; it is now in the proper form, and must answer. Do you not, however, think that a detailed account of the Derby and Oaks at Epsom and the St. Leger at Doncaster would make a good show in your English Sporting Intelligence? Every sportsman is interested in those races. Mr. Petre, you must have seen, won the St. Leger with *the Colonel*; the same horse also run a dead heat with the Duke of Rutland's *Sorcery colt Cadland* for the Derby, who however beat him afterwards. Had the *Colonel* had the luck to win both Derby and St. Leger, it would have been a feather in his cap for ever. Both races have never been won by the same horse but once, by *Champion* in 1800. However, they never let us win in the South, and wicey warsey, as John Dockery has it, we always beat them in the North.

I remain, yours truly,

A TYKE.

Baroda.

WOODCOCKS.

The existence of woodcocks in India has generally been considered extremely doubtful, if not altogether incredible; the two following instances may, perhaps, in some way tend to remove these doubts, and to prove that the birds have been both seen and shot in this country.

Daniel, in his Rural Sports, mentions that in 1798 a woodcock, the first seen in India, which weighed thirty Sicca rupees, was shot at Chittagong, by a gentleman resident at Dacca. It was exposed for the satisfaction of the curious, and was then sent to Bengal, where it is now preserved.

The author of the *Wild Sports of the East* observes, "*Woodcocks* are so extremely scarce, that most of the best and oldest sportmen doubt whether *one* is to be found in India. However, *two or three* have to my knowledge been shot. Indeed, I am greatly mistaken if I did not one day see *several brace* as I was following the course of a small river through an extensive jungle of underwood near Hazarybaug. They fled before me for at least a mile, suddenly dropping as they got out of my reach, and taking great care to dodge in such a manner through the bushes as to destroy every possibility of taking an effectual aim. It was in the month of January, when we had as sharp a frost as I ever can remember to have experienced in India."

Perhaps some of our sporting friends may be able to afford some additional instances of the birds having been seen in this country, and would take the trouble of describing their size, colour, &c.

F. D. K.

26th November.

LETTER FROM NOVICE.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

Poona, March 1st, 1829.

SIR,

As you very well know, or, if you do not, your grandmother will tell you that the fat of the viper is the best remedy for its sting, so I feel confident you will not refuse me redress in your next Magazine for the serious injury inflicted upon me in your second number. A glance at my signature will at once explain the nature of the grievance I complain of, and the name of the person who so grossly imposed on me. Sir, I write in some agitation and some anger. Jasper Gambado is the man! How much I trusted his plausible instructions, how sincerely I believed all his deceitful praises, and how completely I have been duped and gulled, the melancholy state of my stable will best prove. It is a lamentable fact that, instead of appearing on the course with a fine and fearful stud of racers, I do assure you, sir, as I am a gentleman, that I could not show one—not one—no, not even to run for the Hack or the Hunter's Plates. And all this was owing to the imposition practised upon me by that fellow Jasper Gambado—which, by-the-by, cannot be his real name, for I have looked all over the Army List, and he is no officer—and I have skimmed over the Civil List, and he is no gentleman—so what he must be is pretty clear, I think. But I must tell you all my misfortunes. The other day I took a friend of mine into my stables to ask his opinion of my nags. Everything had been done as your correspondent, that arch imposter J. G., recommended: the stable was so hot we could scarcely breathe, and the horses were all in a fine frothy sweat. What *could* be better? said I to my friend; but conceive my horror when he rushed out again in a most violent hurry, and to my great consternation called out—"*what a damned fool you are! your horses are half stifled, and are sweating to death; open every door instantly,*" and open they went. By-the-by, I must tell you that three of my stud, *Buz*, *Friz*, and *Fuz*, had died a few days before. Well, my friend pronounced *Quiz* and *Whiz* gone in the back sinew. *Boaz*, the colt which I had tried with the mashed turnips and afterwards with water, had got the dropsy; and poor *Kurruz* was as lean as a lizard, quite a dog horse and chest foundered! whilst my jockey, from having had nothing to do (for I took all the riding and feeding and every kind of trouble on myself), was grown as burly as a parish beadle, weighed 9st. 7lb. without his boots, and was as fat as a fool. Now, sir, here's a climax, and all owing to the imposition (in which, by publishing it, you aided and abetted,) practised on me by Jasper Gambado. Why, sir, your Magazine can never succeed while you allow it to be the *channel* of such deception, or rather the *gutter* of such gross gulling, and as I hope you are impartial and unprejudiced, I expect you yourself will take your pen to advocate the cause of one who has suffered so much from fraud and fiction, and punish this Mr. Jasper Gambado for his presumption. At the same time I wish you would present my acknowledgments to Mr. Samuel Surly,

whose advice, though roughly and rudely given, is, I am now convinced, real good and downright truth, and I dare say O. K. means all proper too, though I cannot quite understand all he says, and I am now sorry for my rather severe and sarcastic remarks on his letter.

Notwithstanding my losses, I have too much pluck to give up, and as I shall soon be in Bombay for a fresh batch of horses, I should feel grateful if any *real sportsman* (none of your jesuitical Jasper Gambados) would meet me at the stables and help me to pick out a few bits of blood. I am told there are about thirty-five brothers of Bundoola, and two of his sisters at Byramjee's, and that Daddy Suntook has seven first cousins to Emelina, and the aunt of Paul Pry. Perhaps the sporting gentleman you so much praised in your last Mercury might be induced to assist a beginner. I should not wait for the ceremony of a formal introduction; in fact, such nonsensical etiquette should be scouted from the turf. I am easily known, being rather lean and rather lanky, always dress in woollens, and wear a white hat.—My face is *dimpled* (the ladies tell me so), not pitted with the small pox, and I ride a bright bay business pony.

Your obedient Servant,

NOVICE.

NOTE.—We really cannot permit this infamous and flagitious attack upon our esteemed friend and correspondent GAMBADO to pass without a comment. Simply because *Novice's* adoption of that experienced Sportsman's suggestions has failed, he argues their absurdity and incapability!—nay, he goes further, and charges *malice prepense* and deception upon his counsellor, and taunts our sacred selves with aiding and abetting the imposture by the act of publication!

Really the ingratitude of this base and dirty world is past all endurance; and every fresh instance of it tempts us to cry out in the emphatic language of *Paul Pry*, "May we never do another good action in our lives again!"

Novice, green as he is, must surely know that in the treatment of a horse, as well as a man, doctors are apt to differ. The specific remedy which the experience of one man may lead him to think infallible, is cried down by another as hazardous or ineffectual. All are perhaps good enough in their way, and when they fail, the failure may not improbably arise from the clumsy application of the prescription. Such, with all deference to our correspondent, we take to be the case with Novice's mode of applying the voluntary and well intentioned suggestions of Jasper Gambado. For example, the wire whip may have been too thick or too frequently applied; the stables never cleaned out (for though Jasper said "*always* keep the stables hot," common sense would have suggested a *slight* and obviously necessary departure from the *strict letter* of the instruction); the mashed turnips were not tried on BOAZ for a sufficient length of time, and the water might have been brackish or otherwise bad. Under these impressions we should say to Novice—try again! Never give up! Take Gambado's advice *as it is meant to be taken*, allowing something for the constitution of your horses, and being careful that the *materials* you employ are of the right sort.

When Novice comes to Bombay we shall be most happy to sell him a couple of promising colts, from our own stable. Trust to a *regular dealer* and you'll be *dealt with*:—no, no—a private friend, say we, who's above dirty work and will see you well fitted.

We have only one word of advice to offer, in addition to what has been submitted by Gambado, in regard to the treatment of horses training for the turf. Immediately a horse has swilled a bucket of water give him a kick in the guts. If an audible response succeeds to the application of the foot he has enough; if not, give him some more, drenching him should he object to take the water quietly.

Then again, when a horse copiously perspires from the heat of the stable, cover him with *wet cloths* and pour pails of water over them. If he gets a cold, he is a brute and not worth keeping and the sooner sold or shot the better.—ED.

LETTER FROM JASPER GAMBADO.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

NOVICE, in the last number of your Sporting Magazine, addresses himself to me; he is most welcome to do so, but I cannot condescend to return the compliment at present for reasons best known to myself, though easy to be guessed by any one who is not a Novice. His remarkably clever and uncommonly entertaining letter shows clearly and plainly what a devilish apt young Tyro I have pitched upon, and I hope he will soon reap all the benefit from his newly-adopted system of training which so zealous a racing amateur and so knowing a personage deserves.

Before I continue my hints and suggestions, it behoves me to thank him for the very Johnsonian-like way in which he catches at and corrects my mistakes (*mistakes*, Mr. Editor) with regard to the country of O'Kelly, and the countenance of O'Keefe. No one, I will venture to say, except so intelligent a Zoilus as NOVICE, could have discovered in my words the meaning he has attached to them, and whilst I give him all the credit which has discernment so richly merits, I shall take especial care in future to express myself with more perspicuity and conciseness to a young gentleman of his discrimination and critical acumen.

His Boaz Colt, who dislikes the mashed turnips (I am afraid he did not *butter* them), and whom he has been drenching with water, is, I have no doubt, by this time, ready for anything which so judicious a mode of treatment would naturally render any horse fit for, and I fully anticipate his grateful thanks for my valuable veterinarial advice and prescriptions.

But as I did not see any of his Z horses running at any of the race meetings of this season, I am sadly afraid something must have gone wrong with all his prettily named stud, and if so, I would now recommend him to follow a diametrically opposite system and try his luck that way; he can always gallop their guts out.

By-the-by, he has certainly selected a difficult letter to be the perpetual final of his horse's names; but that I suppose was done to prevent other people *poaching* on his *manner*, and I am at a loss how to assist him with others. Doz, the contraction for dozen, might do, though that looks *shoppish*, and Coz for Cousin sounds too *ominous*. No, I am afraid since he has exhausted his Z vocabulary that he must submit to the name of Snob, and take another, or else let him boldly strike out a new nomenclature, and style his horses after the form of their make, or the fashion of their go. I should think the following would look well, and read well in the public prints. Mr. Novice's B. A. H. Bottle-belly, or Mr. Novice's Bony-back, or Tallow-tail, which are quite as correct, and as Turfishly tasty as Ugly Mug, Little-rib, and Blackfoot; while a Trip-heavy, or Go-stupid would be quite as euphonious and very likely just as appropriate as Lightly-beats and Go-lightly.

I was greatly amused to see how *wide awake* he was to the humbug

of O. K. I am sure that writer will be deeply disappointed that his letter did not *take in* our young friend, as he no doubt had anticipated: and I shall be curious to know how he will look upon that crusty composition of old Sam Surly. By the same token, Mr. Editor, you ought to be much obliged to NOVICE, for he has brought grist to your mill, in the shape of letters from Tyke, O. K., Sam Surly, and your humble servant.

I understand that he will soon be at the Presidency; so shall I, and be devilish glad to meet him, and give him all the assistance in my power, particularly if he should wish to make any new purchases, which may be rather desirable to him, especially since the Arab dealers have taken it into their clever heads to square their horses' tails, just as I formerly recommended to him, which renders it particularly difficult even for the Bombay knowing ones (so called I fancy from knowing nothing) to distinguish a bad horse from a worse, and perfectly puzzles the Spoons.

As the great prop of the Bycullah Course is about to leave off business, NOVICE might come in for the post, and so, soon get to the top of the tree, and when he is once pinnacled there he may say and do what he likes; no one then will venture to call him a Snob or a Spoon, and very few will think him one; but of course he may meet with some exceptions who would both think and say so too, but I have done with NOVICE for the present; and now for a word or two with you. Your kind consideration in sheltering me from the personalities of Bob Logic has my thanks. Such attacks you do right to reject, but I own I should like to have had a fling at Bob, and prove to him that I know a horse from an ass. I should say he was Novice, but that Novice must profess less inability and more good sense.

Your obedient servant,
JASPER GAMBADO.

RULES OF THE BARODA COURSE.

General rules of the Course, those of "Newmarket" and the "Jockey Club."

Special Rules as follow, viz.

1st. Horses will not be permitted to run as colts that have not a colt's tooth on the day of running, unless a Certificate be produced, signed by two Stewards, or where there are no Stewards by two gentlemen, certifying that the horse had a colt's tooth on the day specified in the prospectus.

2nd. Horses walking over the Course for any of the plates given from the fund shall be only entitled to half the value; and it is hereby expected that no person will borrow a horse for the purpose of taking the whole Plate.

3rd. One Gold Mohur to be paid for every horse, mare, or gelding, and ten Rupees for every pony as entrance to every race, for Cup, Purse, Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, provided they are entered before three o'clock of the day preceding that on which they are to start, or every horse, mare, or gelding to pay a post entrance of ten Gold Mohurs, and every pony pays a post entrance of five Gold Mohurs, and to go to the fund; horses may be entered by sealed

nominations addressed to the Secretary, to be by him opened and declared at three o'clock.

4th. All English imported horses to be considered excluded from the Course after the meeting 1830, unless admitted by the conditions of any particular race, when they will carry 12lbs. extra.

5th. All horses bred on this side of India are qualified to run on equal terms with Arabs.

6th. Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.

7th. One quarter of an inch allowed to horses measuring with shoes on.

8th. Horses to take their stations at the Starting Post, agreeably to tickets marked, No. 1 inside, No. 2 second, and so on, to be drawn for by their owners or Ponies.

9th. No person to be allowed to start a horse for any race, who has not previously paid up all subscriptions and entrances.

10th. None but bonâ fide subscribers' horses can be entered for any Plate, Purse, Cup, Match or Sweepstakes, excepting for the Government Plate, which is open to all.

11th. The different Sweepstakes of the Course are open to all stations until the day of closing notified in the prospectus, provided the wish of any subscriber to enter be intimated to the Secretary by letter dated and dispatched by the Post of that day.

12th. No person, or declared confederates, to run more than one horse in each race, and any horse once entered and drawn for the purpose of entering another, subscriptions and entrances to be paid for each agreeably to the terms of the race and usages of the Course.

13th. Stewards to be elected annually, some few days before the races commence, from amongst those subscribers who are not owners or declared confederates of running horses of the meeting.

14th. The decision of the Stewards to be final.

DUNCAN W. SHAW,
Secretary.

Baroda, 11th March, 1829.

ON PEACH TREES.

The peach stones should be preserved till the beginning of June, when the kernels should be taken out and exposed to the air for a few days to render them dry and hard; they should then be placed in common seed beds and furnished with water sufficient to keep the ground constantly moist; when grown to about the height of twelve inches they should be transplanted. Young peach trees grow very rapidly, and are inclined to run into very irregular shapes if not attended to, and to become overloaded with leaves; from these circumstances the young tree is checked in its growth. The leaves near the ground in the former case must be carefully and prudently removed with a knife, and in the latter the ball at the extremity must always be cut away, when the tree will throw out a new branch, which must be made the stem. Both in the said bed and afterwards the leaves and branches near the ground should gradually be taken away, but it must never be cut too severely at once, and then there must always be an interval of some days between each opera-

tion. Young peach trees should be thus treated to grow to a single stem, which must be entirely free from branches to the height of three feet from the ground, and from that period they may be left to themselves and will require no other pruning than what the alder trees shall receive at that season. Grass roots will do great injury to these young plants by entangling with their roots, which they will even destroy if suffered to remain; it is advisable, therefore, that they should be removed by taking out a portion of the earth. The month of September, after the rains have closed, is perhaps the best time for this operation, and the addition of a little manure will give strength to the tree; this will be necessary the first year only, as thereafter they will require to be treated like the old trees. These trees will have fruits within the second year. Peach trees usually receive their annual supply of wood in the months of October, November, and December; as soon as this shall be completed the sap begins to descend, and the trees remain in that state until April or May, when the leaves fall and blossoms make their appearance. Whilst the fruit is setting, and some time afterwards, the wood buds throw out short shoots that are well covered with leaves for the defence of the fruit against the climate. When their branches have extended a very few inches only they remain stationary until the crop of fruit is ready and entirely finished; they then lengthen and others appear all over the tree. The former of these shoots make their appearance in the latter end of the year or whenever the peaches are forming, and the latter some time in the months mentioned, and all these branches will bear fruit in the ensuing season, both the wood that was thrown out for the protection of the fruit and the younger wood of the same branches that afterwards become elongated, as also of theirs, and which differ in age three or four months. Such trees as fail to give out new wood cannot yield fruit in the succeeding year, for the same branches do not bear peaches a second time, as it is the new wood only which furnishes fruit; the chief management of peach trees consists in preserving such a supply of branches as may be expected to give peaches in proportion to their strength and no more; for whenever these trees contain a superabundance of wood the fruit will always be small and generally bitter. I prefer this mode of management to that of thinning the peaches when too numerous, as the excess of wood is of itself sufficient to weaken the tree, whilst the removal of it invigorates and prolongs their existence or lives. Peach trees will thrive well in any good and light soil, but they are partial to a moist situation. The proper time for pruning peach trees is after the sap has descended, when they shall be quiescent, as then they support the operation much better than at any other time.

When these trees have been attended to from the time of their appearance above ground, much pruning can at no time be required; they will not under such treatment receive any shock or derangement, and instead of suffering from it they will be greatly improved by the operation; whereas, whenever much wood is removed at any one time, they are apt to be checked in their growth, and oftentimes will not recover from the injury in less than two or three months. I prefer pruning

peach trees in the middle of July, the old speckled and hard wood should then be removed by cutting such branches out entirely; the slender and delicate branches should likewise be taken away, and such as are allowed to remain should not be too crowded or too close upon each other, but preserved at proper distances; the centre of the tree should be well cleared of wood, and should there be an abundance of rough and far projecting branches, some of them may likewise be removed, leaving the remainder at proper distances, as they will oftentimes, notwithstanding they appear hard and old, throw out new and strong branches which will bear fruit. As it is of great consequence to have the peach trees of a large size, it is of far more importance to attend to this than to their shape. All long and healthy branches, particularly such as proceed direct from the trunk, should be left to furnish fruit-bearing wood. The branches should never be shortened by lopping off their extremities, but those that are intended to be pruned, whether principal or lateral branches or the side shoots from the latter, or the shoots from these again, ought always to be completely removed; the fourth order of branches being at a great distance from any nourishment will, in general, be slender and delicate and not worth pruning. Such branches being all strong and perfectly capable of bearing the fruit they may contain, will be better nourished themselves, and will consequently be stronger and give better fruit, no part of the nourishment of the tree being thrown away in the support of useless wood.

Subsequent to this operation peach trees require no other management than the ordinary waterings, until he following October, when the blossoms begin to appear, and when the roots must be opened. As peach trees sustain little or no injury from having their roots opened when in blossom, provided they be covered up again immediately, I prefer the latter end of October for the process; notwithstanding many of the trees in the garden may be in blossom earlier than others (as it will always be the case when the peach orchard is extensive that the peach trees do not blossom at the same time), it is preferable to wait than to manure and dress such trees as have not dropped nearly the whole of their leaves. These trees blossom at different periods throughout the whole of the months of September and October, and I consider this is the natural season in the Mysore climate; some trees, however (such as are getting old or may be crowded with wood), will blossom irregularly throughout six or seven months of the year, but their fruit will come to nothing. By opening the roots of, and adding manure to, such trees as still retain many of their leaves with a firm and strong hold, and by supplying such trees with the additional quantity of water that this deepening renders necessary, the wood buds are formed to the injury of the tree. To have a successful crop of fruit the blossoms must always make their appearance before the leaves. Old leaves that are withered and easily detached may be removed without any detriment to the trees, and the roots may in such instances be opened. Whenever it may be thought advisable to open the roots it should be performed by taking out the earth to a considerable distance all round each tree—and nearly as low as the surface of the roots; the earth in contact with, and amongst, the latter

should be loosened by the hand-hoe, to facilitate the entire removal of the grass roots, which ought to be taken away from all the earth within this space. Three whed-barrows full of a composition prepared by mixing equal parts of red earth, sheep's dung, and common manure well together, should then be added to every old or full-grown tree, and in the same proportion to others that are younger, after which the earth may be returned and the trees should be watered. The roots of old and strong peach trees should be exposed to the sun for four, five, or six days, but those of the young ones being more tender ought to be closed up again as speedily as may be convenient. After peach trees have been dressed as above, they should be watered every other day until they have received three waterings to counteract the heat of the sun at this season of the year and prevent its injuring the stem;—but from that time to the conclusion of the first season once every three days will be perfectly sufficient, and afterwards, till the season returns for deeping them again, they will only require a supply of water every five or six days according to the nature and quality of the soil in which they may be planted. As peaches require nearly four months to mature and ripen, if the trees be deeped in October the ripe fruit may be expected in the following February, when their growth and enlargement will have taken place during the coldest and most favourable time of the year; they commence to ripen at the commencement of the hot season, when the heat will enrich and swell the fruit, and as the season generally continues about two months, it will be completed before the violent storms set in in April. When the trees blossom late and the fruit does not acquire its full growth before the hot weather has well advanced, the excessive heat of the sun shrivels the peaches. During the fruit season the grass should occasionally be removed from the surface of the earth immediately surrounding the stems of the trees to prevent the small ants from ascending to the peaches, which, when nearly ripe, are injured by these insects and frequently spoiled by them. Peach trees will bear a liberal pruning in the month of July, when they have acquired their annual supply of new wood, and whilst at rest; but if this operation be deferred until the fall of the leaves when the flower-buds are enlarging and forming into blossoms, they must be pruned with great moderation, for if much wood be taken away the tree will be too much forced and will let fall those blossoms to the diminution of the crops of fruit, and remain in a pining and weakly condition for a time, during which many of the branches will probably die or else some of the trees themselves will, which I have known to happen. The same shoots bear fruit once only; these will rather lengthen and furnish buds for fruit in the subsequent year, or else lateral ramifications will be thrown out either from these or from older branches for the same purpose, but the same wood never yields fruit a second time. When peach trees attain six or seven years of age they are apt to cease furnishing new wood annually, and when that failure takes place they cannot yield fruit in the following year; such trees will decline more rapidly every year as they advance in age, each interval of failure to furnish new wood being longer than the preceding one, until they cease to bear fruit altogether.

The first sign of advanced age in peach trees is the late appearance of the new wood of the season; their branches are crowded together and do not attain the lengths of the younger trees. Having had little experience in the grafting and inoculating of peach trees, I am unable to speak with precision as to the utility of either of the operations; but from the appearance of inoculated and grafted trees which are now in gardens at ———. I am inclined to entertain no very favourable opinion of either of these operations; they had become stunted and had every experience of old age earlier than the seedling trees. With the exception of about three years, their supplies of new wood were not so liberal as those of the latter, and they failed earlier in bearing peaches. I conceive, however, that I require greater experience on the subject to entitle this opinion to any consideration. Inoculated peach trees, or such as may be grafted upon stalks of the same fruit, likewise layers or slips, particularly the latter, never grow to the size of seedling trees, which is a natural objection to any of the former modes of propagating, and by preserving a nursery of small trees, such as are either old or yield bad fruit can be replaced by them.

SONG.

Parody on "*Should those fond hopes e'er forsake thee.*"

I.

Should the Spirit of Sport fail to make thee
Dash on, when the wild Boar is near;
Should thy nerve and thy courage forsake thee,
In the hour when thy hand grasps the spear;
Should the comrades with whom thou hast ridden,
In days which for ever have flown,
All, like falcons, fly by thee, unbidden,
And leave thee, tame Tinker, alone;

II.

Oh! 'tis then every Spoon would despise thee,
Every Snob would enjoy thy disgrace,
Then shake off thy fears I advise thee,
And once more try thy chance in the chase.
Just like *that* "Lovely Sow,"* you remember,
Who once rush'd from the jungle, and then—
Got a poke from our oldest Turf-member
And slunk back to her covert again!

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* This strange expression originated in the following anecdote. A certain Exquisite having one day fed plentifully on Pork, was walking after dinner with the gentleman with whom he had feasted, and passing by a piggery, he beheld a huge Sow, whose size and shape attracted his attention. "Pray, ith that" (he lisped out in the true dandy drawl) "ith that the parent of your Pork, Thir?" "She is," replied the host, on which the Exquisite exclaimed—"Thee'th a *lovely thow*—upon my thoul, a *lovely thow*, I'll take my oath, a *lovely thow*."

GAME REPORT OF THE DECCAN.

The great scarcity of game this year in all parts of the Deccan can only be accounted for by the unusually protracted time of the setting in of the last monsoon, which at length came with such violence as to upset the broods, and addle the eggs, of all those that did not bargain for such a season, and wait until the first burst of the rains was over ere they feathered their nest. The fowler, in his range, will daily met with instances to confirm him in this idea:—the occasional bevies of half fledged quail, the quantity of eggs of Quail, Partridge, and Florican, found on the ground, in such a manner as to indicate that a second breeding must have taken place throughout the feathered game; together with the number of diseased hares which seem to have suffered equally by unseasonable weather. Even the common grey quail are but scantily sprinkled over the country, and rise in pairs; a Florican is rarely to be met with; wildfowl by no means so numerous as in former seasons, so that a sportsman can scarcely shoot enough to satisfy himself for his trouble in its pursuit. Snipe, however, must be considered an exception to this dearth of game, and are found in great numbers, which is easily explained by their not breeding in this part of the country.—*Poonah, Feb.*, 1829.

DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

As this subject appears to be one of interest to some of our subscribers we shall offer no apology for suggesting a remedy which was communicated to us by a canine amateur, and of the efficacy of which we have had "the ocular proof." It is simple in the extreme—but as it can only be applied to *whelps*, it must be considered a preventive, rather than a cure.

Inoculate Whelps a fortnight old for the Cow Pox in the ROOTS OF BOTH EARS, *in order to prevent their licking or scratching before the virus has diffused itself.*

In evidence of the value and certainty of this proceeding we will mention an interesting fact. A favourite bitch littered nine; seven of these were inoculated and two left untouched. About seven weeks afterwards a Greyhound Pup having the distemper very bad was put into the kennel with them; and in five days *the two whelps not inoculated* had become infected; one of these died and the other was destroyed after every endeavour to cure him had utterly failed. The seven inoculated pups were not in the slightest degree affected.

TIGER HUNTING.

What's a hundred miles, said I, as I seated myself in that glorious vehicle "A Nibbs," to a man who's fond of sport and such noble sport too as tiger-hunting? Now, to tell the truth, the distance is a mere trifle when comfortably seated with an awning overhead and rattling away at nine miles an hour, but when there's

nothing for it but bump bump along the king's highway on horseback it's no joke.—Ten miles, however, of that work was all I had to bring me into Jattygaum to breakfast on the 15th of January, where I found the rest of the party not only true to the day but on the point of proceeding to mischief; the elephants had already been sent on, and it took us very little time to be on the road too.

A bad commencement often makes a good ending—as true a proverb as any I know—and so it proved to-day. Somehow or other we lost the track of the elephants and galloped for about an hour over the country backwards and forwards, in hopes of getting a view; when after a circumbendibus of some miles we fell in with them at a village within a few hundred yards of which at one time we must have passed.

Reasonable expectation of a tiger near this place had led us thus far; but on our arrival all looked blank—the bheels had brought in no intelligence, and we had the choice of only two unsatisfactory alternatives—either to sit still under a tree or beat for a tiger ourselves; the latter was chosen, and we mounted our elephants. We had wandered slowly in the most likely direction, when a halloo—one of those screams which thrill through and through a man—attracted us to a small thick jungle on the banks of a ravine within a very short distance of an all but deserted village, to which miserable state the tigress now found had contributed to reduce it, having but lately feasted on the Patell himself, and three others whom she had absolutely carried off out of the middle of their cattle.

A finer country could not be desired; one small ravine with thin cover, with another somewhat thicker about fifty yards on one side, comprised the only difficult ground—a minute or two sufficed to make the necessary arrangements, and four elephants bore down in line. The tigress jumped up immediately from a small ravine and made across for the thicker cover at a lobbing canter, rendering the aim too uncertain to fire.

It's a rule, and a very capital one, amongst most tiger hunters, never to fire the first time unless with a dead aim—in other words, a "pot shot." This is so certain to present itself if one goes quietly to work, that—unless in certain cases—a man does more towards losing than killing his tiger by acting contrary. Even if he should get up under the elephant's feet, he is sure after a very few steps to turn round and stare you in the face;—then's your time, and if you can't hit with a "pot shot" like that, you had better go home and practise till you can.

Now, the exception to this rule is with a man-eater; the very taste of human flesh appears to have a wonderful effect on a tiger. I ought, perhaps, to have said *tigress*, for it almost invariably happens that a man-eater is a female—making him cowardly, sneaking, and mute; he never roars, seldom even when wounded—and never before—charges, and is constantly on the alert, trying every method of avoiding you. With a brute of this kind, *shoot when you can.* Unlike other tigers, he is just as much frightened and inclined to make off *before* a shot is fired as *after*, and consequently, where no harm can be done as to frightening him, the more shots fired the better;—the greater the chance of doing mischief.

The tigress got safe into the thickest cover and lay so close as

to prevent our getting a view. Old Hyder, who since the last time I saw him has changed hands, was put in to beat her out, which he set about in right good style. The rest were posted in the most likely places for a shot, and really, whilst we were waiting in breathless anxiety, to hear the tremendous crashes as each step levelled boughs and bushes, to see him emerging every now and then from a mass of bushes, at times hiding even the men in the howdah is a sight rarely surpassed—the tigress allowed him to pass and repass without moving, till fairly forced out she broke cover. Now was the time! the moment was seized, and a ball from the howdah passing through her loins brought her sharp back into the covert, in which she was soon after viewed and shot dead.

A "kill" without sport is but slow work in any hunting, but the death of so noble an animal as a tiger is, and always must be, a satisfaction:—we had at any rate cleared the country of a brute who in a short time more would have driven away the few miserable beings that still remained in the village. The ravine in which we found her was within 200 yards of the village gate, and on reconnoitring we found that in the course of our gallop in search of the elephants we had passed within a very short distance of her:—had she fasted for some days and preferred white to black meat what a "scud" there would have been for it! and had the devil take the hindmost been the game, I should have come off "second best," being mounted on the lowest of all rideable animals, a tattoo.

18th. Having done all the mischief we could about Jattygaum we sent the elephants to Kassaree at the foot of the Kassarbarree ghaut, eight miles, whither we arrived on horseback at 12 o'clock.

There is perhaps nothing so tormenting as seating yourself under a half shading tree, your eyes fixed steadfastly on the road along which you expect to see the Bheel in the "intelligence department," straining them for hours together, every now and then mistaking some one for him, jumping up with your heart in your mouth and then finding your mistake just as you expect to hear the glorious news!

We were pretty much in this predicament, though bearing our disappointment, like martyrs; hour after hour had passed, when in came the news of a tigress and cub within six miles. It was now past two o'clock, somewhat against the concern; but where there is a chance, always go it. Off we went, and after climbing hills, banks, ravines, rock and stones ad libitum, about four reached the ground. Everything but the late hour looked well; a small thicket in a watery nullah, with high banks on one side, and a fine clear country on the other, warranted every expectation of a splendid hunt. Alas! what miserable mortals are we! It would have been, on our arrival, rank mutiny to have hinted a chance of a blank day, but such in a few minutes it was plain was the case; we beat down and up; left not a foot of covert unsearched; no tiger, no cub, and, as the "snob" wound up his lamentation, no *nothingk*. The secret was soon explained—the marks of both were plain, direct for the open country, and nothing remained for us but to wind up the day's work with a fourteen miles split over a country that seemed expressly made to stop a man in a hurry, and this too with the sun on the point of taking his leave for that day. The fact was

the Bheels had been on their legs hard at it ever since daybreak, and instead of surrounding the tigress the moment they had found her, had set down to smoke; *she* had been hunted once before and wounded, and of course took the hint and walked off the first opportunity. We gave a few hearty curses, mounted our nags and legged it home at the rate of 20 miles an hour.

19th. Tried our luck once more at Kassaree; no information on our arrival, and, as it was already midday, the prospect of sport looked nearly as black as the faces of the good people who came to have a look at us. I thought I could perceive in one or two of them what they were inwardly thinking of us. Nothing more or less than proper fools to be running over the country backwards and forwards after species of game which people are usually glad enough to leave alone. God help them, they are not sportsmen!

20th. We had now not seen a tiger for five days. Yesterday, like the others, had turned out blank, and matters looked still worse. The Bheels during the whole of yesterday had not got on fresh marks, although they had followed her tracks of the day before for seven miles!—the worst was that this was *the* identical tigress wounded last year, and which had led one of us a dance for a fortnight. Hopes there still were, and to-day we added to our yesterday's length of gallop eight miles, making the village of Julgaum in Candeish. I never yet saw a man who held labour and fatigue in such utter contempt where any good could be done as my friend the former owner of Hyder. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than introducing him at once by his proper name, but to this he has serious objections, and I am thus debarred giving a name which I am sure would be at once hailed as that of one of the very tiptop hands on this side of India. The same objection exists with so many men, that a bare initial is all in many cases I dare give. What it arises from I can't say, unless the dread of being shown up to one's relations in England as a dissolute idle dog, which has often been the case with young hands even for the horrible delinquency of riding a race or something equally, if not less, trivial! Of my friend I have merely to add that to his other sporting qualification is that of tracking a tiger as well as his Bheels, and as for celerity of movement either to shoot a tiger off his horse or turn him back on the elephant, what can be more than the utmost speed of his horse, let the ground be enough to puzzle the devil himself!

We had scarce reached the village, sixteen miles from home, when away he went again at full gallop in search of the Bheels, whom he presently found; they had lost tigress and tracks, and could not even guess where she had gone. My friend, not yet satisfied, rode to every village within reach, and absolutely got intelligence of a tiger which had killed a bullock the night before. There we posted as fast as we could, and soon found the tracks of a tigress and cub, our old friend, who it appears had turned off abruptly from the direction in which she had been traced, over white grassy soil on which it was impossible to track. Nothing could be plainer than the "marks," and nothing could excel the arrangement; but the one thing needful, the tigress, had fled over the hills! This was a finisher; it was evident she had no intention of being surprised by

the Philistines. We remounted our horses with heavy hearts, more resembling dogs with their tails between their legs than men from hunting; and were once more at the gallop for our tents, though not without every chance of a "floorer," the country being rascally, and cut up with narrow, blind ravines. I ought not to pass over this day's work without noticing a specimen of cool courage of which my nameless friend is so thoroughly master. It was dusk, and we were on the point of leaving the elephants, when my friend, no hour being too late for him, rode up to a thick piece of cover, into which the tiger's marks seemed decidedly pointed. There was just this chance left; he had but one barrel loaded when he came up to it, and was on the point of peeping in, when he heard a loud rustle inside, which he naturally enough supposed was the tiger. To do the utmost mischief, it was necessary to load the empty barrel; most men in such a case would have taken deuced good care to have backed to some distance, leaving lots of room between them and the thicket: this method, however, would have lost time, and consequently did not suit my friend, who jumped off his horse and loaded on the spot with as much unconcern as if he had been eating his dinner. As it turned out there was no danger, for nearly about the time he was loaded a fine Samber dashed through the covert, and was immediately saluted with the dose that had been intended for his more noble brother of the woods.

It was now evident that to pursue this roaming tigress was a mere loss of time; we therefore bid adieu to Candeish for the banks of the Godavery, where, as far as reports went, and apparently ones that could be relied on, five or six tigers at least were to be killed. The orders were given for a general move next morning, and we consoled ourselves with the Frenchman's point d'appui—a good dinner—lots of champagne, and for those that relish a cigar, a volume of smoke!

22nd. Reached Rajapoor on the Ghaut. The clear appearance of the Deccan immediately after the jungle of Candeish drew forth a look of distrust, and appearances are sometimes too true! We had heard of a tiger hereabouts, and had sent a party of Bheels in advance to explore. We had not been long in the tents before we saw them coming in a body; a sure sign of a "no go." The tiger had been killed about ten days before by a villager induced to hazard his powder and ball in hopes of the fifty rupees reward. A man is always relieved by giving vent to his passions. A round of oaths that would have made a Frenchman stare, broke out in every direction, and it would be a difficult point to say on which the greatest number was showered, the slain tiger, the murderous hand of the villager, or the fifty rupees reward. There is no doubt that the latter is the surest destroyer of the noble sport that could be desired. In the last eight years rewards have been given for one thousand and fifty-three royal tigers killed, putting aside great numbers destroyed for which the reward has not been claimed; of this number, not more than 300 have fallen under the balls of Europeans. Considering the great decrease of tigers of late, together with the expense of keeping an elephant solely for sport, a few years will put an end to this noble amusement, or at any rate make the hunts, like angels' visits, few and far between.

28th. From the last date up to

this day we not only *saw* nothing, but, what is worse, heard of nothing. The time was spent in travelling, during which period we had passed from the top of the ghaut to Phooltamba, on the Godavery, and down its banks to our present halting-place, Toka. "Well," said I, as we sat down to breakfast this morning somewhat in the glumps; "this cursed ill luck can't last for ever. I'll bet we get information to-day, and that at a time when we least expect it." Now, I don't set up for much of a prophet, but not only did we get intelligence, but just in the way I predicted. Twelve o'clock, one, and even two had passed by; all thought of a tiger banished; each man was at work, myself making a memorandum or two to refresh my memory for this letter, when the trampling of horses' feet was heard, and in the next minute a tiger found and surrounded was announced in due form. D—n the Magazine,* said I, as I dashed my pen to the ground; here goes for the tiger! I would give a hundred rupees, says my friend, for only one more hour's daylight! Away we were at full gallop in three minutes after, and in spite of mistaking the road, found ourselves snug on the elephants in good time. What more can a man desire in this world? thought I, as I satisfied myself my balls were well down, powder well up to the cap, and all right! The signal was given. Who can describe a man's feelings as he finds himself, after blank days innumerable, close upon his tiger in momentary expectation of seeing him spring from his den with a roar that makes the "welkin ring"? Click! click! went my friend's double $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounce rifle, both barrels; or the tigress would have got a dose she little thought of: the reprieve was but for an instant. I had scarce got a glimpse of her, so silently did she get up, when a ball from Hyder's howdah sent her limping for a few steps, and another in an instant brought her head over heels on the ground. Thus, in a like number of shots, fell a second man-eater in the same mute spiritless manner as the one we had destroyed on the first day of the meeting; she had within a few weeks killed two men and a Brahmin boy, besides severely wounding a poor wretch in the act of watching his field, who was still lingering in a dreadful and hopeless state. On our return we bagged one deer, and knocked over two others, which walked off, balls and all.

29th. We had broken the ice yesterday and fortune again favoured us. We found ourselves on the ground about two, with a tiger in a small grain field, surrounded on every side. I confess, when I saw the thinness of the jowarree, not thick enough for a hog to lie in, together with its small extent, I thought it scarce possible for a tiger to be there. Yesterday, however, I had learnt that they are to be found in places where there is not cover for a hare, one of us having literally rode through the centre of the very bush in which the tigress was found! The tiger we were now in pursuit of had, however, left the grain before he had been surrounded, and we were at point nonplus until the track could be taken up. Whilst beating slowly in the most likely direction, intelligence was brought that he had that moment knocked

* As Nimrod has done so much for the Magazine, we will look over this *lapsus linguæ* at present, but for the future we beg he will be more cautious in uttering his execrations. Our blood boils at such wanton insults.—Ed.

down a cow, and sure enough we met the whole herd scudding like five-year-olds for the village. This was, as the old term goes, "nuts to us." We made the best of our way to the spot; beat small grassy ravines without number (there was not a piece of cover even decently thick in the whole country)—one small patch alone remained and the sun was all but down. We had scarce entered it when up he jumped with a noble roar, crossing the river full tilt for the place where the whole village was collected. The ground was cleared in an instant, and being entirely surrounded by horsemen he was turned from every point he attempted to make good. As yet it was impossible to fire, the pace he was crossing from place to place rendering striking him out of the question; he was threatening to re-cross the river, where success would have been doubtful, when he suddenly stopped as if to bid us farewell; the moment was seized and a ball from that all-slaying Joe in Hyder's howdah, at least eighty yards' distance, struck him full in the chest; he reared up, struggled a few minutes, and was dead before the nearest elephant could come up. "I like your society vastly, G——" said my friend, "but damn your shooting! It's rather an unusual fault to find, but certainly that double-barrelled fowlingpiece of his plays the devil with sport."

The two last tigers go a long way to prove what old sportsmen are well aware of, that tigers do not always lie in thick cover. In the hot season particularly, even with fine thick and almost impenetrable thickets near at hand, they are frequently found under a small tree or bush shady over the head and quite open on every side below. I mention this as a wrinkle which may be turned to good account where two or more elephants are out. A man that's up to it keeps his eyes all round him, and whilst the rest of the party are straining to look into the thickest possible covert, lets fly right and left at the tiger under a mere bush!

30th. Aurungabad being quite close, and no further chance of sport near Toka, we struck our tents and began on a new score, which was kept up in a style that would kill me in six weeks. I should be doing injustice to pass by unnoticed my friend G——'s warm hospitality. I believe I am within the mark when I say the few days I spent at his house did more to reconcile me to nautching than I ever expected to have been accomplished during my whole life. The "sets" far excelled the ordinary run in dress, good looks, and singing, and what with these and my friend G——'s good cheer I began to think it as good a way of passing the evening as sitting in a cloud of smoke, at a table covered with—legs! Here we remained enjoying the good things of this world until the 25th of February, when we "turned to" once more.

Those who have seen and prized the wonders of Ellora will stare when I say I absolutely passed within a stone's throw of both the fort of Doulalatad and the caves themselves without taking even a look at the inside! It's bad taste, I allow, but the fact was there was snipe shooting on the road, and as there was no time for both, I decided sharp in favour of the snipes;—the caves would keep, not so the long bills, so at it we went beating up their quarters in five or six tanks and withal reaching our ground, 27 miles distant, by sunset.

5th. We had been reinforced at

the city by Cawdor Bux, probably one of the very best tiger-hunters that ever carried a howdah. Another joined us to-day, taking the field with six. Cawdor Bux and Hyder were brought up to the enemy at the bottom of a large ravine, whilst the rest of us were perched like crows on a high bank overlooking the cover. Tiger hunting requires arrangement the same as every other sport — all hustling and jostling * the same way would, so far from adding to the chance of killing (unless indeed the killing of the good people in the howdahs), probably do exactly the contrary. Positions are absolutely necessary, and no man has a right to grumble, especially too when those posted on high ground are really more likely to get a good shot; for the moment the tiger "breaks," and when the thickness of the jungle prevents those that are beating from seeing, he is almost certain to present a "pot shot" to those above. Some men *prefer* one of these positions!—but give me the work of finding and beating him out; give me the tearing and breaking down of trees and bushes in the thickest cover; give me the charge, the noblest feature in the sport, and I'll readily give up the best and most likely position to be found when one sits and shoots at the animal without a possibility of his even getting near you, let him be the finest and boldest tiger in the creation.

We soon found. He came out under Cawdor Bux's feet, was instantly shot, and scrambled into an adjoining bush out of which he never stirred! Chikultan being more centrical than last night's halting-place, we changed ground accordingly.

February 10*th*. Worlds would I give to be able to render such an account of to-day's work as to make the sporting reader feel one hundreth part, a mere particle even, of the gratification the tiger this day killed afforded. We had left Chikultan with no other sport but the little shown on the 5th, and the reports about Kunnor, where we now were, looked far from promising: it was therefore with no small satisfaction we received the intelligence this morning at breakfast of a fine tiger within a mile of our tents. The scene of action was a high hill rising, when viewed from a short distance, to a single peak, but on a nearer examination running back and at one place striking off at an angle; at this spot about half way up was a fine patch of jungle situated apparently on a single ledge of rock, and in this the tiger had been viewed. On the top of the hill, up which no man could have climbed on the side where we were, were five or six Bheels as markers, and below the whole country chequered with horsemen prevented the possibility of the tiger's escape in that direction. We advanced with seven elephants in line, and had already commenced the ascent when the tiger was viewed stealing away towards the summit of the hill. A ball, striking up the dust in his face,

* Talking of jostling, there was as pretty a piece of handiwork in that line as ever I saw. The very first day of the meeting one of the elephants no sooner saw the tigress than was in full charge after her; the ravines were awkward, not at all pleasant places for a charging elephant. Hyder was crossing exactly in front, too good an opportunity of bringing up the charging elephant to be thrown away. The order was given to run direct for Hyder, and whop! they came with a blow that one would have thought sufficient to upset both; Hyder received the shock nobly and brought up the charger in an instant.

pointed him out to every one, and instantly commenced a running fire, shot after shot whizzing past him on every side. The sixth ball brought him to the ground; for an instant he seemed on the point of rolling to the bottom, but recovering his footing his increased effort showed his determination of crossing the very summit of the hill. The firing, which had been suspended for a few seconds, now recommenced; ball after ball sent the rocks in shivers about him, an additional bound and growl acknowledging the good intentions of the marksman, the precisions of whose ball had all but decided his fate. With wonderful activity he gained the summit as the ground crumbled under his feet with the 21st ball, a royal salute, and an honour which few tigers even live to boast of. Now came the scramble to get as soon as possible to the other side of the hill. Those with whose excited spirits the slow tedious pace of the elephants as they plodded their way with more than usual carefulness through huge rocks and stones but little accorded, were on horseback in an instant. The tiger had been too much blown to proceed far, and had merely crossed and descended a short distance on the opposite side. On the arrival of the elephants he again attempted to steal back along the very path he had come; he was viewed when at least 150 yards above us, and the guns in requisition immediately. The first ball showed him he was discovered just at the moment he was attempting to climb an inaccessible scarp near the summit. Finding the ascent impossible, he turned for the corner of the hill, and soon a sight presented itself that a man might live and hunt for a hundred years and not again witness. There was a single rock at the very end of the hill and within a few feet of its greatest height. For this rock the tiger made, and with the greatest exertions planted himself on the top. Let a man picture to himself so noble an animal standing at such an elevation—as it were in the very air itself, looking full down on his pursuers—his tail lashing, his eyes flashing defiance, his mouth foaming with rage and pain, and each ball as it whistled past his head resented with a deep and determined growl! Eleven shots had already been levelled at him, when, turning suddenly round and giving at the same moment a violent lash with his tail, he dashed with a spring from the rock!

The Bheels, eternally on the look out, marked him into the very cover in which he was first found, and in which, after his late violent exertions, it was evident he would be brought to close quarters. The elephants were brought to the cover as quick as the nature of the ground would allow, and had already been posted on each side the thicket in momentary expectation of his breaking cover; when my nameless friend, game to the backbone, and accompanied by as fine a fellow as ever was born, pushed his elephant, at no times a steady one, and in such a villanous place as that in no ways to be relied on, direct through every difficulty that presented itself, for the bushes in which the tiger was couched. To show the steepness of the ascent, I need but mention that at every step the elephant was obliged to sink on his knees, and in this way gained a small ledge, immediately in front of which another—a much larger one, and on which was the thicket itself—presented itself absolutely on a level with the elephant's head. The ticklish situation in which they now stood can easily

be imagined, a bound *into the howdah* being a mere *trifle* compared with the utmost spring a tiger is capable of making. Dangerous as the position was, it was necessary that every place within reach should be carefully examined before a further advance was determined on. They had strained their eyes in every direction and were on the move, when a sudden roar, accompanied with a tremendous spring, showed the tiger in front and within a few feet of the elephant! A barrel each was fired as he lighted on the ground, and from the unsteadiness of the aim, being nothing more nor less than a flying shot, both balls missed! Without an instant's hesitation the noble beast made a second spring direct for the howdah! Gods, what a critical moment! The tiger appeared absolutely over the Mahout's head, and on the point of making good his spring, when a well-aimed and truly lucky ball entered his forehead and brought him down instantly, head over heels on the elephant's trunk, stone dead!

After such a day's sport as the one I have attempted to describe, all others must appear tame and insipid. I remained till the 21st, during which time we hunted two bears, both of which escaped, and killed a fine panther—when I seated myself once more in my Nibbs and next day found myself, after a drive of 100 miles and upwards, safe and snug, at home.

NIMROD IN THE EAST.

Ahmednuggur, April.

SONG.*

Parody on "*Those Evening Bells.*"

Those shouts and yells—those shouts and yells,
How many a tale that uproar tells
Of sport and spree and rows and routs
When last I heard those yells and shouts!

Those happy moments past have roll'd
And many a lad that then was bold;
Within his crib, now swills and swells
And heeds no more those shouts and yells.

And so 'twill be when I become
A spoon, and sulk and skulk at home
Whilst other sportsmen hunt these dells
And raise the devil's own shouts and yells.

But, brothers, till that tinker-time,
Let's join and cheer yon merry chime;
The game's afoot—the uproar swells;
Hark, hark, and cheer those shouts and yells.

* (Composed in a Jungle, while beating for Hog.)

THE DRAMA.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT ———.
BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

Praise, like mercy, possesses a twofold property; it is twice pleasurable, it pleases them that give and them that take, and if they upon whom we are now called to shower down the flattering unction, receive it with as much satisfaction as we bestow it, their gratification will be complete. But unqualified eulogium, like indiscriminate clemency, is at least injudicious, and the one would in the end prove as injurious to the rising talents of our Thespian Votaries as the other does to the best interests of society in general.

We have thought it right to preface our first Dramatic Critique with these observations in order that we may not be misunderstood when we feel it incumbent upon us, as we proceed with our remarks, to animadvert upon the very few objectionable points which occurred in the performance of yesterday evening.

The theatre was filled at an early hour, and boasted of all the beauty and fashion of the place. The performance began at half-past six. The uprising of the curtain displayed a most gorgeous scene. Seated in a chair of state, in a position at once majestic and graceful, his right leg resting on the corner of an elegant table, his wig drooping negligently over his left eye, whilst the other gazed on vacancy, with his Oriental pipe between his lips, we discovered King Artaxominous, who seemed to revel in all the enervating and luxurious ease of an Asiatic Satrap. He was clothed in a robe of imperial purple, and wore a golden-breasted tunic, loose crimson-satin inexpressibles edged with Vandyked lace, black silk stockings, and white kerseymere shoes. A splendid banquet was placed before him, where all that could feast the eye or please the palate was spread out in boundless profusion and might have tempted an Anchorite from his roots and water, shaken the resolution of the most rigorous ascetic, or provoked the envy of a Heliogabalus. His Majesty certainly looked out of sorts, or, as it is generally termed, crop-sick; and besides the symptoms of the vest unbuttoned and the wig awry, we think a less sagacious person than the gentle Fusbos might have soon discovered that the monarch was muzzy, or had made a beast of himself the night before; but notwithstanding this, he looked loyally and was "every inch a King," blending dignity with condescension and stateliness with affability, of which nothing could be more characteristic than his reception of the victorious and laurel-crowned Bombastes, when, after listening to the hero's recital of exploits, he dubbed him Duke of Strombelo, and pointing to the magnificent and princely vase which graced the head of the table he invited the toil-worn general, with a wink, to take a pull at the stuff, and lest his modest guest might be alarmed at handling so precious a piece of porcelain, with the regal courtesy and bewitching simplicity of familiar language so becoming in a king, smiling said, "From our own mug here drink my soldier true:"—it was a touching instance of condescending greatness. The first approach of the conquering hero formed an exceedingly grand and imposing spectacle.

He was preceded by his own band of music, playing martial airs, and followed by his whole army, whose military appearance and admirable discipline somewhat detracted from the greatness of the general's merits, for with such troops who could not conquer? His address to them was truly energetic, spirited, and Spartan-like, and the farewell caution with which he gave their dismissal, "Begone, brave army, don't kick up a row," proved how anxious he felt for their reputation in winter quarters and for the preservation of their discipline even in times of peace. The commander himself, habited as a Field Marshal, wore a crimson-coloured helmet with a feather on each side; he was booted and spurred, and decorated with several orders. The sun-burnt redness of his cheek; the fierce curl of his long mustachios, the falcon-flash of his dark eye, and the awful stateliness of his step, at once proclaimed the undaunted warrior and the hardy soldier. The news of his success and return were tidings of great joy to the king, who, on hearing from Fusbos that he approaches, exclaimed in a spontaneous burst of unpremeditated eloquence, "Does he, by jingo, then we'll drink his health."

The king and his courtier charmed the audience with the duet they here introduced to a very lively and popular air, of which the following is a copy.

DUET.

Fus.—The general's health the toast shall be,
Since you do propose so.
King.—Then off with Heeltaps—three times three
Bombastes Furioso.

Fus.—Great Bom-
King.—.....bastes
Fus.—.....Furi-
King.—.....oso.

Fus.—From such great bumpers who would shrink,
Unless the wine were so so,
King.—Then fill my fuzzy again and drink
Bombastes Furioso.

Fus—Great Bom-
King.—.....bastes
Fus.—.....Furi-
King.—.....oso.

Both.—We'll both of us drink without fighting shy,
While the bumpers flow so—
To the covey that vont let a chance go by,
Bombastes Furioso!

In the performance of this duet, there was an admirable hit at propriety of courtly breeding. For the wily minister cautiously lowered his tones, as if in deference to his king, who, conscious of his regal power and rank and situation, sung out with all his might and bellowed like a bull.

The science of taste in dress has seldom if ever been more pre-eminently displayed than in the costume of the very able representative of Fusbos, who was most sumptuously apparelled; his elegantly cut, green-striped coat, blended harmoniously with the delicate blue trimming of his vest, as if his sportive fancy had but fantastically played over his body clothes, whilst his more exquisite science was evinced in the striking uniformity with which the costume of his head and feet corresponded, for, as his snowy silk stockings formed a pleasing contrast to his black breeches, so did the dazzling whiteness of his wig shine out more conspicuously from beneath the portentous gloom of his sable hat and feathers. His acting throughout was capital, but we cannot help particularizing one instance of this actor's great talents. The manner in which he refused to advise his king upon a matter of such delicacy as the repudiation of his queen was excellent, and he

feelingly pourtrayed the mingled emotions of indignation at so unwarrantable an act, and of sorrow at not being able to recommend a proper system of conduct to one so much his superior; in short, the tone in which he uttered

> "What! would a king his general supplant!
> I can't advise, upon my soul, I can't"—

was a fine criterion by which to judge of this performer's abilities. We thought him rather hoarse and hasty in his song, but had we not well known the real excellence of his voice we should have pronounced his "Lodging in Leather Lane" a sweetly pathetic thing.

Last, and we believe least—at least in size, though not in our esteem—came Distaffina, and we think we never saw the female figure set off to greater advantage than in the dress of the fair heroine. On her head she wore a beautiful muslin cap, tastefully ornamented with sky blue ribbons, from beneath which her hyacinthine locks curled over her polished brow in luxuriant clusters. To quote the words of a modern poet, "the Rose of England bloomed upon her cheek"—and we think rather blushed upon her nose. A crimson slip and white body with—but we confess our utter inability to do justice to the lady's dress, she was in the "tout ensemble" "all that painting could express or youthful poets fancy when they love;"—we will proceed to her performance, and here too we must acknowledge our dread of passing an unbiassed opinion on so fascinating a female. Rochefoucault has said that in writing of women man should make use of the feather of a butterfly's wing; how then should we dare to attempt so delicate a subject with the broad nib of a critic's grey goose quill? But to our task as best we may. Her acting throughout was characterized by an originality that struck us very forcibly, and she sustained a difficult and arduous part with the greatest credit, but we think we must except the soliloquy at the commencement of the act. Yet perhaps in charity we should attribute the failure of her voice and memory to the nervous sensibility and tremulous apprehension, so likely to be felt by an innocent and handsome young female, exposed for the first time to the gaze of a thousand eyes all fixed upon her, and attempting to perform a novel part requiring the most superior talents and the most perfect self-possession. We turn from the task of censure to that of praise again; and though it would occupy too much of our space to particularize all her excellencies, yet we hope for pardon in trespassing on our readers' patience whilst conscientiously expressing our admiration of the breathless anxiety with which she hung upon the words of the enamoured monarch while he was explaining the nature of his rather questionable present of half-a-crown, and of the joyous explosion of delight and satisfaction which accompanied the offer of his throne and bed. These natural touches proved the performer no novice in the scenes of real life. Her beautiful song of "Queen Dido sate at her palace gate" was given in a style that perfectly astonished us; the bewitching melody of her upper tones and her clear and distinct articulation seemed to charm the whole audience, whilst the rapid and Italiano manner in which she ran over the more scientific parts of this very difficult bravura showed that she was a perfect mistress of every note in the ga-

mut, for sharps and flats seemed all natural to her, and we venture to predict that she will soon become a leading star in the Dramatic Hemisphere.—In reverting once more to the play itself, we must remark that the murder scene was rendered deeply affecting by the pathetic acting of the performers, though we thought it rather unbecoming the character of a valiant and victorious general to take advantage of the king's inability to draw his sword so soon as he did; for the poke he thus furtively gave his Majesty certainly decided the combat; and here we cannot refrain from panegirizing the very excellent practical knowledge of anatomy evinced by Bombastes, who, whilst other actors would have struck at the head or the heart, thrust boldly and at once plump at the seat of life.—This attack upon his head's antipodes proved a death-blow to the sovereign's pantaloons as well as pride, and the parting words of the fallen king evidently betoken the inward agony he felt at having been so treacherously wounded. His last exclamation was not in exact conformity with the rules of Lord Chesterfield, as his general seemed to think, and it really brought tears into our eyes to witness the delicacy of feeling which dictated his immediate addition of "bastes" to the dying monarch's unlucky monosyllable.

The furious single combat between Bombastes and Fusbos was a splendid exhibition of the broad-sword exercise, and the manner of the general's death elicited shouts of applause; he really fell as a hero should fall, or as a gentleman in the upper boxes exclaimed, in the fervour of his enthusiastic admiration, "he made a d—d good die of it."

The curtain dropped amid thunders of applause and reiterated cheers.

SPORTING TRIFLES.

While, listless stretch'd upon my couch,
Pondering on Scotia's hills and grouse,
How oft I've brush'd the lucid dew
From Heather bell of purple hue;
And as the beauteous trembling cup
Its pearly treasure yielded up,
It to my fancy seem'd a tear
At stranger foot intruding near;
How oft, ere daylight streak'd the sky
Or blackcock oped its watchful eye,
I've stole upon the feeding hare
And roused the roebuck from its lair;
Surprised the drake where streamlet ran;
And climb'd the hill for ptarmigan;
The red deer track'd through forest glen;
And scared the bittern from the fen;
Traversed bleak moor and trackless way,
By fluttering heathcock lured astray;
Sought eagle's alpine perch'd eyrie,
And clutch'd the young with youthful glee,
While quick, her soaring wings unfurl'd,
The wrathful bird in circles whirl'd,

And ardent with maternal fire
Stoop'd to their aid, but to expire!
How oft I've revell'd in the storm
On wings of angry Boreas born,
Down mountain gorge or open glade,
While, close envelop'd in my plaid,
Exulting in youth's vigorous glow,
I've pillow'd on Ben Lomond's snow—
Dense, sable clouds my slumbers veil,
Fit canopy for hardy Gael;
How oft, where foaming torrents leap
Down rough cascade and craggy steep,
I've fearless plunged into the spray,
In hot pursuit of badger grey,
Or otter, a more wily prey;
How oft I've mark'd with fond delight,
Till shut from view by envious night,
My setters range the wild hill side,
In darkening heath clothed far and wide,
With head on one side slight inclined,
As best to catch the passing wind,
Each quart'ring well an ample space,
Nor flagging in his rapid pace,
Till quicker moves his wanton tail,
Sure sign he winds the tainted gale;
For, as the grateful fumes arise,
His active stern, and glistening eyes
Attest the maddening thrill he feels
As o'er his sense the fragrance steals;
With slacken'd pace and lowly bent
They, wild, inhale the sav'ry scent,
Their snuffling noses busy ply,
Each blade and mossy roughness try,
On which the subtle odours lie;
And as the steaming game they near,
Low crouching as if struck with fear,
Draw cautious through the russet fern,
And, arching round, in sudden turn
Drop prostrate, and each other back,
For now they set the fumy pack!
Aroused by my footsteps' fall,
The cock bird, garrulous, would call,
And uttering his peculiar note,
On heavy pinions slow would float,
And warning give the tender brood,
Which they, instinctive, understood.
How oft, on cold clear frosty night,
What time the moon shone purely bright,
Conceal'd beneath the willows grey,
That fringed the banks of wild Loch Tay,
Or shelter'd midst the mouldering pile
That grazed the fair lake's tufted isle;
I've watch'd the drake of varied hue
Lead, pilot wise, the feathery crew,
Meandering through the narrow sedge
That thickly clothed the water's edge;
Thence issuing on the open space,
They skim the lake in mimic race,
Or quacking shrilly, dive and lave,
And wanton cleave the dimpling wave;
Now, as they sail beneath the beam
Of Luna chaste, adown the stream,

The soften'd ray, gives, tinged with light,
Their plumage to my anxious sight;
One shout! when, as they buoyant rise
With sudden glance, the death-shot flies,
And scarce subsides the ruddy flash,
Ere, joyous, sounds a sullen plash,
True harbinger to spaniel good,
He'll have to brave the gelid flood.
Well train'd, into the lock he springs,
While fluttering off on drooping wings,
The wounded victims slowly beat
The yielding stream with feeble feet,
Or diving 'neath the water blue,
Elude the whining spaniel's view.
How oft, to shun the noontide heat,
When drooping herds, slow paced, retreat
To freshening shade of verdant grove,
Or highland maid, to cool alcove
Embosom'd in the green wood shade
Of some sequester'd, lovely glade,
I've gazed on loch serene and still,
And saunter'd by the silvery rill,
Now hid from sight, now given to view,
As thick or thin the brechin grew.
Admonish'd by the fickle sky
To troll the bait, or throw the fly;
Have patience while I brief impart
The pleasures of the angling art.
Some the pellucid lake invites,
But most the trickling stream delights;
Then, on the gently purling brook
The well-dissembled barbed hook,
Attach'd to slender, floating line
And rod elastic, tapering fine,
Cast softly; and with gentle force
Conduct it down the streamlet's course,
To whence the sparkling ripples leap
And mingle with the waters deep,
For where the darken'd eddies foam
The speckled trout delights to roam;
Now cautious, and with nicest art
The angler must perform his part,
Select his most delusive fly
To captivate his jealous eye,
In smoothest curve it must be thrown
And noiseless fall, as thistle down,
By Zephyr, light on velvet placed,
Or snow-flakes on a desert waste;
Lured by the well imagined cheat
He'll coy advance, then quick retreat,
Dart rapid to his watery cave,
Then buoyant rise upon the wave;
Now poised the shelving bank below
His yellow belly's vivid glow
View'd through the lucid crystal cold
Seems, as it were, be-dropp'd with gold;
Less jealous grown, and urged by fate,
He sudden takes the treacherous bait,
And finds too late beneath its wing
The gorgeous insect bears a sting
Which, as his open'd jaws compress,
Keen penetrates the quivering flesh;
Stung to the quick, he swiftly shoots
Towards the water-lily's roots,
From whence with finest touch he's led
And gives to view his pale brown head,
Just raised, to let the noisome breath
Of heaven's pure air effect his death;

(Now, each manœuvre wary try
And all your science cunning ply;)
A desperate plunge he once more makes,
And from the thraldom wildly breaks;
Drags out the line with lightning's speed
And sullen seeks the shelt'ring weed;
As quick the rattling reel gives out
The lengthen'd horsehair to the trout,
The bending, quivering rod displays
The skill with which the artist plays;
With dexterous hand soft draws him near,
Nor checks abrupt his full career;
With judgment cool the line regains,
Or yields it, as he floundering strains;
Till sore fatigued by efforts vain,
He brings him to the top again;
His strong, convulsive springs defeats,
Approaches now, and then retreats;
Supports him through the rushes dank,
And lands him on the grassy bank;
And measures with delighted eyes
The streamlet's monarch's mighty size.
Thus oft I've joyed in idle play,
Until the sultry, glorious day
In curling mists had pass'd away;
When bonnie lassie, kind, would strew,
Cull'd from choicest heather that grow,
With meikle care my flowery bed,
On which I couch'd my weary head,
"The dark blue vault my canopy."
I thought on this, and check'd a sigh;
Thus pondering in a placid mood,
O'er *second growth*, and dainty food,
My meditations were upset
By Wednesday's Bombay Gazette,
Sent by a kind considerate friend
To cheer the hours I lonely spend,
Full half the year in the *Mofussil*
Where men first learn to smoke and guzzle.
Having skimm'd o'er a long G. O.
And goods knock'd down by Briggs & Co.,
The next good thing that met my view
Was of your Mag, a grand review;*
Oh! oh! quoth I, a learned critique!
Not over courteous, bland or meek,
But, on my faith, it's vastly fine,
The writer's versed in the sublime!
Now, you must know, which made me sad,
I had not got your Sporting Mag.†
But when the Critic so did flout it,
Thinks I, there's something good about it,
As, of late years, it's much in use,
On the *best* works to heap abuse;
And, should the Critic furious grow,
Be sure it's spite against a foe
Who with the public stands so high
As his worse malice to defy,
For Critics of the present school
Hold in contempt the wise man's rule,
"On your foe but blessings shower,
He'll curse you till his dying hour,
Or," if the words I've not forgot,
"They'll turn to ashes burning hot."
The "Tale," he vows, is full of whim,—
The welcome numbers just come in!

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* Alluding to a *chaffing* paragraph in the Bombay Gazette, in which our contemporary, with the accustomed liberal spirit of "A Liberal," abused every part of the Magazine, except the "Tales of the Tinkers."

† "Mag" and "sad" are not very rhymetical.

Small praise it is to call it good,
It's worthy of the pen of Hood—
Hood-wink'd indeed, must that man be,
As *Bee-tle* blind that cannot see,
And waspish, as a vengeful bee;
Blind as the Mole beneath the earth
(Not crescent Mole by Ocean girth,
Or Mole that marks a child from birth),
Which undermines the mound at Perth;
Whose top is crown'd by regal Scone,
Where, chary, placed in chair of stone,
Kings in regalia oft regale,
While wait male Pages, dress'd in mail.
Dark and base must be his mind
As night, or faithless knight unkind;
Dark, as dread *Tartarean* pit,
Pity he's not *dredging* in it
The roasting hide of blood-dyed Tartar
Who for his creed ne'er died a Martyr;
Who, gravely says the "Tinker's lays,"
Can lay no claim to grave men's praise;
They're sterling, standard, and well plann'd
(Not like a well sunk in the sand),
Like Stirling's rock, they'll firmly stand;
Or Roads that bear MacAdam's name;
Or Rhodes's isle, well known to fame;
Or St. Paul's Church, or smoked Whitehall,
But similes like sweetmeats pall
Upon the taste; so I will haul
In my Pegasus, and clip his wing.
The style is playful, *sportive*, gay,
Like ode of Gay, or Sherry's play;
No odious puns offend the sight,
Or play on words, as black and white,
The *Black*-guard wight, who is content
To think such sad puns *merri*-ment
Deserves a whip as *pun*-ishment,
The *puny whipster'll* then repent.
Harmless as "Churchyard Elegy"
From Churchill's satire it is free,
And plain as bowling plain can be,
Except the word that rhymes with frighten,
To light on that would us enlighten.
The *sage* attacks with scoffing laugh
The Race Stand drawn in Lithograph
(It's racy, chaste, and sure to please
Like wine fresh drawn from off the lees,
Or virgin honey, the queen Bee sips
From Hebe's luscious, *mel*-ting lips);
The draft he does not like a bit,
No doubt! a bitter draught is it
For him to see you soar so high;
But this sore subject by-and-by;
It's better thus on you to lower
(To lower you's not in his power),
And only prove the "grapes are sour"
Both for the public cater food
So eat your meals in brotherhood.
But should, n'importe, what slips from me,
The sage's bile o'er boil at thee,
Commend slip slops and weak sage Tea.
Hard livers find, the truth is sad,
For livers soft, good cheer is bad;
Still, should he see straight things awry,
But this as last resource you'll try,
Bind him on couch, and couch his eye;
It's too presumptuous on my soul
To sigh T. Hood, so yours

T. Cowl.

I must just add a short P. S.
Come, tell me, don't I rightly guess
The "Tales," "The next Grey Boar we see,"
Are by * * * *
The "song's" a gem, and full of wit,
And therefore by a *gem*-man writ!
Now, this is plain as A. B. C.
Or nose on my face Q. E. D.

Pardon, dear Mr. Ed., a wee N. B.
The other "great gun" greatly puzzles me;
But, though he's hid from sight, we plainly see
He's in himself a blazing battery;
Now, if I trump up lies, don't spare the rod,
But this I'll say, Nim*rod's* a trump by —!

T. C.

Note.—We have at length contrived to find room for T. Cowl's "sporting effusion." In future, if he purposes contributing to our pages, we shall take it as a favour if he will be rather more economical of his lines. Few of our readers care for poetry that is not of a decidedly humorous cast; fewer still will be at the trouble of reading verses from which some *information of a sporting nature* is not derived. T. C. has evidently read Thomson's Seasons to *some purpose*, but let that pass:—an ingenious imitation is preferable to a bad original.

We have taken the liberty of expunging a few lines in the P.S., as, without their express permission, we cannot allow of our contributors' names being so openly alluded to.—ED.

MHOW RACES.

The fifth Mhow Turf meeting commenced on Tuesday, the 16th Dec., and celebrated as that course is for the sporting spirit which has always promoted such excellent competition, yet we understand that the races of this year have almost equalled those of their former seasons. The course itself was not in anything like the good order in which it has hitherto been, owing to the want of rain to render it more soft, for not a shower has fallen in Malwa since the training commenced, and the greater part of the mile and a half was as hard as a rock and very rough and uneven, like a man's face with the small-pox: notwithstanding these disadvantages, the time has been in general first-rate, as will presently be seen. The preparatory step towards beginning the fun of the festival time was taken on Saturday, the 13th, when a picnic dinner in the new race stand, and the promise of a Bhud Lottery for the names of the Subscribers to the great Maiden Sweepstakes, brought nearly the whole of the gentlemen in camp to the scene. The stand was crowded, and about 50 or 60 sat down to enjoy the good things, under which the table groaned. The Lottery, of course, soon told the favourites, and the owners sold as follows:—

Of Regent	50	Rupees.
Of Blackfoot	46	„
Of Poput	96	„

On Thursday, however, when the horses were shown, and the lameness (which, it had been given out, was affecting Blackfoot) had proved to be less serious than was supposed, he took a higher place in the horse's lottery, and got above Regent, though he

could not come near Poput, who was decidedly the favourite.

Poput	233 Rupees.
Blackfoot	181 ,,
Regent	75 ,,

On Thursday morning the road to the course was thronged with people, both black and white, all hurrying to the scene of action, and many a heart was throbbing with anxiety for the result of the day's sport. At sunrise the bugle sounded for saddling, and, soon after, Poput was led up to the two-mile starting-post, looking in fine order, and handsomely trimmed with sky-blue ribbons; next appeared Blackfoot, decorated with a profusion of crimson bows. Many an eye was watching him as he walked up, and some of the *knowingest* of the knowing ones detected a tenderness in his tread that augured well for their betting books. Regent followed, and sported white favours, and really *looked* very much like a winner; but his having had but two or three gallops brought the odds fearfully against him. The sound for mounting now caused a deep silence, which prevailed till broken by the word "off"—shouted from the judge's stand as the horses were seen to be away. Down they came at a clipping rate and passed the stand well together, Poput with his head in front; at the first half mile Regent tailed off to run for the distance, Blackfoot also dropped a little, and Poput took the lead by a length or two. At the beginning of the straight run at the back of the course, Blackfoot toddled up to see what the parrot was doing, and made him fly a little faster, till his opponent challenged for the lead: after a short struggle he gained it, and led by several lengths to the turn in when Poput showed his courage by a bold effort for the race. Both were immediately brought to the whip, and they ran neck and neck to the ending post. Many thought it a dead heat; some gave the heat to Poput, but the judge decided in favour of Blackfoot.

	min.	sec.
1½ mile	1	0
2 ,, ...	1	5½
3 ,, ...	1	2
4 ,, ...	1	7½

The horses having tasted the whip, and the time being nothing to be alarmed at, Regent's friends held up their heads, for it was known he could have clocked them a bit there, and he started for the next heat well up to win. After the first half mile Blackfoot dropped like a shot, and "dead lame" was the cry, Regent and Poput going along together very prettily. Shortly after this, Blackfoot's lameness seemed to wear off, and he showed leg in good style, running up to the leading horses, challenging well, would not be refused, held to it, poked his nose in front, shoved his shoulder in the best place, and at last shook his tail in their faces! A bite, by G—d, cries the knowing ones;—no more lame than I am, said a laughing gentleman, with lumbago in his loins, and the Regent ran excellently as the time of the last half mile will show; he did not get a throw at Blackfoot, who showed great bottom, and won cleverly.

		min.	sec.	
Time.—1st ½ mile...		1	1	
2nd ,, ...		1	10	total 4 11
3rd ,, ...		1	2	
4th ,, ...			58	

For the Colt's Plate—Meltonian, a tall slashing horse, was the favourite against the field, and he looked a likely one enough; but there were not wanting some, and some of them pretty much awake, to get a tasty bet from the "*hit-me-gently-Johnnies*" of the course,

who shook their heads at him as he was led up, and hinted that there was something wrong this year in the owner's stables. But the appearance of Epicure, a sour-looking, roanish, iron grey concern, and the baldfaced, crooked-legged Rainbow gave Meltonian a light up in men's opinions. We have heard a judge of horseflesh take three to one that he would distance the latter, and he proved right. Meltonian shook them both off almost from the starting, increased his ground from them at every stride, and got to his journey's end 238 *yards before* the Epicure (what a squeak for the character of the fastidious gourmand!) and miserabile dictu, poor Rainbow vanished in the distance even behind Epicure, so that the fine blood of Tom Thumb and his half-fraternity to the Poona Blaze filly could not give him foot or courage, for he evidently funked the other horses. The second heat was a humbug—Meltonian led in a canter all round—what's the use of timing such cow-gallops!

The second day's turn-out was on Thursday, when "Lightly-beats" (what a name!) did very lightly beat Coppersmith and Regent in (I believe) 5m. 21s., carrying 8st., for 2½ miles. The two latter made a pretty race, but the *mettle* of the *smith* enabled him to *hammer* away in front of the other. As soon as his race was finished, out came the well-known pony, Jem Imer (here's another rum kind of nomination; I fancy the owner must, at first naming the animal, have thought it a mare and meant to call it Jemima!) without a competitor, and he toddled off by himself for a plate that he has won every season. Why not exclude such a speedy little devil?

The Give and Take was the next race, and Boxkeeper, who looked as fresh as ever, and in most beautiful condition, came to the post with his old antagonist, Goblin Grey, whose superior order and appearance to what he was last year brought him well up in the betting, although he had to give the other a stone. The distance was 1½ miles and 95 yards; two very beautiful heats gave the race to Boxkeeper, and very deservedly too. What on earth could possess the owner to give such a chance to him? This way of hacking about a real good honest horse shows a good deal of devil-may-carishness, but devilish little justice to the animal. That's our opinion. So ended the second day.

On Saturday all the great horses were in the lists, and the stand was crowded; the first race was for Holkar's purse of 1000 rupees, with 150 entrance; a pretty good purse too, and Chapeau de Paille (who had been known, during his stay at Mhow, only as a maiden, and went by the name of Bobbery), Blackfoot, the winner of the Great Sweepstakes, and "Lightly-beats," who took away the second maiden, were down at the 2½ mile post by sunrise, betting three to one in favour of the Frenchman against Blackfoot, and eleven to one against the other, though many thought he had won his former race so very easily that he would have a good pull for this. However, it would not do; Chapeau allowed him to lay with him merely for fun, and he took the heat without any great exertion, while Blackfoot's jockey, who had been desired to save his distance, had kept him *so many distances* behind, that he was obliged to urge him whip and spur to do so; nor indeed would he have succeeded in this had not his owner galloped across the course to

awaken the rider in time. Lightly-beats, in the next heat, sporting the sly, very nearly levanted at the distance post; while Chapeau and Blackfoot rattled away head and girth in splendid style, but though the latter made a noble rush for the lead about forty yards from home, his competitor was determined not to "veil his bonnet," and won by half a length. The time of the half miles were—

	min.	sec.		
1st heat	0	59		
,, ...	1	1		
,, ...	1	7		
,, ...	1	7		
,, ...	1	10		
			5	34
2nd heat.....	0	56		
,, ...	1	2		
,, ...	1	4		
,, ...	1	6½		
,, ...	1	0		
			5	8½

That was pretty good going, wasn't it? and Blackfoot, though beaten, was not disgraced, and proved that he was a better horse than his owner thought him. Chapeau's powers were still unknown, for it was certain that he had been hard held every inch of the journey. Box-keeper and Goblin again had a run together for the Asseer Plate, heats one mile, 8st., 12lbs., and 9st.; the difference being in favour of the latter, and of course he stood well to win. It was neck and neck from post to post, and a most interesting race it was.

	min.	sec.		
1st heat	0	56		
	1	2		
			1	58
2nd heat	0	55		
	1	3		
			1	58

St. Patrick, a large-boned white horse, perfectly untrained, attempted to win the Hunter's stakes from Hermit, but he had not the least chance — how should he? But the owner challenged the winner and took him for the 1000 rupees; the race was a long three mile travel, and except the first mile was very slow walking indeed. All the three plates of this day went into one stable; such good luck occasioned strange surmises from the black Turf Amateurs, and some of them declared that Jadoo (Magic) had been resorted to, and, dreadful to relate, a murder was committed on the course to prevent certain horses winning; some cruel-hearted, desperately-in-for-it fellow had actually *killed a cock* in cold blood:—strange pieces of copper, old nails, bits of tiles, rags, feathers, congregated in broken pans, were found under stable doors, and the devil was actually seen by a syce to stand by his horse in the stall. If he had stood by him in the race, it would have been better, but the devil is never in his proper place;—no more was the horse he visited.

The sun got up on Monday morning just as Boxkeeper and Blackfoot were being saddled to start for the Malwa Stakes with 8st. 4lb. each, heats two miles—the old horse the favourite at nearly 4 to 1. "My head," said a little round-faced gentleman, "to a pumpkin on Boxy." "That's an *even bet*," cried a wag; "you should give the odds." The pumpkin-better did not like the joke, and said no more, for the horses were on their legs, and beautifully, most beautifully did they contest the heats, Blackfoot losing by a length—

min.	sec.		
0	59½		
1	3		
0	59½		
1	3½		
		4	5½

Splendid as the first heat was, it was nothing in point of interest

to the second. Boxkeeper led for a mile, when Blackfoot laid out and crept up head and girth ; for the next quarter of a mile Blackfoot showed his dark nose in front—a murmur arose from the crowd, then came out his neck—the noise increased. "Boxkeeper will lose !—no—not yet, he is gaining again," and Blackfoot's neck and head disappeared for a short time ; again they seemed to come in front, again retired ; the confusion again began as, at the last half-mile post, he evidently was getting ahead—"It's Blackfoot's heat !—Blackfoot's heat !" "Wait," said a few anxious ones, "wait till Boxkeeper makes his well-known push at the distance post, and there, by George, there he goes up ! a beautiful rush ! he has it ! I thought so ; he is not to be beaten—hold hard, though, he makes no more of it, and he has tasted the whip—so has Blackfoot, and look ! Blackfoot keeps his head well with him." The uproar, the shouts, the moving of heads, arms, legs and tongues became tremendous ; and at last, as Blackfoot got his head in first at the winning-post, up went a roar of applause that must have been heard at Indore.* This was beautiful — and the winner, by gaining a heat from the thought-to-be unheatable Boxkeeper, stamped his fame for ever—

min.	sec.		
1	1		
1	1		
0	59		
1	3		
		4	4

The most intense anxiety prevailed regarding the next heat ; the friends of both horses backed their favourites freely, and what a heat it was ! The same as the last—the same alternate heading and falling off—the same exertions on the same spots ; the same rush at the last, and the same result—

min.	sec.
1	1½
1	3
0	58½
1	3½
Total..... 4	6½

This was well worth looking at, and a more equal match cannot be imagined—celebrated as the Malwa course has been for the excellence of the competition so often witnessed upon it, it never could boast of so prime a race as this. There was but little interest in seeing Goblin Grey run away from Emigrant for the Artillery—he was too quick for him on his first half mile, and then did the rest at his own convenience. It was a mile and a distance.

	min.	sec.		
1st heat—dis.	0	15½		
1½ mile	0	54½		
2nd	1	8½		
			2	17½
2nd heat—dis.	0	15		
1½ mile	0	55		
2nd	1	9		
			2	19

For the Hack plates, there were three real hacks, Poyntz, Grimalkin, and Abelard ; the latter would have won it on three legs, the colt was most appropriately named, and Poyntz had more points about him than nature bestowed.

On Wednesday, the 24th, Blackfoot again tried his luck against Chapeau for the Indore Purse, heats 1½ mile, 8st. 12lb. against 9st. 3lb., but could not touch him ; Chapeau was hard held. He is a most wonderful horse, and as beautiful as he is wonderful, and *powerful as he is handsome.*

	min.	*sec.*		
1st heat	*1*	*10*		
	0	59		
	1	0½		
			3	9½

* 12 miles off ! !

	min.	sec.
2nd heat.....	0	58½
	1	0
	1	2
	3	0½

The Minister's Purse for a two mile heat brought the following out to be handicapped.

	st.	lbs.	
Goblin Grey	9	0	 1
Emigrant	8	9	 2
Lightly-beats ...	8	7	 3
Hermit	8	5	 4

There was a most rapid rush to get the lead, and *Emigrant*, *Lightly-beats*, and the Goblin took the whip and spur, pretty anxious to obtain it; but the latter headed at the first mile, and kept the lead by several lengths, with a good pull on him. Emigrant seemed two or three times to close, but as soon as Goblin Grey heard him at work, off he went again and would not be waited on. Time—

min.	sec.
0	58½
1	3½
1	2
1	5
4	9

On Friday, the 26th, for the Mhow Turf of one heat, ½ mile and a distance, with 9st., and Chapeau took the conceit out of the Goblin, who made several splendid attempts to throw the dust in the Straw Hat, but in vain. As has been said before, he won in hand.

A little bay thing called Vagrant begun his wanderings with Coppersmith for the third Maiden Sweepstakes; he might as well have let it alone. The Coppersmith *beat* him as if he had had him on an *anvil*, and so ended the sixth day.

The concluding day was one of great interest and still greater fun and merriment. Every winning horse was obliged to enter for the winner's stakes, one two-mile heat, and to carry weight for their winnings.

Chapeau had to toddle with 9st. 12lb. against Blackfoot with 8st. 12lb., a stone difference! Meltonian, Goblin Grey, Coppersmith, Lightly-beats, and Hermit were drawn. The two first made a very pretty and interesting run, and nobly did Blackfoot challenge for the land, and as gallantly did Chapeau meet him. It was a close race all round, won by a length.

min.	sec.
1	0
1	2
1	0
1	3
4	5

With such a weight as Chapeau carried this time it was splendid, and he carried this cart-horse load in fine style.

The Untrained Plate induced several Amateurs to try how their nags could run a mile. St. Patrick started off at score, and the others tailed off immediately; the Pilgrim once made an attempt to address the Saint, but he could not get within speaking distance. Slyboots was too cunning to show foot—M.P. looked as if he wished to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and *Suffolk* was almost *suffocated* on the first half mile, which Patrick ran in 55 seconds. Not content with these gallops, the Saint entered for the Tallyho, 11st. 9lbs., to show people that he could jump as well as run. He and Abelard went away together, Rasa-bosah some lengths behind, as if to get a lesson in leaping from the others, who came pretty well together to the first hedge (4 feet high and 3 broad), but he must have forgotten his task, for he knocked the half of it down as he tried to jump over, and nearly threw his rider. St. Pat. and Abelard still neck and neck leapt the second leap at the same moment, and then made a rush for the heat, which the former won with much

case. Rasa-bosah jumped into the middle of the last leap, fell with a fearful crash, threw his rider with great violence, and rolled over upon him. Then came out six or seven jackanapes to run for a donkey sweepstakes, and such a scene took place! Horses, men, women and children all started together, and closing in one mass, down fell half-a-dozen human beings; over them tumbled two or three of the brutes, and away went the rest, with shouts and roars and shrieks and oaths and blows. The creatures took three heats too to win their money, and every time they started the mirth and noise grew more "fast and furious." After this asinine effort off went two batches of Tattoos, each consisting of about forty. Such tumbles, such escapes, such boltings and jostlings, no pen can do justice to the affair, and in the midst of all this "royal row, prime spree and jollity," the fifth Mhow Turf Meeting broke up and finished the fun of the festival time at a public breakfast given by the 2nd Regt. Lt. Cavalry.

Success to the next Races, and may the best horse win!—*From the Bombay Courier.*

COURSING.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I have just perused your Third number of the Sporting Magazine, and am equally astonished and delighted with the elegant style in which it is got up. It *must* succeed, whatever its ill-wishers may *chaff* to the contrary. But to the point. Is it not wonderful that we have nothing of coursing, one of the principal sports of the country? I know many gentlemen who are at a great expense in keeping up fine studs of greyhounds, but for some reason or other they are never brought into competition. In Guzerat in particular, there are many owners of many good dogs, but no one seems to think it worth while to propose *meetings* for the purpose of determining the qualities of the different kennels. Hoping that this may rouse the dormant spirit of some of my coursing friends, and at least make them show cause why such things should not be, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours ever,

A FRIEND TO THE LONG DOGS.

March 11th, 1829.

PERFORMANCES OF HARLEQUIN.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I do myself the pleasure of forwarding the performances of that celebrated horse *Harlequin*, which certainly entitled him to a place amongst clippers. His great powers were scarcely known, for nothing in the season, when he showed so greatly, could touch or come near him either in speed or bottom. He was so temperate, he could have been held by a thread; his powers were never so far put to the test as to

require his being urged to his utmost speed, but his trials have been known to be prodigious. In his first appearance on this course he resembled more the build of a Dutch merchantman than a high trained racer, and it was wonderful that in such condition he was able to carry off the Sweepstakes of the first meeting, 1825, carrying 9st. (aged) against the G. A. H. *Phantom*, 5 years, in 4m. 7s. and 4m. 16s.

In the second meeting of 1825, he won, 1st, "The Resident's Cup," carrying 9st. 5lbs., against *Hambletonian*, 8st. 3lbs. in hand —4m. 16s.; 2nd, Colonel Ballantine's Cup, carrying 9st. 7lbs., beating *Boxkeeper* and *Cedric* without being headed—4m. 12s.; 3rd, the Ladies' Purse from *Hambletonian*; 4th, the Guzerat Turf Plate from *Cedric*, in hand.

In February, 1827, his first was a 400 Sweepstakes, 8st. 7lbs., beating *Baronet* by many lengths in both heats.

	min.	sec.
1st heat	3	2

	min.	sec.		
2nd heat—1st half mile	0	55		
2nd ,,	0	59		
3rd ,,	1	2		
			2	56

2nd, the Resident's Cup, carrying 9st. 5lbs., against *Paul Pry's* 7st. 8lbs., and winning it without being headed—4m. 10½s.; 3rd, the Minister's Cup, carrying 9st. 5lbs., without being headed in either heat, beating *Firefly*—1st heat, 4m. 4s.; 2nd heat, 4m. 8½s.; 4th., walked for the Broach Stakes; 5th, for Major Hughes's Plate, 8st. 4lbs.—he kept the lead all round in both heats, beating *Cornet* by several lengths in hand.

	min.	sec.		
1st heat—1st half mile	1	2		
2nd ,, ,,	1	4		
3rd ,, ,,	1	4		
4th ,, ,,	1	0		
5th ,, ,,	1	0		
6th ,, ,,	0	59		
			6	9
2nd heat			6	2

6th and 7th in one day. 1st, the Guzerat Turf Plate, carrying 9st., beating *Barefoot* in his usual gallant style—in 1st heat, 3m. 2s.; 2nd heat, 3m. 4s.; 2nd, the Banker's Plate, carrying 9st. 7lbs. against *Baronet*. In the 1st heat he took the lead, and kept it, winning in 4m. 5s.; 2nd heat, *Harlequin* restive and lost the start by a considerable distance, but, like a truly honest horse, he no sooner found his legs than he flew by his antagonist with astonishing rapidity, and, as *Baronet's* owner remarked, nothing but a flash of lightning could pass him. His first half mile (according to the opinion of all the best judges present) must have been under 54s. from the ground he lost and made up in the first half mile; in the fourth half mile *Baronet* pulled up, and *Harlequin* walked in.

	min.	sec.
1st half mile	0	58
2nd ,, ,,	1	1
3rd ,, ,,	1	5

Several Mares are now in foal to him. He is a most vigorous stallion, in high condition; feeds well, and, with the exception of slight ossification of his fore fetlocks, appears perfectly sound, as I have frequently ridden him with pleasure. His height is 14h. 1½in.

I remain,

Yours obediently,

Baroda. D.

QUAIL SHOOTING.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

As quails are said to be in smaller numbers than usual this year, scarce one to be met with in Candeish, I send you a short account of a few days' sport in the vicinity of Ahmednuggur and Seroor.

February 26th, at the village of Charss, three guns; in the field and commenced shooting at 12 o'clock; bagged 45½ brace.

March 1st, at Nimbluk, three guns; were on the field something after 12; bagged 35½ brace.

March 3rd, at Charss, trying new ground, four guns; bagged 47½ brace.

March 9th, at Charss, at fresh ground, four guns; bagged 62 brace.

March 15th, at the foot of the Joour Ghaut, four guns; on the field by half-past 12; bagged 114½ brace. In addition to the number of guns mentioned, for 1½ hours there was a fifth which bagged 6 brace, making a total of 120½ brace, of which number 4 brace were hares.

March 21st, Rangingaum, three guns; bagged 49 brace.

March 26th, at Allegaum, 16 miles beyond Seroor, four guns; bagged 70 brace.

March 27th, with two guns; 45½ brace.

March 28th, between Seroor and Dytna, four guns; bagged 41½ brace. Thus making an aggregate of 517 brace in nine days.

By this it will be seen that the supply of quails, though failing at some places, abounds at others. At the same time it is as well to mention that with the exception of the ground shot over on the 15th March, of which there was ample for the number of sportsmen, *two* guns would have done almost as much mischief as *four*, so confined and narrow were the grassy nullahs in which the whole of the game lay.

I am, yours,

TRIGGER.

REMARKS ON ARAB RACERS.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

I was gratified to perceive by an extract in your last number from the *English Sporting Magazine* that the merits of our "little cats," as the facetious JOHN DOCKERY terms them, are attracting attention even in England. The value of the remarks offered by "AN ADMIRER OF THE TURF" would however have been considerably enhanced had they been free from certain exaggerations and misstatements, which it is my present purpose to correct.

That the powers of *Buckfoot* were great is not to be denied, and I believe his subsequent performances at Madras, when a cripple, fully justify the report of his having run a trial of 3 miles, 9st., in 6m. 8s., but his best time upon this course was 4m. 5s., nor did he, I believe, ever perform his two miles in 3m. 55s., which was time never expected in those days.

Fitz James is also said to have been beaten but once, which is true enough; but his public time was never better than 4m. 5s., and I

consider him rather a lucky horse than a very superior one, *said to be preferred by some;* however, as he was a winner of many races and on all courses, it would be acceptable if his present owner could be induced to give his performances with a description of the horse, as he is supposed to be a very perfect shaped one.

The time of *Slyboots* is stated to be better by a second than he ever performed in public, and I am inclined to think he never ran a trial up to the time of his last race, I think against *Creeper.*

An "ADMIRER OF THE TURF" has also made the race between *Tom Thumb* and *Fitz James* two miles and a half, whereas it was three miles, in 6m. 12s., and also the race between *Advocate, Sussex,* and *Reveller,* to be three miles, which was, if I remember right, two miles and a half for the Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse, and as an inch is said to be a good deal in the length of a man's nose, so is half a mile in a race, particularly when four heats are run.

As I intend coming on the Turf strong next year, I am induced to trouble you with this, hoping the time of the Flickers I mean to produce may be correctly given to the sporting world.

Yours very truly,
A TURFITE.

AMATEUR RACING.

On Wednesday evening, the 29th April, a Race took place on the Bycullah course between four horses out of the rival stables of *Moola Hatchim* and *Daddy Suntook.* The latter son of Tattersall produced two Bays, and the former dealer a Chestnut and a Grey. One of the Bays was rode by his owner, Suli-maun, a real good un *in his way,* as a sporting friend quaintly observes. The favourite at starting was *Mahomed Sadook's* CHESTNUT; but the knowing ones were out in their calculation; the GREY belonging to a stranger Arab won in hand—Time, 4m. 32s. the two miles.

This Race was followed by several minor matches, and a Tattoo Race won by Mr. Gray's Pony, *Magistrate,* easy. A boy of Mr. Gray's, a promising lad, won the Sweepstakes, and proved himself a first-rater at riding light weights.

The whole day's sport originated with the Arabs, and ought, we think, to be encouraged, as it induces them to bring their best cattle before the public, and furnishes *data* to regulate a purchase, if the purchase of a horse be not *always* a lottery.

The attendance on the course was chiefly confined to the turbanned tribe diversified with the goatskin cap of the Persian. Only a few English gentlemen were present, and they were—trumps.

We hear a similar race meeting is to take place on or about the 16th May.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEOPARD HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.—The leopard of South Africa is known among the Cape colonists by the name of tiger, but is, in fact, the real leopard, the *Felis jubata* of naturalists, well known for the beauty of its shape and spotted skin, and the

treachery and fierceness of its disposition. The animal called leopard (*luipaard*) by the Cape Dutch boors, is a species of the panther, and is inferior to the real leopard both in size and beauty. Both of them are dreaded in the mountainous districts on account of the ravages which they occasionally commit among the flocks, and on the young cattle and horses in the breeding season. The South Africa panther is a cowardly animal, and, like the hyena, flies from the face of man. The leopard, also, though his low, half-smothered growl is frequently heard by night, as he prowls like an evil spirit around the cottage or the kraal, will seldom or never attack mankind (children excepted), unless previously assailed or exasperated. When hunted, as he usually is with dogs, he instinctively betakes himself to a tree, when he falls an easy prey to the shot of the huntsman. The leopard, however, though far inferior in strength and intrepidity to the lion, is yet an exceedingly active and furious animal; and when driven to extremity, proves himself occasionally an antagonist not to be trifled with. The colonists relate many instances of arduous and even fatal encounters with the hunted leopard. The following is one of these adventures, which occurred in a frontier district in 1812, as described by one of the two individuals so perilously engaged in it. Two boors returning from hunting the Hartebeest (*Antelope bubalis*), fell in with a leopard in a mountain ravine, and immediately gave chase to him. The animal at first endeavoured to escape by clambering up a precipice; but being hotly pressed, and slightly wounded by a musket-ball, he turned upon his pursuers with that frantic ferocity which on such emergencies he frequently displays, and springing upon the man who had fired at him, tore him from his horse to the ground, biting him at the same time very severely in the shoulder, and tearing his face and arms with his talons. The other hunter, seeing the danger of his comrade (he was, if I mistake not, his brother), sprung from his horse, and attempted to shoot the leopard through the head; but, whether owing to trepidation, or the fear of wounding his friend, or the sudden motions of the animal, he unfortunately missed.—The leopard, abandoning his prostrate enemy, darted with redoubled fury upon this second antagonist; and so fierce and sudden was his onset, that before the boor could stab him with his hunting-knife, he had struck him in the eyes with his claws, and torn the scalp over his forehead. In this frightful condition the hunter grappled with the raging beast; and struggling for life, they rolled together down a steep declivity. All this passed so rapidly that the other boor had scarcely time to recover from the confusion in which his feline foe had left him, to seize his gun, and rush forward to aid his comrade, when he beheld them rolling together down the steep bank in mortal conflict. In a few moments he was at the bottom with them, but too late to save the life of his friend. The leopard had torn open the jugular vein, and so dreadfully mangled the throat of the unfortunate man, that his death was inevitable; and his comrade had only the melancholy satisfaction of completing the destruction of the savage beast, already exhausted with several deep wounds in the breast from the desperate knife of the expiring huntsman.—*L. Pringle.*

Sporting Nomenclature.

Ponies.—Should a tyro hear a *leg* (a professional calculator) offer to bet two or three ponies to one, he must not imagine them to be those little four-legged animals so much in request, but £50 notes.

"One and a Cock-boat."—Should he hear a better propose to take odds against one and a cock-boat, he is not to suppose this has anything to do with a trim-built wherry, but that the "one" is a favourite, and the cock-boat an animal in little estimation.

A Teller is a MS. pocket volume, yclept a betting-book: and if a man says "that won't suit my book," he means that his money is staked on the other side, and that he goes mathematically to work, so as to make all things square in such a way that he cannot lose. His book is then "made up."

A Dark Horse may be a white one, since this phrase simply implies an untried or unknown one.

An Outside Horse is one which is no favourite.

When a horse sprains a sinew, or is seized with lameness, he "breaks down." When in the race the powers of nature begin to fail, he "dies away." When worn out by repeated trials and conflicts, he is "stumpt up."

A horse may be *nowhere*, and yet not far behind his competitors. It means he is not placed as first, second, or third: and the judge rarely posts more.

Let it not enter the heads of the *spoons* that a horse is to start with the plume of a peacock's tail or an ostrich *penache* stuck in his saddle, should they see by the list that he only carries a feather. No—this is a light little jockey, who weighs, saddle and all, less than six stone.

A Cocktail is a half-bred horse, so called from the propensity these animals have to throw their tails over their backs, and stop short when distressed.

The Great St. Leger.—16th Sept., 1828.

The paramount importance of this stakes will be one excuse for our taking it before the two-year-old stakes, and for going more into detail than usual. On reference to the history of the St. Leger from its commencement in 1776, we do not find any race which has brought out so many first-rate horses, or which, from the excellence of their public running, has approached so nearly to a certainty of being carried off by one of the principal favourites. As for the Derby, the sporting world has long been convinced that the prize was for one of three or four, and thus has speculation been less extensive than would otherwise have been the case, for there has been as much timidity evinced in backing outsiders as in laying against the cracks. The performances of Velocipede, The Colonel, and Bessy Bedlam, have been remarkably good, each having done so much as to give them every claim to support, at the same time that it rendered it more difficult to form a decisive opinion of their comparative merits. Velocipede and Bessy have won oftener than The Colonel, but it has all along been notorious that Velocipede was to be feared in his legs, and which have only been kept in trim by the unusually wet season. The Colonel has on all occasions run a very superior horse, and we consider that, although defeated, his running for the Derby was as much deserving of praise as the most decisive victory of either of the other favourites. Moreover, he

is of a stout and lasting breed, having, in this respect, a decided call of Velocipede, for the Blacklock horses generally are speedy, but not strong, and in this respect we should say that Bessy Bedlam is also before him. The doubt expressed about The Colonel was that he was deficient in speed. Ballad Singer's running has been rather contradictory than otherwise, having performed indifferently last year, and very well this. With the exception of Cambridge, none of the others have done anything to entitle them to a classification of them with the favourites. The betting has, from the beginning, been confined to three or four, the greatest party being those who supported Velocipede, who is in the same stable as The Colonel, and of whose respective merits they were of course enabled to form a pretty correct opinion; this party was composed of most of the great *legs*, who having Velocipede and The Colonel, had nothing to fear but Bessy Bedlam; at least, we have understood they thought of no other. The backers of Bessy Bedlam were to be found amongst the nobility, who stood upon her to a very large amount, and certainly with great show of reason.

These remarks were made on a review of the performances of the favourites, and before the event had come off; nor does such event in any degree controvert them. The new Betting Rooms were last night crowded to suffocation, and business to a large amount was transacted, the odds varying repeatedly, The Colonel at last having the call. This morning business was resumed, and continued till just before the start, when the odds had settled thus:—

3 to 1 against The Colonel.
7 to 2 ,, Velocipede.
4 to 1 against Ballad Singer.
10 to 1 ,, Bessy Bedlam.
14 to 1 ,, Jour de Noces.
16 to 1 ,, Cambridge.
35 to 1 ,, Belinda.

High odds against any other.

At the time appointed for the start, the horses and jockeys were all at the post—everything being conducted with an attention to precision that cannot be too highly praised. The start was free from those perplexities which were the cause of so much complaint last year. The race was thus:—

The *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each; for 3-yr old colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. St. Leger Course—80 subscribers.

Hon. E. Petre's ch c The Colonel, by Whisker 1
Major Yarburgh's br f Belinda, sister to Laurel 2

The judge placed only these two, but the following also started:—Mr. Armitage's ch c Velocipede, by Blacklock; Lord Scarborough's b c Cambridge, by Catton; Mr. Bowyer's b f Lady Vane, by Reveller; Mr. Bradshaw's b c Splinter Bar, by Blacklock; Lord Kelburne's br c by Reveller, out of Hell Cat; Mr. Flethers br c by Blacklock, out of Arabella; Lord Milton's br f Ballad Singer, by Tramp; Mr. Crompton's ch c by Whisker, out of Marion; Mr. Crompton's b c Coulon, by Whisker; Mr. Gascoyne's ch c by Blacklock, out of Louisa; Colonel King's br f Bessy Bedlam, by Filho; Mr. Metcalf's b c Economist, by Whisker; Mr. Hopkinson's b f Eliza, by Filho; Mr. Wetherell's ch f Jenny Mills, by Whisker; Mr. Udny's bl f by Reveller, out of Lisette; His Majesty's b c Jour de Noces, by Blacklock; Mr. Bacon's br c Alcaston, by Filho.

At starting the pet, Bessy Bedlam, went in front, with Jour de

Noces, Velocipede, and Mr. Gascoyne's colt next her, and the others well in at their heels. They spun along at a rattling pace, without any change of importance till they got near the Red House, and there poor Bessy gave evident symptoms of being tired, the ground being heavy. At the Red House Velocipede went ahead of her; The Colonel, Belinda, and Cambridge, at the same time got in front of the others, and in an instant were at the haunches of Velocipede. The struggle then became very severe, but when they were about one hundred yards from home it was evident that the Colonel was to be winner; for at this point he went right ahead, maintained his lead in grand style, and won the St. Leger easily by two very honest lengths. Velocipede was next to Belinda, and Cambridge fourth; but the judge placed only the winner and Belinda.

The decision was received with acclamations by one of the most numerous and brilliant assemblages ever seen on a Race-course. Mr. Petre also won the St. Leger last year, and has a very promising stable for the next. He nets, by the stakes, the sum of one thousand nine hundred pounds, after deducting one hundred pounds for his own lot. The result of this race, while it proves the great superiority of The Colonel, must be looked upon as a very fortunate occurrence for his rider (Scott), independent of all pecuniary advantage; for opinions have been expressed, respecting his manner of riding the same horse for the Derby, which have militated against his reputation as a skilful rider. For our own parts, we think it is but a fair act of justice to state that no horse was ever better jockeyed than The Colonel was this day by him; at the same time we are satisfied that he did his best for him at Epsom. It is worthy of remark that Belinda was beat at Pontefract, the week before last, by Cambridge, who now runs fourth. Excepting the horses specified, no others had a chance.

The horses were rode thus:—The Colonel, by W. Scott; Belinda, by Nicholson; Velocipede, by Wheatley; Cambridge, by Nelson; Jour de Noces, by Robinson; Louisa, by Johnson; Lady Vane, by E. Jackson; Lisette, by John Day; Economist, by Templeman; Alcaston, by Conolly; Ballad Singer, by Lye; Eliza, by Noble; Arabella, by Shepherd; Hell Cat, by H. Edwards; Splinter Bar, by G. Oats; Marion, by Garbut; Bessy Bedlam, by F. Boyce; Coulon, by Goodison; Jenny Mills, by Wetherell.

The Doncaster St. Leger was instituted in the year 1776 by the late Colonel St. Leger, of Park Hill, near Doncaster, but it was not until three years afterwards that it was called the St. Leger, at the suggestion of the late Noble Marquis of Rockingham, at a dinner at the Red Lion Inn, then the head inn in Doncaster, in compliment to the gentleman with whom the race originated.—*London Paper.*

Remarks on Arabians.

Sir.

I send the following further observations on Arabians, and if they amuse your readers I shall continue them.

An Admirer of the Turf.

Among the horses I named in my former communication, entitled from their performances on the race-course to be considered thoroughbred, and therefore most likely to redeem the once-sought-for Arab blood, I omitted a horse

well known on the Bombay Turf called "Shamrock," which name has, I believe, been changed since his removal to Calcutta. This noble animal, though brought forward at a very advanced age, when the fire of youth had been wasted, diminishing, according to the laws of nature, the powers of speed and perhaps impairing strength, appeared for two years under these disadvantages, and beat every opponent. From such a horse the breeder might reasonably hope to obtain some valuable stock. Shamrock was purchased at an insignificant price, and it was through mere chance that his racing qualities were discovered; indeed, so completely are we in ignorance of the distinguishing marks of blood in the Arab horse, that Shamrock, one of the best that has appeared, was by some of the first judges deemed only fit for a charger. His owner, however, fortunately tried him with many others, and found him so superior that he very wisely chose the race-course as his proper sphere of action. On it he always showed great bottom, and was particularly remarkable in running home true. Few horses could live with him the last half-mile of a three-mile race. Shamrock is about fourteen hands three inches high, with a fine broad head, and very expanded nostrils; his points show immense muscle, without any appearance of coarseness.

There can be no doubt that in Arabia, as with us, the thoroughbred horse is a distinct animal; but the want of Racing Calendars leaves us in the dark as to what really are so. Performances, therefore, seem the most fair and the only criterion to guide us. It is said that some of the Arab chiefs can produce the pedigree of their horses, handed down from sire to son, back to the steeds of Solomon, whose great wisdom among this singular people obtained him the title of being the mightiest of necromancers, but from whose stud, unaided by his spells, they affirm their ancestors stole a breed, which has spread their fame through the wide world. The difficulty of preserving in all its purity so extended a line must have been great; and it is more than probable that if this ancient stock had remained untainted they would have showed symptoms (like some other illustrious families) of degeneracy. We must, therefore, suppose that some strangers of the desert were allowed to invigorate at intervals the decaying powers of the kingly breed.

We cannot but smile at such fabulous pedigrees, and regret that more is not known by the Arabs themselves of their horses of pure blood. That they do know but little a few instances will serve to establish. Many hundred horses are yearly landed at Bombay, and with some a long line of ancestry is produced, for which proportionate large prices are asked and given; but yet it is a singular fact that these valued horses can seldom race, consequently we ought not to place much reliance on the assertions of the Arabs.

Almost every person in India at some period is tempted to try his horse or horses. The expenses of training are trifling; and the value of the plates, generally something handsome, acts as an incentive. Almost every horse purchased is tried; and out of the vast number, it is rare to find above two or three entitled to the name of racers; and years elapse without any very superior horse appearing. How unreasonable, therefore, is it to expect a good stock from those most probably spurious imported

into England. Without Racing Calendars it is impossible satisfactorily to substantiate purity of blood, and it therefore must remain a matter of fancy. Deeds alone ought to be taken as the safest standard to abide by. To prove how deceptive the appearances of blood often are, it is only necessary to state that the best horses have been purchased at small prices, frequently the refuse of the lot; and furthermore, to show how little the Arabs themselves know, large sums were asked (for regular Solomons, I suppose) in the same batches from which a "Buckfoot," a "Slyboots," and a "Shamrock" were purchased at inferior prices.—*From the English Sporting Magazine for Oct.*, 1828.

Duke of St. Albans' Grand Day of Falconry.

The Duke of St. Albans, Hereditary Grand Falconer of England, gave a grand day of Falconry, at Redbourne, on Wednesday last. Among the party who were invited to partake of the entertainment were the Mayor, Aldermen, Town Clerk, Sheriffs, and Coroners of the county of Lincoln, the neighbouring gentry, and the tenants of his Grace. At the summit of the old arch at the Lodge, a green flag was hoisted, bearing the inscription of "St. Albans'," surmounted by the arms and coronet. On the east of the mansion, and on the left of the road leading to the stables and outhouses, were placed the feathered vassals of the Noble Duke, consisting of eight fine falcons; they were each chained to a section of a cone of wood, about fifteen in height, and ten inches in diameter at the base. They were unhooded, but belled, and mostly sat at the top of their posts. Six of these were taken for the sports of the day, the others being left to do garrison duty. About 100 of the Duke's tenants assembled on horseback in front of the hall, headed by the Steward, and bearing green favours (the hunter's immemorial colour); the Hereditary Grand Falconer himself appeared dressed in the official costume of his post, consisting of green jacket, golden girdle, and gauntlets magnificently trimmed, Spanish hat turned up before, with a large white feather, buskins, and gold spurs. His Grace was mounted on a fine chestnut hunter, sat firm in his seat, and rode with the grace of an accomplished horseman. The Duchess, the Ladies Beauclerk, and other ladies, came on the ground in open carriages and four. They were splendidly dressed in Lincoln green and scarlet shawls. The company having proceeded to the ground, the falconry commenced.

1*st Flight.*—A dog having pointed, a hawk was unhooded and loosed; it rose with all the grace of freedom into its native element, wheeling over the heads of the party as though surveying the operations; sweeping to the right and to the left; now rising into mid-air in the distance, and now attentive to the hawker's call, gradually contracting its range of flight, and narrowing its circles; descending suddenly to the surface of the earth, and then rising again with equal abruptness. The partridge was flushed, and flew with the wind, towards the company; the hawk marked it with apparent unconcern, and as though little disposed to take the same direction, yet, without exactly pursuing any track, he gradually neared it to within a certain distance, when he suddenly crossed on the bird's line of flight, and, seizing it at a height of thirty or forty yards, absolutely bore it in

his beak, bleeding and screaming, over the heads of the company, and carrying it down into the belt of a plantation adjoining the road. The numerous company (400, perhaps, in number) were equally astonished and delighted with the singularity and the effect of such a bold and novel action. The hawker brought the bird, which was quite dead, to the carriage of the Duchess, with the hawk on his hand, pecking the head with its powerful bill. It was ascertained to be the "favourite hawk."

2nd Flight.—As soon as the hawk was loosed, the wind carried it with great violence to the east; and, though the hawker exerted his utmost endeavours, the sound of his call did not appear to reach the bird, which kept wheeling in large circles, and making for the east and north-east alternately. At length it crossed the road at a distance, and flew off almost in a tangent for the woods to the left of the company. The Duke galloped after it with some "drawers," or lures, attached to his girdle, and cleared several fences in the boldest style. He was followed by a number of other horsemen; and though they came up with it again, it changed its course, and got off out of all chance of being taken. A considerable time was spent in the pursuit, which was at length given up. From the bells attached to its legs (on which the Duke's name is engraved), it will be readily detected and recognized as the serf of the Grand Falconer.

3rd Flight.—Though it was evident, from the state of the wind, that there was great danger of losing the hawks by persisting in the sport, his Grace ordered a third hawk to be tried. A bird was flushed, on which it darted almost immediately, and killed in fine style; a second bird arose, and made direct across the large field for the company. The hawk was a considerable distance, but bore obliquely on the same line; there was the fullest conviction that the bird would escape; when about half across the field, the hawk, being at a height of 20 yards above the partridge, flew rapidly, as though passing over it, when it descended in a sudden swoop, curving down with great force, and striking the bird, which had lowered itself, with a violence that made it roll over several times, as it fell on the ground, about 20 yards from the company. Yet the point of contact was not visible to the eye; the motion, when it was struck, could not be traced; you only saw the effect. The hawk rose again, and crossed the road, but soon returned over the spot where the bird lay trembling; the partridge again rose, and was cheered by the company as it crossed just over their heads, and flew down a lane; the hawk followed it as though indolently, but soon made a second dart, striking the partridge with violence into the ditch: and thus killing both its birds in good style.

From the high state of the wind, it was not deemed prudent to hazard the hawks farther, as the sport altogether was only a *trial* of them. Such, however, was the sport, that it has afforded a most interesting specimen of the old game. But the hawk! it would puzzle all the philosophers of the world to account for its action by any of the known laws of motion, or the principles of mechanic power. You frequently see it elevate, depress, increase, or retard its flight at pleasure, without any visible action of the pinion; as though its motion were the result of volition, or of some electrical power, the operation of

which is hidden from human scrutiny. Had the last bird not been struck the first time, it would have flown into the arms of the crowd —overcoming its dread of man in the presence of a superior and more terrible enemy. It was instinct of fear, from the moment it arose within sight of the hawk, and flew cowering and fluttering, as though conscious of the destiny which it could not escape.

At the termination of the hawking, the company were entertained by the Duke and Duchess with a most sumptuous banquet, and a splendid exhibition of fireworks concluded the evening's amusements.—*From a London paper of Oct.* 13.

Jack Randall—Biographical Sketch of his Life.

Jack, so deservedly called the *Nonpareil* (for he never met his equal), was what is called an *Anglo-Irishman*—that is to say, he was descended from Irish parents, and born in England. In the Hibernian colony of St. Giles's he first drew his breath, on the 25th of November, 1794—so that, at his death, he was three-and-thirty years of age. Brought up in the school of adversity, and at an early age left to fight his own battles, while his parents sought the means of putting potatoes in his belly, he acquired an independence of character which stuck to him through life; and, having naturally a strong and hardy frame, he soon knew how to take his own part. *Fear* was a word which did not belong to his vocabulary; and when attacked, whether by great or small, he never flinched from the consequences. At the age of thirteen he commenced his milling career in public. The Archery-ground in the Long Fields near Russell-square, and now covered with houses, was the early scene of his prowess, and here he polished off "Snuff," well known in the boxing circles, no less than three times. He also beat a man of the name of Leonard, on the same ground: and these victories were followed by successive conquests of Henshaw and Murphy. His first battle of note was with Jack the Butcher, in the Regent's Park, Marylebone, for five guineas, which he won cleverly in twenty minutes; after which, on August the 26th, 1815, he aspired to higher honours, and made his *début* in the same ring in which Scroggins and Eales had contended, at Coombe Wood. His antagonist was Walton, the Twickenham Youth. They fought for five guineas, and, in the short space of ten minutes, Walton left the ring without a chance. On the 24th of April, 1816, he fought George Dodd, in the same ring in which Carter and Robinson contended, and was again successful; and on the 28th of May in the same year, he took the pride out of Ugly Borrock, a Jew. The extraordinary capabilities which he exhibited on these occasions—his admirable science, heavy hitting, and sound judgment—were the themes of general encomium, and it was determined to match him against West Country Dick, for twenty-five guineas a side. No sooner proposed than accomplished; and on the 3rd of April, 1817, they entered the roped arenas on Twickenham Common, but after fighting thirty-three minutes and a half, and twenty-nine rounds, Randall was proclaimed the conqueror. Dick had not a chance. Harry Holt was his next antagonist, for a similar stake of twenty-five guineas a side. They fought at Coombe Warren, but Harry shared the fate of his predecessors, and succumbed to superior talent. This

affair came off on the 20th May, 1817, and occupied twenty-five minutes, during which time eight rounds were fought. General Barton, who backed Randall, and who was ever after his staunch supporter, with Colonel Berkeley, Captain Barclay, and other distinguished amateurs, were present on this occasion; and, perhaps, the science of pugilism was never displayed to greater advantage. In his former fights, Jack was most remarkable for his in-fighting qualities, but with Holt, who was a master of the art, he had to play a different game; he had, in fact, to outfight him, and this he did in a style which electrified the Ring. He planted not less than forty blows on Holt's face, and altogether spoiled the symmetry of his nose; in fact, the terrible character of his punishment admitted of no parallel, and all Holt's knowledge went for nothing. Four months afterwards, on the 30th of September, 1817, he fought Belasco, at Shepherton Range, and by the astonishing display of his milling qualities on that day, he obtained the cognomen of *The Nonpareil.* His hitting and getting away, his style of stopping and returning, with the excellent judgment he manifested, added to his activity and quickness on his legs, all tended to stamp him as one of the most finished boxers of his weight. The men fought for fifty guineas a side, and the fight lasted fifty-four minutes and a half, during which seven rounds only were fought. Jack now mounted in the scale of consequence, and was matched against Parish the Waterman, for one hundred guineas a side. The fight came off on Hayes Common, Kent, on the 27th of November, 1817, and again did Jack wear the laurels of victory, winning in eleven rounds, and fifty-three minutes, after a most determined scientific fight. On the 6th of April, 1818, while at Tom Reynolds' Free and Easy, in Drury-lane, a big Hibernian, named Dan M'Carthy, thought proper to reverse the words of the favourite song, "Politeness an Irishman's trade is," in Jack's presence, and to be very *ungenteel.* Jack called him to "order," but this only produced disorder, and a room fight ensued, in which in fifteen minutes the *nob* of Mr. M'Carthy was completely *chanceried,* and he admitted that he had never received a more imposing lesson on good manners. Jack next entered the ring with Woolwich Burks, for one hundred guineas a side, on the 16th of June, 1818, on Wimbledon Common; and, after twenty-three rounds, fought in forty-five minutes, Jack preserved his fame by adding an additional conquest to his list, although it was felt that on this particular occasion he was not exactly "himself." The most important epoch of his life now approached: it was that in which he was matched against the supposed invincible Ned Turner. Articles were signed for one hundred pounds a side, on the 18th of October, 1818, and the 1st of December was fixed for the combat; but in consequence of the death of Queen Charlotte, the meeting was postponed to Saturday, the 5th of December, on which day the men met at Crawley Hurst. Perhaps, in the annals of boxing, there never was an event which excited more speculation; and if we were to say that a million of money depended on the issue, we perhaps should not overshoot the mark. All classes seem to be interested, and the betting on the Stock Exchange equalled anything of the sort ever witnessed. At first Randall was the favourite at 2 to 1 and 7 to 4. These odds, from report that he had got a cold in his

neck, dropped to even betting, but again rose on the day of fighting to 6 to 4. Never did we witness such a "turn out" from London as that on the morning of fighting: the road down to the scene of action was literally covered with vehicles of every possible description, among which were some score of carriages-and-four filled with the higher grade of amateurs, including many Noblemen of distinction, while the *commoners* were beyond all calculation. A more extraordinary exhibition of talent and generalship was never witnessed than during the fight. So well did each man guard his points, and so admirably did he outmanœuvre his opponent, that no less than *two hours, nineteen minutes, and thirty seconds* were occupied in the struggle, which ultimately terminated in favour of Randall, after fighting thirty-four rounds. A higher treat was never afforded to the Fancy, and even those who lost their money could not withhold the meed of praise from the loser. Randall had now reached the *acme* of his glory, and on defeating Turner was considered to have gained the "top of the tree"—an elevation the more extraordinary, as he never received a lesson on the art of self-defence, and was, from first to last, the architect of his own glory. He had a natural propensity to the sport, and his genius seemed particularly calculated for its indulgence. He had not yet, however, closed his labours, for, in the same month of December, he was matched against Jack Martin (the Master of the Rolls), £150 to £100, to fight on the 30th April, but this day was afterwards altered to the 4th of May, in order (as in Neal and Bob's case) it might not interfere with the Newmarket Races. Pending this mill, he had a turn-up with Ben Burns, and took the conceit out of my "uncle." While training at Hampstead, he ran a race against his antagonist for £5, but was beaten. On the day appointed, the fight came off on Crawley Downs, in the presence of a multitude scarcely less numerous than that assembled at his fight with Turner. Jack had it all his own way, and won without a scratch, in nineteen rounds, and in forty-nine minutes and ten seconds. A good deal of indignation was produced by an event connected with this match, and which showed the villainy into which some men will plunge in the pursuit of gain. On the morning of fighting, Jack was *hocussed* by a person well known in the Ring. It was suspected that a sleeping potion had been given to him in a glass of mulled wine, and it required all the energy of his friends to prevent its fatal consequences. On the 4th of October, 1819, he had a turn-up with Hood, a fighting tailor, in Battersea fields; and, after fighting four rounds, *sewed* up his opponent, who, it is but due to state, proved himself a good customer, and gave Jack the *quid pro quo*. In June Jack was matched by an amateur against Scroggins, for £100 a side; but this having been done without Jack's knowledge, and having just then paid a large deposit for "The Hole in the Wall," Chancery Lane, he reluctantly suffered his friend to forfeit.

At this period it was considered that Jack had received not less than £1200 by his good fortune, but "easy got, easy gone." As fast as it was received it was spent, until at last prudence suggested the expediency of laying the foundation of something substantial for his family, and he accordingly closed his bargain for "The Hole in the Wall," under

the patronage of General Barton, his friends giving him a *pipe of wine* instead of a piece of plate, to commence operations; and on the 17th of August, 1819, he gave his opening dinner, at which Mr. Jackson presided. Two years were now devoted to the duties of a *Boniface*, when Jack once more "came out," or rather gave a challenge to all England, of his weight, for five hundred guineas. This sum he subsequently reduced to £300; and the gauntlet was taken up by the friends of Jack Martin, who, for the second time, matched him against the *Nonpareil*. There was a good deal of management about his affair, and we have reason to believe that Randall was strongly tempted to do wrong—but he was honest to the backbone, and it was "no go." Those who calculated upon his *weakness*, therefore, found themselves in the wrong box; and the match came off on the square on the 16th of September, 1812, on Crawley Downs, and was decided in *one round*. Whispers were afloat as to the motives for so short a struggle on the part of Martin; but it is not our purpose to go back into details, which are sufficiently fresh in the recollection of the Sporting World. Martin subsequently challenged Jack to renew the combat, for 300 guineas, and after a good deal of newspaper *chaff*, a third match was made on the 11th May, 1822, for £300 a side and a bet of 700 guineas, to take place on the 3rd September. Two deposits, amounting to £410, were down; but on the third meeting, Randall's friends were too late by seven minutes, and Martin claimed and received forfeit. On the 21st of May following, he publicly challenged Martin, at the Fives Court, to fight for £500 or £1000; and on the 27th August a fourth match was made for the former sum, to come off on the 3rd of December; but this, although the whole stakes of £1000 were made good, became a draw, on the ground that Randall's backers, who forfeited the £205, were threatening to sue Martin for that sum, which had been given to him by his friends, and thus ended all negociations between these men. Gypsy Cooper afterwards challenged Jack for £200, but he refused to fight for less than £300. He had a house and business to attend to, and a wife and family to support, which he would not neglect for less. From thenceforth he pursued the beaten path of a publican, and was highly respected by all ranks of the *Fancy*. The liberality of his friends, however, added to his own predilection for *daffey*, gradually paved the way to the "break up" of his constitution, and for some months back he was but the shadow of his former self. There has recently been a good deal said about a match between him and Dick Curtis, but we believe no serious intention of the sort was entertained by either man, nor would the condition of Randall have justified such an undertaking.

Such is the general outline of this man's career. That he had his faults we will not attempt to deny, and who is there without them?—but he maintained to the last, towards his friends, a sincere feeling of gratitude, and his memory will ever be respected for the honesty which invariably characterized his appearance in the ring.

ON BOXING GENERALLY.

MR. EDITOR,— There are few things, in the maudlin cant of the present day, more absurd and annoying than the continual

outcry raised against the manly Science of Boxing. Why it should be so absurdly persisted in I am at a loss to conjecture, unless that, as we cannot expect from the gentler part of the creation much predilection for a science, the ostensive effect of which is the production of "bloody noses and cracked crowns," we may infer that many of the male sex are influenced in their opposition thereto more by motives of gallantry than the exercise of reason. It has been objected to pugilistic contests, that they are productive of much danger, and sometimes even of death. To this I merely observe, that the proportion of deaths resulting from pitched battles, to those arising from accidental rencontres, which no force of law or reason can prevent, may be calculated at the proportion of one to a thousand; indeed, the equality of the combatants, in ring encounters, is a primary consideration with their backers, and fairness in the fight an indispensable requisite to success in the Prize-ring.

The confidence derived from a consciousness of superior strength, at *least* of superior skill (which, in a great measure, compensates for the deficiency), in the use of our natural weapons of defence, possesses so many obvious advantages, as to render comment supererogatory. Indeed, the coolness, self-possession, and absolute command of temper, required to form even a tolerable boxer, must prove of infinite service in all avocations of life. In this country we are unquestionably protected, to the utmost extent of civil power, against the ruffian *hand of* brutal ferocity; but how frequently, in most men's lives, do unavoidable circumstances occur, which render it necessary that all their reliance should be placed on personal exertion and knowledge of self-defence! The superiority of boxing, as a gymnastic exercise, cannot be for a moment disputed by those who reflect on the matter.—no manual exercise presenting such a variety of position and attitude, or, at the option of the practiser, calling into action (either with ease or violence) every muscle and sinew of the human frame. Nor, as I before observed, does any exercise require so complete a self-possession and exertion of all the energies, mental and corporeal. Boxing, among the Greeks (and no one disputes their pre-eminent claim as the most refined nation of antiquity), forms a very prominent part of their public amusements; and no class of men were more respected in the State than the Athletæ, or persons who professed the art of Running, Wrestling, and Boxing, at their solemn festivals. Their rewards and honours, when victorious, were commensurate to the skill and intrepidity required for obtaining success; but the Greeks carried boxing to an extreme, unknown in the British Ring; and the Cestus, or Iron Glove, in which their hands were cased for combat, often proved an instrument of sudden death, or excruciating torture. The following extract, which I have copied from *Rollin*, enables us to form an opinion of the violence with which those battles were contested:—"They sometimes fell down dead or dying upon the sand; though that only happened except when the vanquished person persisted too long in the refusal to acknowledge his defeat; yet it was common for them to quit the fight with a countenance so disfigured, that it was not easy to know them afterwards, carrying away with them the sad

marks of their vigorous resistance, such as bruises and contusions of the face, the loss of an eye, their teeth knocked out, their jaws broken, or some more considerable fracture." In our pugilistic contests the worst result to the vanquished is a good thrashing; which his well-trained constitution enables him to bear, and frequently recover from in the course of a few days.

The conspicuous part which Homer gives to the pugilistic combat at the funeral rites of Patrocles, plainly designates the estimation in which such scenes were held; and Virgil, as usual, imitates and improves on his great prototype in the description of the combat between Entellus and Dares.

To me nothing is more disgusting than the brutal ruffianism of a country fight, when two awkward bumpkins pummel and phlebotomize each other "sans ceremonie," an hour by Shrewsbury clock;—nor is any sight more gratifying than the opposition of two well-made accomplished boxers, elevated on a stage, matched in science, skill, and intrepidity, and all the requisites of pugilistic warfare. The courage of English boxers is proverbial over the world; nothing can exceed or equal it, but the valour of their native bull-dogs. I by no means wish to maintain that a knowledge of self-defence will constitute any man a more sanctified member of society; but this I aver, that many important advantages will result therefrom, not the least important of which is a feeling of personal independence, an invigoration of all the energies, mental and corporeal, and a stimulus to the system which can be attained only by exercise. With respect to the much misrepresented professors of this science, my own experience enables me to say that a more quiet or unassuming class of men than many of them never existed. I need only adduce the names of Crib, Spring, and T. Belcher, in proof of the assertion: for the rest doubtless, were the public to sanction them with a proper degree of patronage, they would anxiously exert themselves to maintain a situation of permanent respectability.—*Life in London.* M.

Law of Wagers.

Opinion.—"A wager on a horse-race is legal, provided the race which is the subject of the bet is run for the sum of £50 or upwards, or £25 deposited by each party; but horse-races against time on a highway, or for a stake of less value than £50, are illegal. A wager upon an indifferent matter, which has no tendency to produce any public mischief for individual inconvenience, is legal; but to make the wager legal, the subject matter of it must be perfectly innocent, and have no tendency to impolicy or immorality. A wager between voters on the event of an election, or concerning the produce of the revenue, or tending to inconvenience or degrade the courts of justice, or concerning an abstract question of law or legal practice in which the parties have no interest, is illegal and void. A cock-match, or wager upon it, is illegal. So a wager prejudicial to the interest or feelings of a third person, as on the sex of a person, is illegal. A wager whether an unmarried woman had had a child was held void. A wager tending to restrain marriage is void. A wager on the life of Bonaparte was held void. A person may lay a wager on his own age; and there is no illegality in betting a rump and dozen."

THE

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BUFFALO HUNT.

SIR,

The account of the Buffalo Hunt contained in your second number has already apprized the sporting world that tiger and hog-hunting are not the only field sports peculiar to India which are worthy of consideration, yet, although I admired the verses, I could not but wish for a more particular account of a sport until lately entirely novel on this side of India. I am no poet myself, but the subject requires not rhymes to make it interesting, and lest none of your correspondents should have sent you intelligence of the late sporting operations in Khandeish, the following information will no doubt be acceptable to your readers.

The rendezvous was at Mangerode on the banks of the Taptee, about 30 miles eastward of Boorhanpore, between the Satpoorah and Bindza ranges of mountains, in the midst of an uninterrupted tract of jungle, swarming with game of almost every description. We met on the 20th of March; our party consisting of nine select sportsmen from Khandeish, and two amateurs from the Nizam's country in the Deccan, who had lately killed so many tigers, that they were glad of an opportunity of diversifying their sport.

Last year two or three buffaloes had been killed with the *spear*, and we determined at first that powder and ball was an unsportsmanlike method of overcoming them. We soon found, however, that attempting to spear them was out of the question, for at this season of the year they frequent the immediate banks of the Taptee, where the jungle is so thick as to be frequently impenetrable, and the ravines such as would compel your Nuggur or Goozerat hog-hunters to pull up at. The buffaloes seemed to be aware of the secure positions which they had taken up, and seldom took to the plain.

Owing to the extent and thickness of the jungle, and our want of information regarding the haunts of the buffaloes, we did not fall in with a herd until the evening of the second day. They were grazing on the opposite side of the river; one large male appeared as if standing sentry at the edge of the bank. As luck would have it, one of the party had all the sport to himself: Captain G. had detached himself from the party, while we were going along the bed

of the river; on seeing the buffalo on the bank, and thinking that there was no ford immediately in front, we crossed the river about 500 yards higher up, with the intention of making a circuit to get in the rear of the herd. During the manœuvre, however, our friend, Captain G., returned to the bank, and being unacquainted with our plan of attack, made straight across the river for the buffalo on the opposite side; unfortunately the herd made off in the direction opposite to that which we had taken; Captain G. succeeded in killing one, which left the herd and took to the open country, after a hard gallop of some miles over a difficult country.

The next day we found the same herd, but as they kept to the ravines, we could not succeed in spearing any; two were shot by Captain B. This day Captain M. had a narrow escape from being "mauled" by a buffalo. Having brought a large fellow to bay, he rode up to him and delivered his spear in the brute's neck; the buffalo charged and drove one of his horns through the horse's hock, at the same time lifting him up and of course dislodging the rider. Captain M., being completely *hors de combat*, was obliged reluctantly to give up the chase, and, none of the others being present, the buffalo went on with the spear in his neck as if nothing had happened to him.

Most of our horses being "done," and several of the party having 150 miles or so to ride for muster, we determined if possible to have good sport the next and last day; which we *had*, notwithstanding some of the party expostulated against the impropriety of riding upon an empty stomach, and a ride of several miles in quest of a deserted village (whither some "prog" had been sent) with the name or site of which no one was acquainted. We started at daybreak, and soon fell in with a large herd, which dispersed, and almost every one of the party had a good run after one or other of the herd. Three were slain and several others wounded.

I have never met with any work upon natural history giving a correct account of the India wild buffalo, and as many of your readers may not be well acquainted with the nature of the animal, I proceed to give you a short description. Some doubts were at first entertained whether those killed in the Mangerode jungles were the actual wild buffalo, or rather of the same species as those which abound in Bengal, and some of the upper provinces; but I believe that these doubts have now been set at rest by the testimony of some gentlemen who had killed buffaloes in Bengal who pronounced them to be decidedly the same animal. They are generally of a dark reddish brown colour, with white legs. A male that was killed last year measured upwards of seven feet from the hoof to the top of the shoulder; allowing for the curve, he must have stood at least five and a half feet high. The horns are very different from those of the tame buffalo, being much thicker, shorter, and smoother: neither do they incline so far back towards the neck. The shape of the body is similar to that of the tame buffalo, but of much larger proportions; they are generally found in herds, in long grass, where there is no scarcity of water; they are very timid in a herd, but a simple male is a fierce and most formidable brute. He will frequently charge from a considerable distance, putting down his head and projecting his horns when within twenty or

thirty yards of the object; their charge is tremendous, but easily avoided. Although apparently heavy and unwieldy, they are surprisingly active. It is astonishing to see with what ease and rapidity they cross ravines and penetrate jungle where a horseman can by no means follow. When pursued, they will go along at a good sharp pace, and in difficult ground they have a great advantage over a horseman. One would imagine from their bulk that they would soon get blown, but they will keep a horse at a good slapping pace for a couple of miles. When hard pressed they generally turn and charge, or come to bay, and it is no easy matter to put them to death with spears.

Our excursion terminated with so pretty a specimen of tiger hunting, that, although foreign to the subject, I feel sure that your readers will be gratified with an account of it. On our return from Mangerode, we halted at Geraree, where we had heard of a tiger, and Captain O.'s famous Bheels had been sent to reconnoitre. We were remarkably fortunate, for we had scarcely refreshed ourselves from our morning's work when the Bheels sent us intelligence of their having surrounded the tiger about a mile from the village. We had but one elephant. Four of the party managed to squeeze themselves into the howdah, while the remainder, headed by that indefatigable and incomparable sportsman, Captain O., proceeded on foot. The tiger was surrounded in a grove of toddy trees, and the party on foot sent to track him along the bed of the nullah which ran through the grove, while the elephant beat along the bank. We got to the other end of the grove without rousing the tiger, though we found afterwards that we must have passed within five yards of him. As there were no traces of his having proceeded up the nullah, we turned to beat the grove more closely, and were beginning to despair of finding the tiger, when the elephant *spoke*.* As the famous Hyder Guj was never known to *speak* but when he smelt a tiger, we were certain that he was not far off, and presently two shots from the howdah informed us that he was discovered. † We should never

* Some of your readers may wish to know what kind of *language* an elephant *speaks*. It is very simple, consisting of but *one word*, which can never be misunderstood. Most elephants will, when on the scent of a tiger, strike the end of their trunk on the ground, producing a sound more like the tap of a drum than anything else which I can at present recollect to liken it to. A well trained tiger-hunter will never make this sound but when he is close upon a tiger.

† The praises of Hyder Guj are already recorded both in verse and in prose in your former numbers. He is certainly one of the best tiger-hunters in India. I have myself seen him discover a tiger with as much ease as a pointer would a pheasant. On coming near a tiger, he invariably makes the sound above described, and *points* with his trunk in the direction in which the tiger is lying; the mahout has no occasion to guide him, for he will carry you straight up to the tiger's lair, or tear away the bushes which conceal him. When the tiger is discovered, Hyder stands as steady as a rock until you have fired, and if the tiger is only wounded, will pursue him, with apparently as much eagerness as the sportsman in the howdah; if killed, will put up his trunk for his well-earned reward of a seer of goor. The late owner of this invaluable animal, who had killed nearly seventy tigers from off his back, informed me that he never knew him make a false point, or give tongue when the tiger was not actually near him. I am happy to say that Hyder Guj is now in the possession of a gentleman who justly appreciates his value, and is not likely to allow him to forget his education.

have found the tiger but for the assistance of the elephant; the sagacious animal *pointed* to a thick part of the jungle, and having broken away branches of large trees, and torn up smaller ones by the roots, discovered the brute crouching a few yards before his trunk. Two shots from an old sportsman, who is not given to missing, were sufficient to roll him over! He made one spring and fell dead in the nullah.

I remain, Sir,

April —, 1829.

ON CONDITION, FEEDING, TRAINING, &c.

SIR,

Allow me to congratulate you on the appearance of your third number, which has just reached me. Before reading it, which I however did with particular interest, I ran my eye over your list of subscribers; they prove to a demonstration that there is a feeling in India alive to sporting in all its branches; and that it only required a spirited individual who would undertake the labour, to render a Magazine, detailing the sporting events in India, as interesting to the *banished*, as the long-established one in our mother country has been of late years to our friends at home. Combining, as you have done, a Racing Calendar with other sporting subjects, you will, I trust, render your work equally valuable as a book of reference to the gentlemen on the turf in India, as Weatherby's Racing Calendar has long been to the English sportsmen; I hope every man who has it in his power will obey the call put forth in your third number, and contribute all within his reach to render your work a standard one.

Weatherby's Racing Calendar is not in every racing man's hands in India. The rules and regulations, with the different adjudged cases, published therein, have been framed by men of the first experience, and are submitted to by all at home. Allow me to suggest that you publish them regularly in your numbers, adding such new rules or cases as may appear from time to time.

I am sorry to see amongst your subscribers from the *presidency* of Bengal only the name of the father of the Bengal turf, "Colonel Stevenson." This I must attribute to the existence of the work *not* being generally known; but as Arab Racing has again become in vogue in Calcutta, any information the sporting men in the city of palaces can obtain, regarding what is done on your side of India, must be valuable: and I am sure you would be doing them a favour if you would advertise its publication in the Calcutta John Bull, the paper which chiefly gives the racing intelligence in India.

The perusal of the letter from *Novice* in your third number has done me good. I have had a more hearty laugh than I have enjoyed since the 4th of February; it has tended to dissipate the bile engendered by *untoward events*, more than if I had swallowed all the physic in the new gilt Galen's head. Did I not tell you I strongly suspected that in his first letter, *Novice* was deeper than he allowed himself to be in the mysteries of the stable, or in seeking information under so modest a signature was *humbugging* us? Be this as

it may, my wish is that long may he live to indite, and I to read, his entertaining letters, and may Quiz, Whiz, Buzz, and the rest, with all the etcetera of the crooked letter, procure for him as much credit on the turf as his nomenclature and description must have afforded amusement to your readers. In India, perhaps, beyond any other country, the feeling is delightful to have a friend whom we can laugh with. I join with you in the hope that your correspondent "A TYKE" on feeding and training, will not be a niggard of his future communications, for I do a little business in both ways myself, and am neither too old (though a young scion bids fair to take it up, when I am gone) or too conceited not to wish to learn. However, as doctors will differ, so must I upon some points laid down by A TYKE. Your readers may cry out, "It is easier to find fault than to point out what should be done." Experience and practice, after all, in spite of every theory, must guide a feeder and trainer. But the object of your pages is to invite free discussion; and as long as this is done in a gentlemanlike spirit, and with a courteous feeling towards the writer you may chance to differ with, the goal we all wish to reach will more or less be rendered easy. A TYKE says, "With regard to horses out of *all condition*, the universal plan is to begin with three doses of physic, with an interval of a week between each." These systematic three doses, if I may so apply the expression, are, I believe, now exploded, and with a horse *out of condition*, as I understand the term, would be productive of more harm than good. Condition is not to be obtained by such a *royal road*. It is the work of time, and, as has been said by a very able writer on the subject, the goodness or condition of a horse mainly depends upon what goes in at his mouth, meaning, as is obvious, good hard meat. How often do we find a horse improve in his running the second year of training; a change we may trace to the year's hard meat and good keep he has had. Three doses of physic given within the short period of three weeks to a horse going into training, I am fully convinced, would retard; if not prevent, a horse in previous *good condition* from being brought to the post, in his full powers, within the time, viz., three months, as mentioned by A TYKE as sufficient to complete the process. That physic is necessary to a horse going into such strong work as training when every muscle, every sinew, every nerve is brought into play, there cannot be a shadow of doubt; and mad must the man be who would recommend, or the man who would adopt, another system; but in the quantity to be given, the periods when and the time of repeating the dose, lies the question, and the difficulty is to lay down any precise rules. On these three points, much must depend upon the state of the horse, and the effects produced by the first dose. If I am borne out in these premises, I would suggest that the first dose of physic should be given at least five months before the horse is wanted, and if he is in good flesh, let it be followed up with a second dose as soon after as the state of his bowels, and the effect first produced, indicates to be necessary. Call this his first preparation. His exercise of long walks in cloths may then commence, and at the end of another month, a third and probably a fourth dose might be requisite, but care should be taken that the physic is not of too strong a nature. Depend upon it, many

a horse is as often spoilt by severe physic as by severe work when not in proper order. I perfectly coincide with your correspondent "that a turn to grass, whatever benefit a horse's legs would derive (and I question if it would be any), would be counterbalanced by the work those same legs must endure to bring down the load of flesh that would accumulate, and to restore him to his former condition." I am a complete convert to that entertaining and judicious writer in the English Sporting Magazine, "Nimrod," on the subject of summering the hunter, as being applicable to the racehorse, more particularly in this arid country, where mother Earth, instead of being, as John Laurence observes, wet with the dews of Heaven, Nature's restorative to the horse, is either barren, hot, dry and hard, teeming with flies enough to drive a horse mad, or saturated with rain, overgrown with rank grass, and pregnant with Burzautee, a perfect pest in a stable. I was once in the habit of treating my own racers, as I thought, with a *holiday* and run at grass, as did another sporting friend of mine. Reading Nimrod's arguments induced me to adopt his system, and I shall never change it. Cooling medicines, and giving antimony with occasional bran and oats mashed, if the master's eye is carefully over his stable, will prevent his horses putting up bad flesh. Nimrod says he often gives an ounce of antimony, daily, for eight successive days. I have already observed that condition is the work of time; when once obtained, the *art* consists in not allowing the horse to retrograde.

The native horse-dealer who feeds for the market—I speak of those with us, not the Arab merchant—feeds as a farmer would a prize ox, so much to the score; but what becomes of a horse so fed after he is brought to work? Will he stand? will he improve with age and work? I confidently answer no, and again I confidently repeat that the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth, and as a horse is fed from his youth upwards, so will be his value from maturity to old age.

Does your correspondent "A TYKE" really mean that any horse will *eat* ten seer of gram. When speaking of a *delicate* feeder, he says "a horse may *get* 10 seers daily, and still pine away, but try him with 6 or 7 and he will probably improve." From my own experience, I have seldom found a hearty feeder would *eat* the latter quantity. I do not say that more may not be often *given*, but in that case I should suspect that his biped attendant, not often a delicate feeder, may greatly assist. Such a circumstance (and we have, alas! too many proofs to doubt the fact) reminds one of the manner in which a showman took in the flats in a country town, by advertising that he and his friend should eat 3lb. of beefsteaks, a quartern loaf, and a bushel of potatoes, which drew a crowd of John Bulls, who were gulled, as they have often been, by finding the friend in need was a pig indeed. I may be writing at random about the 10 seers, from not knowing the weight; with us a seer is 86 sicca weight, and I have seldom known the best feeder eat more than six seers of grams, with two seers of oats.*

Oats have become much in use

* The seer of weight in the Bombay territories is, we believe, several siccas lighter than the Bengal seer.—It is rare that less than 8 seers of gram per diem is given to an Arab on this side of India.—ED.

of late years, on this side of India. Though they are lighter and inferior in quality to the English oats, yet they appear to agree well with the horse in all situations. To horses in hard strong work oats are capital admixture with gram, keeping the bowels open, and preventing those effects which take place when a horse is fed highly entirely upon gram; probably the use of Bazree, which your correspondent speaks of, supplies the place, or rather the object gained by oats.

Oats given in the straw to horses not in work, or intended for immediate hard work, is a capital food, keeping the body light, and in a healthy thriving state; say 8 seers of oats in straw, 2 seers of gram, and 2 seers of *Hay*.

With regard to bandages, I have become sceptical. That they have their advantages in certain cases I am fully aware; but in India, where our horses are so much at the mercy of ignorant, careless, native grooms, it would be prudent not to resort to them, unless there is a screw loose. A great nicety is required in putting them on. I thought my own syces, old servants, and long used to a training stable, were up to the thing; but to a favourite horse, which stood deeply engaged for a Cup race, the bandage was one night applied so tight as to induce great inflammation in one of his legs. The cause was not known or even suspected at the time; though it showed itself, soon afterwards, by the skin sluffing off under the knee, both before and behind. The consequence was he was laid up above a week, just before his race, when he had to come out against a known clipper, and upon the result of which money had been sported all over India. Though every racing man must be aware what disadvantage it is to any horse to stop in his work at this critical time, I by no means intend to insinuate that my horse would, under other circumstances, have won, for his opponent I truly think to be, what he proved in the race, the best horse. I only notice the circumstance to put racing men upon their guard, if inclined to use bandages. If the legs feel hot and inflamed, or begin to grow out of shape, a cooling lotion may be used to advantage, composed of 4 oz. crude sal ammoniac, 1 oz. sugar of lead, dissolved in 3 pints of vinegar and 1 pint of water.

I think, from the general tenor of your correspondent's paragraph regarding sweating, that we are of the same opinion. To give a horse a sweat every six or eight days from five to seven miles, with additional clothing making a weight of 13 stone on his back, must not only "pump out his perspirable matter, and cannot be supposed to do him much good," but ruin anything not compounded of sheer steel.

As in physic, so in sweating, no positive rules can be laid down; though sweat the horse must, and an Arab unquestionably requires more than any other horse, yet the frequency and length must in like manner be left to the experience of the trainer. But the pumping system may be obtained under less severity to the horse, as regards the weight he has to carry, if the *first* sweating blanket be wrapped completely round the horse, so that a double fold passes under his belly, his breast, with the *blanket* used as a sweater, will exclude the external air, and will induce the horse to sweat quite sufficiently, without the cumbersome aid of too great a weight of clothes. Distance and

pace must be regulated by the trainer after sweating; a horse's legs and feet will derive benefit from being immersed in a bucket of hot water. The object of sweating is to lighten a horse internally, and to open his pores, but to draw the sweat from him in streams must weaken a horse, and if too often repeated the horse must dwindle, and nature be exhausted. A sweat once in ten days to a lusty horse, or once a fortnight to a more delicate one, in this country, I should think sufficient. Too much clothing in the stable, or when out at walking exercise, stews and weakens a horse more or less according to his constitution. Even in the cold weather in India, a gentleman taking strong exercise, either on foot or on horseback, requires not a great coat.

If a craving lusty horse, notwithstanding his *regular* exercise and sweat, continues to put up more flesh than you think he ought to carry, or appears from his work to be getting stale, it might be advisable, instead of sweating him with an additional load of clothes, and at too long a distance, which might endanger his legs, to set him the night before his sweat, and when pulled up after his sweat, to give him a dose of physic, say, from five to six drams of aloes, according as you know medicine to affect him. From his sweat, he will be greedy of his water, and drink freely, and you may expect the medicine to operate briskly the next morning. For this hint I am indebted to the author of a book on training lately published, lent me by a friend: the author's name I cannot now call to mind; * as a lad he was brought up in a training stable, where he continued some years; then went to college, and afterwards became Veterinary Surgeon to a Dragoon Regiment. This gentlemen says the stimulant effects of the physic in promoting the various secretions of the stomach and the different glands of the body, and also from its increasing by the aid of exercise the peristaltic motion of the bowels, causes the whole mass of those fluids to become so rapidly removed by evacuation, as to create very considerable absorption throughout the whole system. But if the horse is of *a strong* constitution, and invariably a good feeder, he soon recovers from the debility resulting from the operation of the medicine; his general habit of body, as well as his legs, will have been much cooled and refreshed. Indeed it will be seen, very shortly after the physic has begun to work, that the horse's legs have become clean, cool, and in shape; and, to a certain extent, both inside and out, lightened of his flesh. The change produced upon the horse's constitution from the effects of the medicine will improve him in a most extraordinary way, which will, in a very short time, be perceptible in his fresh and healthy appearance at work, and no doubt he will come to the post in good form.

Your correspondent "Nimrod in the East" remarks that "it has often struck him as extraordinary that amongst the many *workmen* mentioned by *Nimrod* in his tours, few, if any, Indians are to be found." In one of the numbers, when describing the Hambleton hunt and its riders, Nimrod observes, "There are two other of this hunt; Major Ridge and Capt. Close, who, though they spent all their younger days in India, took care not to leave behind them their passion for fox-

* *Darvil*, we conclude our correspondent means. His work "On the Race-horse," though recently published, is extremely popular.—ED.

hunting, but have verified the words of the poet who says, Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt. On hearing an excellent view halloo one day from the former gentleman, Mr. H. exclaimed, Could you not swear that he was got by a foxhunter? The major's father once hunted the Hambleton country."

I have to return my thanks to your correspondent O. in your January number for the notice he has taken of my inquiry regarding the treatment of Burzauttee, and I hope the subject will be followed up by those who can throw some light on the means used to cure this vile complaint. The remedies mentioned by O. have been tried by those on this side of India who have been obliged to contend against the disease, but the result has been the same mentioned by O., only temporary. Since I put forth the inquiry, I have had a horse in a very extreme case. One of his hind legs, in particular, was a mass of corruption; every remedy had failed, and he was condemned to be shot. I, however, determined to keep him to try an experiment; he was fed as usual, and a ball of blue vitriol given him daily, beginning with 20 grains, increasing the quantity every ten days, until the ball contained a dram, which, with occasional purges, was continued two months. To the sores on the legs I applied the milky juice from the common Muddar plant, the botanical name of which is *Asclepias Gigantia*.

In this part of the country it grows wild, in a bushy form; is three feet high, having a broad smooth leaf, and bears a small purple flower. The juice flows immediately a branch is broken, and is so very acrid, that if rubbed on the skin, will act as a strong blister. The root is much used in native medicine, and is that recommended by Dr. Playfair as a cure for leprosy. For some time after applying it to the Burzauttee sores, which was done daily, the whole limb swelled very much, and had it not been a case of experiment, I might have been alarmed and have desisted from the trial. I, however, persevered, and after ten days had the satisfaction to observe the swelling of the limb in some measure subside, though considerable enlargement still remained, decreasing gradually, notwithstanding the continuance of the Muddar juice. The sore also put on a more healthy appearance, and was much reduced. In time it healed, having much less scar, than I could have expected from a sore of such magnitude, and of so long a standing. This experiment was made in the racing months upon a desperate case. The breaking up of the rains might have accelerated the healing of the sore, yet I am inclined to think the juice of the Muddar might be found a very useful application in similar cases. I shall certainly try its effects on a future occasion, and shall keep the horse above referred to, in order to ascertain if the disease breaks out again next Burzauttee season.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
O. K.

Not 100 *miles from Meerut,*
4th April, 1829.

DESCRIPTION OF A "NIBBS."

Mr. Editor,

Among the many improvements that have taken place in matters regarding hunting, racing, and shooting since my arrival in the country about six

years ago, there is one which, though strictly belonging to neither of them, is still in my opinion materially conducive to the enjoyment of them all with ease and comfort, and also in a very great degree to that of the mere traveller along the road: and as your valuable magazine is, I doubt not, equally open to the communication of improvements in all matters conducive to the enjoyment of either of the above pursuits, I have taken up my pen to call the attention of my sporting friends, more particularly, who are desirous of following their favourite amusements with a greater degree of personal comfort and a diminution of fatigue than has hitherto been customary in this enervating climate, to the subject of this letter.

I allude to the invention of the vehicle commonly styled a "*Nibbs.*" The first of the kind was built by a friend of my own about three years ago as a mode of conveyance to hunting, shooting, and generally to parties and picnics of all descriptions, as well as with the idea of more easily being transported over the country roads in a journey. From its make and form it is admirably adapted for all of these purposes; but I must be allowed to state that it never was intended as a vehicle for the Esplanade or show—utility and comfort being the only ends in view in its construction. The first that ever was turned out was built with very low wheels, a square framework or carriage, and a square seat with a rail round it, higher behind than before, and open in front towards the horse. It was hung on four small C springs affixed one at each corner of the carriage, to which the seat alone was attached by a leather strap and buckle, the carriage part being firmly attached to the axle; this with a large cushion or *Beehana*, covering the whole of the bottom part of the seat, and plenty of smaller ones, like pillows, completed the first "*Nibbs*," which was capable of holding with ease three persons, on one of whom devolved the task of "*Jarvy.*"

The breadth of this from wheel to wheel was $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet, that of the seat about six inches less, while in length it was about seven feet, or perfectly well admitting of a person lying at full length. The workmanship, as may be supposed, was not of the most neat in the world, but it at the same time combined great strength with an excellent adaptation to the narrow and rough roads of the Deccan.

In this, three gentlemen, of whom I was one, started on a three weeks' hog-hunting tour, and during the trip travelled in it along the different marshes, with one horse, a distance of 166 miles over the country roads, taking them as they came, and some parts of them were of the worst description I have ever met with. It stood the work admirably, and was allowed by all to be a most advantageous contrivance, not only as it saved the hunters from being hacked along the road, a very great point in my opinion; but also as it required a much less number of nags to do the distance, one horse doing the same work with the greatest ease that would otherwise have required three.

After so good a commencement, and a further confirmation of its advantages in divers excursions to *picnics*, hunting and shooting parties, during which several improvements on the original plan suggested themselves, the "Nibbs" appeared in its present form.

The alterations on the old plan are simply these. The wheels have been raised to four feet and

half an inch in diameter, and are not "*dished*," being made quite straight. The small C spring at each corner has been rejected, and Stanhope springs (Europe ones if procurable, otherwise country-made ones) substituted. A *well* or *boot* for the feet has been introduced into the forepart of the seat of the "Nibbs," and a shifting board, for the support of the back in an upright position, put in. By this latter introduction, the position is altered from a reclining to an upright one, which is more comfortable for the driver, besides being better adapted for guiding the horse over the jolting and stony country roads; and as seldom more than two travel in the same vehicle, although I have more than once known of three, it is equally agreeable, at the same time that the old method of reclining is still available at pleasure by removing the back board. This, however, is seldom resorted to now, on account of the roominess of the seat and well. In addition to these improvements on the original plan, a light hood or awning with side curtains fixed on to the seat by four light posts at the corners, so that no inconvenience is felt from the sun in travelling during the day, as the top, from its height, which its extreme lightness readily admits of, allows a current of air to pass at all times through the vehicle, besides rendering ingress and egress more easy and secure in case of an accident. The shafts too, from being straight, are now bent to admit of a better adaptation of the level of the carriage to the height of the horse. Wings have also been thrown over the wheels.

Such is the "Nibbs." The name which sounds so strangely owes its origin to a joke of a few very intimate friends, at the expense of the original contriver, about the time of its being started, and, from long use, has become quite as well known and understood in this part of the world as "Stanhope" or "Dennet" anywhere else.

To the Courser, to him who is fond of shooting and hunting, and to the soul who loves to travel more at his ease in a country where macadamized roads and mail coaches are as yet unknown, the "Nibbs" is invaluable. It combines the ease of a buggy with a better adaptation to country roads in its strength and breadth; which points in a buggy, a vehicle intended for show, would be reckoned clumsy and as displaying bad taste; besides which, the "Nibbs" is more roomy. It admits of the man who delights in coursing, if he chooses, taking his dogs to the ground along with himself, thereby preventing all chance of the dog boys mistaking his orders. The Shot can take his Detonator which he values as the apple of his eye, safe from all chance of the Hamuel or Peon, to whom he must otherwise entrust it, tumbling down on the road or letting it fall.

A still higher advantage is possessed by the "Nibbs" over most other vehicles, and one which is of vital importance to the purse—its extreme cheapness; a good "Nibbs," on the improved plan, being procurable at Ahmednuggur at the charge of 325 Rs. inclusive of everything.

In its appearance, I have said, it has no claim to any distinction; perhaps by some it may be reckoned ugly; but whether it is from long habit, or the association in my mind of a "Nibbs" and a sporting excursion, I am of opinion that there *is* something sporting in its "tout ensemble;" but as this is a point on which there must be so many and so various opinions, I do not profess any desire to argue the matter.

Having thus endeavoured to describe the "Nibbs," let me recommend it to the attention of my sporting friends. Let any one of them try one of the new ones, by driving out 10 or 12 miles to a shooting party, shooting all day, and retiring in the evening in a "Nibbs," with the same excursion performed on horseback; and if he does not agree with me, he is made of harder stuff than any one I have hitherto known, who has tried the experiment.

There are some people, I am aware, who consider it a mark of effeminacy in any man in health getting into a Buggy or Palankeen at all—to these, and such as these, I do not address myself; but, at the same time, I confess I see no reason why we should not, in any climate, follow our sports and amusements with as little personal fatigue and as much ease as is compatible with the true enjoyment of the pursuit in view.

I remain, my dear Mr. Editor,
Yours,
A SUBSCRIBER.

LEAPS AND FEATS.

SIR,

Your very amusing and intelligent correspondent, "Nimrod," in the third number of your Magazine, mentions 15 feet as a particularly good leap for a small Arab. It unquestionably is so, more particularly carrying the weights mentioned and coming on the leap so unexpectedly; but the following will show that our little horses can do much more. A bay horse, about 14$\frac{3}{4}$h., who had run and won one or two Hunter's Plates at Nagpore, cleared a hedge and ditch carrying about 10st. Three gentlemen were present and carefully measured the distance covered, which was found to be 23 feet 6 inches; it appeared so extraordinary, that the rider brought the horse a second and a third time to the leap, which he cleared in the same gallant style; and for fear of mistakes, it was again measured. The gentlemen who were present can now vouch for the fact.

Talking of horses, no mention has, I believe, been made of that very superior horse Prince, whose time for two miles has surpassed any on record. It is well known by many gentlemen that in a private trial he ran his two miles in 3m. 56s., carrying considerably above 9st., I am afraid to mention the lbs. Immediately after this trial he challenged, or was challenged by, Sir W. R—d's "Pet," Prince giving 4lb. one mile heat, 2000 Rs. H. F. He went to Hyderabad to meet Pet, but fortunately for his credit (for I hear he was out of order) Pet went lame and paid forfeit. Prince never started after. I believe he only ran twice publicly, both times against Pet, but the time was nothing extraordinary. Prince is a dark bay with black points, stands about 14h. 3in., is amazingly powerful in every respect; has a beautiful Arab head, but a very peculiar straight hind leg; he was originally bought out of a lot for 400 Rs., and was used as a riding horse for many years, before he commenced his racing career.

By the way, Mr. Editor, you seem to forget that your subscribers might wish to bind the quarterly numbers of your Magazine together, for you have changed the size of them.*

A SUBSCRIBER.

Nagpore, 27th April, 1829.

* We have already explained that this is a mistaken supposition.—ED.

HOG HUNT.

SIR,

The third number of the Sporting Magazine commences with an address to Subscribers, &c., in which you say that "men are too apt to suppose that events which every day pass before their eyes, or in which they are the chief actors, afford but little interest or amusement to the rest of the community, and therefore are they indifferent to give those events a permanent record. Such modesty or rather indifference, if persisted in, will be fatal to the permanence of this publication." I am therefore induced, from the deep interest I take in that publication, to transmit to you the following particulars of a hog hunt, however unworthy they may prove of a place in the same records with Nimrod's account of the *splendid fellow* at Merichgaum.

A small party of us found ourselves last month at the village of Watundra, in the direction of Cambay, and having made all due preparation on the preceding evening, went out at daybreak, on the morning of the 22nd, with one hundred and twenty beaters, to try the neighbouring jungle. We succeeded in the course of an hour or so in *turning up* one small boar amongst the enclosures, and having again joined the beaters, and reformed the line, we entered the main jungle, through which we had moved about a mile, when an immense boar was observed going off in front. He was shortly afterwards joined by the sounder (a sow and seven, all very large). They might have been with him from the commencement, for all I know to the contrary, for the jungle was too close to allow of my speaking with certainty were that a matter of consequence. He, however, parted company as soon as he felt himself the sole object of attack, and went off at a most terrific pace. The word "terrific" applies more particularly to the nature of the country and the necessity that existed for riding over it at speed; it was covered with bauble bushes and high grass lying in large flakes, and full of holes, not cracks, just large enough for a horse to flounder into and flounder out of again with safety if well held up. The pace, however, soon brought us upon terms with our customer, and spears numbers one, two, three, and four were quickly taken; for, as a correspondent of yours very justly observes, these large hogs cannot turn quicker than a horse, or something to that effect. Fighting now became the order of the day, and no ground could have been better adapted for the operations of our foe; every bush being surrounded—nay, almost covered—with long flakes of grass, formed so many little citadels, and then it was that the courage of our little Arabs told, for manœuvring was out of the question, the place was too close. He was not to be seen until we were near enough to look down upon him through the briars, when a "firm hand and eagle eye" in the use of the spear, and nerve in horse and man to stand a charge, became absolutely necessary, for to avoid him was impossible. In this manner we received eight successive charges, but the order of them I recollect not, the state of excitement was too great. One horse was seen standing bolt up on his hind legs, his fore as far out of the way as he could well put them, with his rider in no very enviable situation;

and the boar passing from under him with the spear sticking transversely through his mouth, just between the grinders, adding seriously to the formidability of his offensive armament. He, however, fortunately for us, deposited his extra weapon in the next stronghold he entered. Another man and horse were fairly capsized by the weight of a charge; the horse is still laid up from the effects of it. The last incident that occurred was that of a man thrown, and who all but changed seats from his horse's back to the boar's; his situation was perilous. Hogs, however, are no more made of iron than any other of God's creatures; the brave fellow could stand no more, and at length fell exhausted under wounds innumerable, and bellowed forth his gallant spirit with almost a lion's roar.

I have seen many hogs, large hogs too, and esteemed such by old hog-hunters, but can safely say that I never saw the match of our late friend, either in size, strength, or courage; he, however, as luck would have it, proved a bungler with his tusks, they not having told but once, and then but slightly. I know not whether hogs, like man, may or may not make more use of the ivories on one side than the other, but if they do, I think I may fairly conclude that our nags are indebted for the safety of their intestines to the deficiency of an inch or two of tusk on one side of the monster's mouth.

The Wagrees declared him the most jubra rascal they had ever seen, and his age to be about eight or ten; when he was brought in, the village actually crowded around our tents to obtain a sight of him.

JUNGLEE.

Baroda, 9th April, 1829.

PARODY.

To hunt, or not to hunt? that is the question;
Whether 'tis prudent in the soul to suffer
The pangs of self-denial, or to urge
With enthusiastic rage and bold defiance
The rapid chase? To hunt; to ride,—
No more;—and by that ride to say we fly
From thought, that cankerworm to gay desire,
From cares that feed upon the Lamp of Life—
'Tis a fruition devoutly to be wished—
To hunt—to ride—to ride! perchance to fall!
Aye, there's the rub!
For in the mad pursuit what falls may come,
When every horse each hardy sinew strains,
And every breeze conveys enrapturing sounds,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That gives the fatal blow to promised joys;
That taints with baleful blight each blooming hope;
Who would forego this madness of delight?
Who without pain could hear a chase described,
Or silent sit while OUKOI * boast their Feats,
When he himself might mount the neighing steed

* From OUKOS, a spoon; vide slang dictionary.

And urge the sprightly chase ?—Beneath a roof
Who would wear out the tedious, doleful day,
Oppress'd with discontent and dire remorse,
But that the dread of Fate precipitate
That unknown Field, where, destitute of aid,
With shiver'd limb he haply may repent
His forward zeal, and fury uncontroll'd
Puzzles the will, and makes us rather pine
In humble cell than seek for distant joys
Where pain and death th' advent'rous Hero wait.

* * * * * * *

BAD GUNPOWDER.

SIR,

In reading a number of the British Sporting Magazine the other day, I observed a complaint against the mode in which gunpowder canisters are corked. Would that that was the only complaint I have to bring; but a far more serious one exists, the infamous quality of the *powder* itself, usually sold under the name of "Pigou and Andrews."

Knowing of no channel so good for attracting the attention of the makers as the Sporting Magazine, I have been induced to write these lines in the sincere hope that the above-mentioned gentlemen, whose powder seems to be preferred, may make some arrangement by which Sportsmen may be secured against the shameful impositions pawned on them under the name of the Dartford Gunpowder.

If one of the respectable houses in Bombay, say Messrs. Wooler and Co., was commissioned with the sale of it *direct* from the makers, a notification of which under the signature of the house should be made public, we should then, even if the powder should reach us in a damaged state, have the satisfaction of knowing that the article *was genuine*, a fact which scarce anything could make me believe to have been the case with the powder I and several of my friends have been *favoured* with this season.

As for the corks!—it really seems as if pains were taken to render it impossible to draw them without their breaking to atoms. I don't think I have opened a single canister without having to lay the whole of its contents on paper before it could possibly be used, unless indeed I should run the risk of having a bunged nipple or blocked-up touch-hole—a pleasant dilemma under a hot sun and birds on the wing every instant! The nuisance I have now stated occurs with the *genuine* Dartford Canisters, and I do heartily join with the writer of the article I have noticed, in his hope that some plan be adopted for the remedy of this serious evil. The sliding tops are also objectionable, not being sufficiently close fitted to secure the powder against damp.

If Messrs. W. and C. Eley, manufacturers of the *Patent wire cartridge*, would send only several boxes of them containing B. B. Shot, they would deserve well of all *bustard shooters*. They might also send out some calculated for wild ducks, but I should not recommend any higher numbers such as 5, 6, or 7, &c., &c., as birds, almost always lying close in this country, do not require the shot

being thrown further or stronger than the ordinary method of loading can effect, and the expense is, I understand, considerable. In the hope this letter may attract attention in England, I am, &c. &c., &c.,

A LOVER OF SHOOTING.

THE THREE MACS.

I.

The sun had sunk on Deccan's rocky plains,
And the tall Ghâuts frown darker in the shade;
To the sad moon each love-sick bard complains
Of the hard heart of his too-lovely maid.
Now jolly topers lose the little brains
That Nature gave, as if they were but made,
When the day set, the brimming draught to drain,
And when that draught was drunk—to drink again.

II.

Beneath a two-poled tent's capacious round
A band of hardy hunters muster'd strong.
They had toil'd hard, nor had kind Fortune frown'd
Upon their spears that day; and deep and long
With wine and beer their arduous sports they crown'd,
While on the night roll'd forth the noise of song.
A few to silence and their pillows slunk
Some drank a little;—others got d—d drunk.

III.

Oh! how a man inclines towards his kind,
While his heart glows with every kind sensation,
As wine unlocks the portal of the mind
Erst closed by care; in such a situation
The taste, though sharpen'd, grows not so refined
As to distinguish 'tween each nice gradation.
Lives there the man, who when a *leetle* tipsy
Sees not a Venus in each Indian gipsy?

IV.

They say that mighty Byron wrote, when drink
Had steep'd each sense in ruin—nicknamed blue;
It may be so—yet still I do not think
It is a course which poets should pursue.
Apollo drank plain water from the brink
Of Helicon, and, even if 'twere true,
'Twould throw their gentle votaries in a fever
Supposing that the muses swigg'd Geneva.

V.

Our three old shipmates had arrived that day
And join'd the meeting when the sport was o'er.
They rode on baggage tattoos from Bombay,
And kept a devilish sharp look out for boar.

And now, their minds were resolute to slay
Pigs, and all sorts of monsters by the score,
While each, in prospect, saw his weapon dyed
In some fat grunter's pork-supplying side.

VI.

It is a custom (mind, I don't abuse it)
With those who value Bacchanalian joys,
For every man who has a voice to use it;
That is, to show by screams and other noise
That old age has not doom'd him yet to lose it.
Well, one who dealt in these poetic toys
Was call'd on for a song, and when they'd dented
The table with their knuckles, thus consented.

Is there amongst us one, whose brow
Is clouded with unsocial grief?
I have a ruby nectar now
Can give his wounded mind relief;
While swift through every vein shall flow
The deep dear antidote to woe.

In vain of ocean-girt Bombay,
And all its charms shall zealots tell:
Let Poona bear the palm away
For drinking deep, and living well,
And all the dear delight that lies
In ruby wine or beauty's eyes.

This wine, this wine, when freely quaff'd
Like Lethe's poet-fabled stream,
Can mix oblivion with the draught;
And, as the past were but a dream,
Smooth down the rugged brow of care,
Nor leave one wrinkle frowning there!

He who drinks fairly, need not seek
For rouge's artificial hue;
The red that mantles o'er his cheek
Is brighter and more natural too,
While eloquence shall tip his tongue
As if the dews of Hybla hung

Upon its point—and wit shall pass
With joke and laughter-loving whim,
Light as the froth that in his glass
Sparkles and bubbles to the brim;
And when his thirsty lips shall drain
The goblet up—then fill again.

And bottle thus on bottle still
Shall follow where each went before;

And when he flags, then let him fill
One last—one glorious bumper more,
And drink good health, and lovely wife
To all who love the hunter's life.

VII.

The sun is up on Deccan's stony field,
And every ready huntsman's heart beats high;
Imagination sees the wild boar yield
Already doom'd beneath his charge to die.
McCleod, McHutchins, and McGregor wield
Three spears of awful length, right valiantly,
While bold McHutchins, flourishing about,
Had nearly poked McGregor's optic out.

VIII.

The fixt and straining eye; the lips compress'd;
And the face pale with anxious fear, declare
The all-absorbing hopes that fire each breast,
Too great to have one thought of danger there,
Though they might rouse the tigress from her rest,
Or meet the brindled lion in his lair;
But hark!—away! to where yon canes are crushing
Beneath the bristly beast's impetuous rushing.

IX.

Through deep ravines and rocky nullahs dashing;
O'er hill and plain, 'mid swamps and stones and bushes,
Swift as the bolt from bended cross-bow flashing,
Fired beyond thought of fear the huntsman rushes
Through the wide stream that rolls before him plashing;
He checks not his hot speed, while his cheek flushes
With hopes of conquest, as now nearer grown
He dreams the white-tusk'd monster all his own.

X.

Deep in his side the driven spear stood quivering,
The dark blood bubbling from the gory wound;
The steely point was fixed his lungs and liver in,
While the huge beast lay helpless on the ground,
And as the last and cold convulsive shivering
That tells of death, his mighty limbs unbound,
His eye glared forth, and one faint struggle more
Had ceased the agonies of the dying boar.

XI.

Oh, man! thou puny and yet powerful thing,
Beneath whose weak, yet all-subduing hand,
The jungle's terror, and the forest's king,
Bite, dying, bite the dust: thy wide command
Controls the lordly eagle on its wing,
Rules through the deep, and overspreads the land:
What could the ancient Monarch's Deity,
With all his thunderbolts, do more than thee?

XII.

But what became of our three Scottish friends?
McHutchins (he who erst so loudly swore
He'd have the monster's blood) now slowly wends
His painful way, for ere the chase was o'er
(What little causes lead to mighty ends!)
Fast as his spirits rose, his b— grew sore:—
Ye sharp-tongued sons of satire, cease to scoff—
'Twas not his courage, but his skin wore off.

XIII.

McGregor once had near'd his bristly foe
When the big brute turn'd sharp on his pursuer;
McGregor saw his tusks were long, and so,
Thinking the nearer to the beast the fewer
His hopes of seeing home, prepared to go
The opposite way; his ugly phiz grew bluer
As the hog's grunts behind him grew more loud;
And in his haste he overset McCleod.

XIV.

The victor bagg'd the trophies of the slain,
And all return'd to Poona; the sport ended,
McHutchins, smarting with posterior pain,
Swore till his stock of oaths was all expended,
McGregor too, whom conscience prick'd in vain,
Kenning that what *was* done could ne'er be mended,
By drinking cured the pains of his disaster—
McHutchins did it with adhesive plaster.

XV.

McCleod had got the prickly heat—the which
All who have felt ne'er wish to feel again;
It is a kind of aggravated itch
That makes the sufferer writhe beneath the pain,
As if all Oberon's elves were bid to twitch
His red and pimpled body, while in vain
He rubs and scratches, and in terms uncivil
Damns the whole country to the very Devil.

XVI.

Dapooree saw him breakfast there one day
Stiff and perspiring in his new-made clothes.
This dreaded heat broke forth, and sad to say
A large mosquito pitched upon his nose
And raised a bump there—dire was his dismay
At some chance question which the Governor chose
To put. Alas! while scratching, he replies,
"I came in the free trader—c—e my eyes!

XVII.

"With Capt. — Devil — oh!" 'twas past all bearing,
He writhed and rubb'd, but rubbing made it worse;

Nose swollen: face red and pimpled; strangers staring;
Spirit of Job! 'twould even make *thee* curse,
Provoke a saint or set a cherub swearing
(Forgive the bold allusions of my verse),
Much more McCleod, who, once on board, opined
He'd left the national disease behind.

ANDROPAIS.

LETTER FROM J. DOCKERY.

MY DEAR ROGER,

Having nothink better to do I sits down to write as I sed in my last all about my black feller sarvants who be all called Boys tho' many on em be a duced deal older than I be. We haven't no made servants, cause this 'ot country makes us white folks so oncommon *toory-loorish*, there's no standing it. Well fust and foremost comes the Bootler, who is a tall tawney-faced peaked-nosed Parsheeman what wears a roundish cotton kind o' hat without a brim, like a quartern loaf with more kissun croost than upper; he an't got no neckerchief nor stockins but has loose thing-um-doddies, and white petticotes. He be the chap what keeps measter's money and the keys of all the boxes and places, and makes his purkisits of every thing: his name's Jem Setjee and as he talks a leetle English him and me be good friends, and he larns me the black language and I larns him grammar, and he has tould me as a secret that measter has just got a leetle natural gal out of a female black lady whose name is Booboo and who has been living with him a matter of six or seven months in privit in some corner* which is what I never know'd afore, tho' I be purty cute in them 'ere pints at all times; and moreover he says as how that native women only go in the fammily way as long as they please which is surprising and accounts for measter's filly-de-joy being sich an oncommon speedy breeder.

The next is a Porty-gie, dresses like one of us and calls hisself a Cristun, because he eats pork and likes liquor, and all breakages in the glass and chaney-ware and all the missing bottles of drink are laid on his shoulders, 'cause he takes a licking so kindly, which is what I'm sure I niver could do, and I'm sartin if Muster Doolittle was to come for to go for to offer for to bullock me in that 'ere way, I should be 'nation apt to let him smell my Tadcaster knookles and try a bellyfull.

Then comes the Messal who be all as one as our Tadcaster boots, only he be Lamp-liter as well as Shoe-black and does leetle odd jobs besides; at least I knows he used to do 'em for me. Our cook, and the dog-keeper be'ant much like feyther's soapy Sally and Sam Hoggun, but tolerable enough in their way. The Grooms be called Sizes, because they be of all sizes.

I shall now tell you what more I've done and seed since I rote last. First of all there's been a deal of jinketting and joonketting at Baroderer, which is all one as the Lunnun of the Goose-or-rat country, only it be more like lousy Leeds than any place I knows of, being as ow it be full of dirt and nastiness and black folks and such sights o' pigs as never was, who always lives quite in a state

* Perhaps John means a Zenana Khana.

of natur on the people's leavings, and nasty beasts they be for their trouble.

You must know Roger that Hinjee was once in a very barbarous way, just like Ireland be now, and cutting each other's throats every hour in the day and night so as no one was sure of hisself, and might go to bed quite hearty like and get up next moorning a corpse. Well, King Charles the 14th who lived about the time of Noah heard of all these goings on and told some of us to come out and teach the natives to live like Christuns, and so we did, and gived them the whip and spur purty tightish at fust and keeps a double rein upon 'em ever since, which of course is quite right, for if they was once to get the bit between their teeth and break away, I think it would be devil take the hindermost amongst us Europins. The black gentlemen nivir lets their ladies look out of the ouse but they goes about themselves in carts draw'd by two bullocks which they ties by the horns to the pole of the cart without no traces, and the driver sets on a bit of wood just atween their roomps and has rope reins tied thro' their noses! and with a prick in a short stick with a lether thong they digs the pint into their quarters and off they walks; when they wants 'em to trot they only twists their tails about, but to make 'em show foot and do their goodest, they bawls to 'em as loud as they can bellur, and tickles 'em with their naked toes in the very place where they be made bullocks of; and then they twiddles and twiddles their fingers, like as if playing the piannur, all over their which foondiments, makes 'em cock their tails and gallop like good 'uns. 'Ow our Tadcaster folks would stare at 'un.

Arter we'd had a fortnite's training, our races begin'd, all which you may see in our Bumbay newspapers if you takes 'em in, or as Muster Doolittle says if they takes you in, which be all the same; but bless you I shouldn't have know'd they meant this here course. To be sure the 'orses names were purty correct, but as for the 'counts of the running it was as much like the raal thing as our grandmoother's like my bull poop, which be all owing to the Sakkytary not being Yorkshire, so 'ow should he know anything 'bout 'orse racing. This here's the way it was.*

* * * * * *

And then some on 'em finished their sweats by scraping their 'orses with silver spoons, rubbing 'em down with hot towels and buttering their pasterns: 'tis enough to make a man go stark staring mad to look at such rum goings on. 'Owsever I niver says nothing.

Ever since I rote all this, I have been every day to hear the troo doctoring of some very nice people who reads every arternoon all about grace and noo lites and spirits and generation, and so one day one on 'em whose name was Muster Bloogo, says to me, Muster Dockery I see you very punctual at our meetings and attentive to our outpourings which is ten to one in favour of your having bolted from the broad road of sin and the race course, and that you have

* We should have been happy to have availed ourselves of the opportunity here afforded us of giving our readers another account of the Guzerat Races done up in a Yorkshire dress, but as honest John's description does not materially differ in point of fact from those already published, and as in describing persons as well as horses he is rather *too caricaturish* in his sketches, we deem it good policy to omit it.—Ed.

throwed off the sinfool loosts of the flesh, which plays the devil and always works. So says I, yes sur, Muster Doolittle has sold all his stud and I've nothing to do now but feed well and take fizzic and attend methodist meetings.—And when, says Muster Bloogo, had you a call—why, says I, quite natural like "not since the morning," and then he fell into a violent passion and dom'd me for all sorts of bad things. Well I could not account for this cantankerosity and didn't relish it at all, so as I didn't like to knock his eyes about, I takes hold of a loomp of mud (plain cow-mud Roger) and as he walked off I floong it at him and plastered his thing-um-doddies all over, and then I slipt off and left the bloo lites, and so I be'ant no longer a child of Generation but just like Muster Doolittle who won't go to church 'cause he don't speak to the parson, who I be told be all very nice good kind of folks, and keeps white clarks and black beadles.

I told you in one of my letters that as I feel very lonesome and solatary, most especially at nights, that I had some thoughts of boocking oop to one of our black groom's half sisters, who looks rathor loostyish and corpilent and so they calls her "Fat mar," and now it be all settled and I and she have been man and wife loike, ever since last week, only some'ow or other we don't join jiblets like Tadcaster married folks, for she don't like to feed with me and wants a *corner* * to herself, and lord! lord! what foony ways these black female women have when you cooms to know 'em in privet! I could make you fit to bust with laughing if I durst, only I knows as 'ow you shews my letters to Phebe Harpur and may be she'd bloosh and look voolish and get vex'd at the comical odd things I would tell you; for "*fat mar*" be a poor untrained filly; she preys to a loomp of stone, painted red, and eats with her fingers and picks up things with her toes, which be covered with silver rings.—I expects a young un shortly.

I have some idea that Muster Doolittle is a going to be married too, for his filly de joy has bolted, and there be a very rum looking widder here who has lost her third husbund and wants to take anoother, and t'other day I heard a parcel of Measter's friends talking very loud together about him and the Widder whilst he was in the Dorlut, and says one on 'em, I knows as 'ow that Doolittle be vastly fond of her and I'll take the long odds she cotches him oop afore its long. Dom it, sed young Mr. Skilite, that would be a prime fit indeed, a regler bite, blow me; why she's as old as my Grandmoother, as fractious as a monkey and as fat as my poodle—Phoo! said t'other, she bean't much above 40, nor more fractious than most women, and as for her fat, she's only in bum-pong.

Ah, says Mr. Skilite, laughing like the devil, she be in bum-pong indeed, for she's got a primrose-hill sort of a froont and a back like a precipiss.

Only think, just as I was riting this, in comes Muster Doolittle, and oh! broother, it be all settled —Measter's determin'd red hot on't; he says he'll marry the Widder, and Roger! Roger! such a queer kind o' creetur as she is! Marcy on us, if ever I seed the like; young Muster Skilite's account of her be as like as her pictur?

You see Roger I rites always by fits and starts just as our Tadcaster chaise-hacks gets their corn,

* Khana.

and now it's all over.—Measter's married and I ha' got my warning and my wages.—I ha' had an offer of service from a young gentleman just cooming on the Turf and I dare say I might make a thing or two out of him, only he be too much of a flat I fancy, for they tells me he be the gentleman as wanted to geld his Mare because she didn't carry a racing tail! I say Roger what soft 'uns there be in these parts.—If it wasn't for "*fat Mar*" I think I should return to Yorkshire again and have another good dig at our doomplings; howsever that can't be jest yet, and I think I was a d—d vool for marrying. Phebe might have had me once if she'd had a mind to, but she was always looking out and hankering arter Bill Bullock, 'cause he was a bigger man; but your biggest men are not always the best, neither at bed board nor banging—nevertheless give my kind loove to her and her babby, who I suppose is a big un by this time, and duty to feyther and accept the same from dear Roger,

Your looving brother till death,
JOHN DOCKERY.

Saturday.

P. S.—I have had letters from you and Phœbe—poor girl, I pities her sadly. And so feyther thinks I be going to marry a black princess like the queen of the Sandwidge Hilands, and———but I must run and see what all this noise is about.

Oh! Roger, Roger, what a mortal vool I ha' been, and "*fat Mar's*" a vool for throwing twins, both black as pitch, and you be a vool for gratulating me, and feyther be a vool for telling every body at Tadcaster as 'ow I had married a Parshian princess, and Phebe's a vool for believing it—Lord what a thing 'tis to be married!—drat me arter what I have seen if I wouldn't sooner marry the north pole, and let Captain Barry break it as often as he pleased. I'm ready to hang myself, and Muster Skilite laughs at me whenever I sees him and axes me how I likes the black filly connection; I wish he had her with all my heart.

Thursday. How be you Rojer? hows feyther and Phebe? It's all right—I can start again all fresh and fresh not a bit the worse for my work; I bea'nt no longer a married man, tho' I warn't at any time a regler husband; but last night arter a few angry words of which neither of us knew nothing, "*fat mar*" bolted with both her babbies, without whip or spur or pushing of any kind, and the people tells me the reason was because her own proper true husband has come from some outlandish place to claim her, which he means to do by cutting off her nose for a keepsake, and shaving her head for fear she should go mad with joy. What foony folks black creeters be, be'ant em?

And now Roger I thinks this will be the very last letter I ever writes to you, whether I goes home or stays in this country; for will you believe it, Mr. Skilite who axd me to give him copies of all my letters has pooblished 'em almost all in the Bumbay Sporting Magazeen, and he signshimself S. Y. S., which stands I suppose for Silly Skilite, so now you know if he sees this we shall have a blow up, and I'll be off from this place at once. It's all very true I sed he might do what he liked with 'em, but if I wanted to print 'em I might have made my own bargain with the Heditur and I dare say he would have given me some'ut handsome. I've a great mind to ax him. I almost forgot to tell you as 'ow Doolittle (I doesn't care a dam for un now) has lost

the only racer he kept for his own privit riding and that was Zigzag, the first one I ever +'d in Hingee: he died the other morning of the tizzy wizzies, which he had very badly; and would you believe it, not two hours arter Measter and me went round to the back of the stables to see whether they had berried him as was ordered, and there we seed a whole possey o' negers and negresses, all tearing away at his raw karkis and eating like divils, at which Doolittle bust out into a vilent gasturbation, and "dom ye," says he in plain English, "gorge and garbage yourselves, you bloody black aldermen, and I hopes when you've got all poor Zigzag into your dingy guts, that his hoofs 'll grow out of your foondiments and kick your brains out!" That's what he sed in downright English, and not a word of the country langige, 'cause he scorns to talk in a forrin tongue when he wants to tell a bit of his mind to a black fellur.

Muster Skilite told un to ax for a habus corpus which he told me was a lawyer's nemetic, but I don't see what good it would do, to get poor Zigzag oop agen out of the neger's bellies, only by bits and bits.

Baroderer, March 1st, 1829.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE POONAH TURF.

No.		Established.
1.	The Stewards for each season are in general elected at a meeting of Subscribers a short time before the approaching Races by a majority of votes—and a Steward from each Regiment at the Station is added to them together with one from the Civil Service.....	Dec. 8th, 1818. 18th Oct. 1825.
2.	The Clerks of the Course and Secretary are elected at the same time.....	Ditto.
3.	The Stewards decide all points regarding the days of running, the amount of Plates, the Race to be run, and the weight carried, &c., &c.....	Ditto.
4.	Their decision on all points of reference and dispute is final and subject to no appeal.....	Ditto.
5.	The Stewards officiate by turns as judges of the Race.....	Ditto.
6.	All non-subscribers pay double entrance. The running is always in the morning, and conducted according to the Newmarket Rules.....	Ditto.
7.	All Horses present at Poonah intended to run for the ensuing Races must be sent to the Race Stand to be aged and measured on the day notified, or forfeit three Gold Mohurs; but this rule does not affect Horses coming from another Station.....	18th Oct. 1825.
8.	Every Horse must be entered between eleven and one o'clock on the day preceding the race for which they are to start, unless it should take place on a Monday, when they must be entered	

No.		Regulations.
	on Saturday, and a Picnic Tiffin is on Table on such day of entrance by one o'clock. Horses entered after this hour pay 150 Rupees extra, which go to the Fund. Any half-bred Horse is allowed to start for the Hunter's Plate.....	
	All country-bred Horses may start for all plates receiving 2lbs.....	
9.	Horses entered at the Post to pay 150 Rupees Extra to go to the Fund; but no post Ticket is allowed in the Race Lottery. Colts to have a Colt's Tooth on the 1st October; if at Poonah, to be shown to the Stewards—but if at any other Station, a Certificate to that effect will qualify them. Should they have dropped their last Colt's Tooth before the day of entering they must carry 3lbs. extra.....	May 24th, 1823.
10.	Horses are weighted for age by the Byculla Standard; for all Whim and Give and Take Plates by the Newmarket. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.....	
11.	All Horses running for Cups or public money, where there are no Sweepstakes, pay three Gold Mohurs to the Fund; for all other Races only one Gold Mohur. Horses that have won any sum of money or anything in value above 100 Rupees on any regular course are disqualified as Maidens, but no matches against *time* disqualify them.....	Nov. 4th, 1823.
12.	English imported Horses are allowed to run carrying 10lbs. extra for any Plates excepting Maidens. Stud bred and all half bred to carry equal weights with Arabs.....	Feb. 3rd, 1823.
13.	A Horse walking over for Plate or Purse excepting the Beaten Plate receives only half the amount.....	May 24th, 1825.
14.	No horse can walk over twice during the Meeting. All private matches during the races to be under the direction of the Stewards.....	
15.	Subscribers to Sweepstakes, if obliged to go to Sea on account of ill health, are allowed to withdraw without forfeit.....	
16.	The length of the Poonah Course is one mile, four furlongs, and 42 yards.....	

W. SPILLER,
Secretary.

LEOPARD HUNT.

SIR,

Should you deem the following worthy a place in your Magazine, you are most heartily welcome to it.

On the 11th of February, 1829, my friend Dr. R. and myself had just returned from Baontah, sixteen miles distant, where we had been partridge shooting,

when we received information from some of the inhabitants of Sanson (a village close to this) that a tiger had taken up his quarters amongst them, and had wounded four or five men. We had left our guns to be brought by our servants, but as it was very uncertain when they would arrive, and we were both extremely anxious to have a crack at the fellow, you may imagine how much we blamed ourselves, each immediately declaring that we would never be guilty of the like again, however unlikely we might be to require a gun. I however succeeded in procuring a capital double-barrelled Joe Manton from the Salt Agent, who had fortunately come that morning to see his house, which was undergoing repairs. R. took a spear, and out we sallied on foot. On arriving at the place, about half a mile from my house, a small sugar cane plantation about fifty or sixty yards square was pointed out as the spot where the tiger then was. The plant was upwards of five feet high, and very thick, so that it was impossible for me, on entering it, to see more than a foot before me. I therefore directed two or three Shikarees who were present to fire into it, and made others pelt it with clods of earth, &c., whilst I took up my station at one corner, that I might have the command of two sides of the plantation, R. standing at a short distance with his spear, prudently declining any attack on his part. We continued the pelting and firing (sometimes with ball) for I think full half an hour, but nothing moved; and as we had not been able to get a sight of any of the men said to be wounded, began to think it a hoax, and were about to trace our way homewards, bestowing hearty blessings on the fellows who had taken us out, when four of the Salt Agency Sepoys came up. I told them that I thought the whole account was false, and that I did not believe any tiger had been near the place. The old Jemadar, a very thin, spare man, dressed in an old red jacket, large enough for two of his size, and a pair of very tight and very short pantaloons, which displayed most beautifully his drumstick legs, that appeared to vie with each other in point of crookedness, believing what I said, immediately drew his sword and making himself up for mischief, gave the words "Fix Bayonets! Port Arms! March!" and falling in on the right of his men, dashed into the plantation in a style that would have excited the risible faculties of the most grave. On they went, and had passed through three parts of the sugar cane, when to my great astonishment they called out "*Hie, Sahib, Hie.*" I immediately followed them, accompanied by two of my servants with spears, one on each side of me, and, the Sepoys having fallen back a little, we advanced in a tolerable line. In a few seconds, the Sepoy on my left fired; up sprang the animal, and charged him most furiously; he brought down his bayonet, but it was useless, for in a moment it was unfixed, and he received a few scratches on his right thigh. In another second or two the brute had passed me, brushing my left leg, and sprung upon the back of a man who was running away. I now saw that it was a leopard; some time, however, elapsed before I could get a shot at him. A number of natives then followed me into the plantation, who, the moment the animal was roused, knew not in their fright which way to run, so that they were constantly one or other of them met or overtaken by him,

and I had repeated sights of him mounted on the back or shoulder of some poor fellow. I desired my servants to stand quiet by me, which they did; and after charging in different directions, without once leaving the sugar cane, we heard him coming down upon us. I fully expected to get a shot now; but no! Again he passed close to me without my being able to see him; he did not, however, get far before I caught him, in making a spring at one of the natives; and although the man was in a direct line with him, I did not hesitate to risk a shot, seeing him commit so much punishment. I fortunately hit him in the back, and this appeared to sicken him a little, for he ran out of the plantation, on the side which R. was, as if looking for some place to make his escape, but seeing so many people, slunk in again, and became quiet. I now went out, and, reloading the barrel I had discharged, walked along that side of the sugar cane where he had stopped and shortly observed him on the edge of it, about ten or twelve yards from me, growling and creeping along with his belly almost touching the ground as if about to make a spring on a Sepoy who was a short distance before him. A second ball which I gave him in the head, finished him. On examining, we found that the shot which the Sepoy fired had grazed one fore leg. The skin, which is extremely handsome, measures six feet six inches, from the nose to the tip of the tail. I am not aware if this be large or not, but the activity he displayed realized, if not surpassed, all I had heard. More than once did he spring from the back of one man to that of another, without deigning to touch the ground. Seven men and one boy accompanied us home, all wounded more or less: one man very severely; he was one of those who were hurt before we went out;—being rather curious, he had entered the plantation with a view of seeing what kind of a beast it was, when the animal pounced upon him, and fixing one of his paws on his face and the other on the back of his neck, slipped gradually down, lacerating his face, breast, and back most dreadfully; his under lip was completely divided to the tip of the chin, so that it hung over in two flaps; his arm also was gnawed from the shoulder to the elbow. Many others, I believe, also suffered. R. says one man ran to him, very seriously hurt, whilst I was in the plantation, but he did not follow us home, and indeed not one of those who had their wounds dressed ever returned, in consequence of some prejudice they have respecting wounds inflicted by any of the tiger species. Wishing every success to the Oriental Sporting Magazine,

I remain yours,

F. S.

Barripore, April 4th, 1829.

GREYHOUNDS, FOX HUNTING, &c.

Sir,

I should be obliged to any of your readers to give me information of the rearing and training of greyhounds, as this part of the country is abundantly supplied with foxes, and as the ground is for the most part strong and bad for horses with heavy weights. We have contrived to kill some two dozen foxes and three or four hares in the course of a month or five weeks generally speaking, going out only twice a

week. We have seen as many as thirteen foxes in one day—not one has ever started before the dogs have got off. The most astonishing of our greyhounds is a little black cock-tailed Scindian bitch, belonging to Riddell, of the 2nd Grenadiers, which he bought whilst in Bombay for seven rupees. Neither fox nor hare has got away fairly from her except by earthing. For the information of your sporting readers who know the country about Sattarah, I will send you down a diary of the sport enjoyed here. Suffice it to say, Thursday is our *grand jour*. We generally have a picnic five or six miles out. Of shooting we have very little, a hare and a brace of florikan being thought a good day's sport for one person. Some of the Kooruns of grass are to be burnt next month, and you shall have a description of our sport.

Yours,
A.

Sattarah, April 20th, 1829.

Note.—We shall be infinitely obliged by A.'s promised diaries. Some of our subscribers in England have enjoined us to obtain for their information as full an account of the game to be met with in this part of India as may be procurable. A hint is enough to our friendly contributors. We foresee No. 6 will teem with intelligence of the required description.—ED.

SONG.

TO A BOMB-PROOF SPEC!

Parody on "*When first I met thee warm and young.*"

When first I twigg'd thee skin and bone
I vow'd at once to buy thee,
For in thy shape such promise shone
I did not wait to try thee—
I saw thy splent—and wink'd at that
A week would make it level,
And deem'd if once I got thee fat,
You'd gallop like a devil.
But go, three corner'd bandycoot—
The head whose brains could make it
Trust such a screw-tail'd brute,
Deserves that thou should'st break it.

When Turfite swells thy faults proclaim'd
And swore thy joints were wooden,
I saw in all the points they blamed
The promise of a good un—
I mounted—rode with ribbons slack
O'er plains all brown and barren,
And brought thee in ten minutes back
A broken-winded garran!
But stay, stay, an Ensign's purse
Will match thee, old bone-setter,
For starving cannot make thee worse
Nor feeding make thee better!

FOX HUNTING, &c.

SIR,

The Oriental Sporting Magazine has already found its way to Madras and Calcutta, and looking at the list of subscribers will, I "guess," as the Americans say, before long, if not already, have reached England. Men in India know very well the great difficulty of printing correctly where natives are employed, but considering this point may not be under-

stood as clearly in England, and being somewhat anxious that the sins of the press should not be visited on the devoted heads of contributors, I, as one, should feel much obliged by your stowing away in some corner where it may still be seen and yet not interfere with the space required for sporting effusions, the accompanying memorandum of "errata" in No. 4,* which, owing either to the difficulty I have above alluded to, or, equally as probable, the cramped nature of my "fist" (I have once or twice thought of bringing an action for damages against my writing master), have crept in every here and there, to the great detriment and serious injury of grammar, spelling, and last, though not least, the "King's English.". The fact is, my letters are too "slow" to admit of their appearing with more defects than originally belonged to them, or I would not have troubled you on this subject.

Talking of "errata," I was reading in No. 3 the other day the account of a hog-hunting expedition by the Ahmednuggur Hunt, when I was quite "at fault" at the end of the description of their work on the 29th September, where it runs thus: "saved the fatigue of a long chase over a country which, with a very little *mire*," &c., &c., &c. This *mire* was a complete poser, and I believe I never should have guessed the right wording had it not been for the writer himself explaining for "*mire*" read "*more*:" on looking at the passage it will be evident how unintelligible the reading was rendered by the simple substitution of an "i" for an "o"!

I am afraid "Brush's" query in No. 3 has not found favour in the eyes of the owners of the "long tails," for no one has deigned to answer him. I certainly never before heard of men thinking the brush of a *coursed fox* worth fighting about, and as I know therefore of no *precedent* on which "Brush's" claim can be founded, probably the best answer that can be given him is that of a friend of mine, who on reading "Who shall have the Brush?" instantly observed, "*The dog-boy, to be sure;*" and really I don't know a more satisfactory solution of all the intricacies of the case. One point, however, is clear:—if the brush of a *coursed fox* is to be awarded according to the rules with a *hunted fox*, "Brush" is the very last man in the field that can claim it; for it appears that when Reynard was killed, "Brush" *was coursing a fresh fox in an opposite direction!*

Leaving this uninteresting discussion, I have a word or two to say to "Brush." *Fox-coursing* is not *fox-hunting*— a sport as far superior to it as light to darkness; in fact, to apply the latter name— as has been done by "Brush"—is to libel that *sport of all sports* in the greatest possible degree.

"Coursing," like all other field sports, however, has its rules, and one of them is, that no more than *two dogs* be slipped at *a hare* at one time; but here is friend "Brush" with absolutely four dogs after a *fox* —an animal so very inferior in speed to a *hare* that a real good dog ought to kill one any day single-handed. "Brush" *must* know that an unfair advantage taken in any field sport is called

* I might have adopted this plan with the three first numbers, but the "errata" were so very numerous, that I thought the shortest plan would be to send you my own copies corrected, so that—even if you could not find time or place to insert the correction in some future number—the three letters might at any rate appear in their right shape in the new editions lately advertised.

poaching. I think slipping four greyhounds at a fox just as bad as shooting a hare in her "form," or a *partridge running.* Hares I conceive the only lawful and fair game for greyhounds; where they are not to be found, foxes are resorted to, but in my opinion always at the risk of spoiling good dogs. Instead of those gallant and beautiful dashes, the finest sight coursing can give—they begin almost immediately to *run cunning*, and instead of a trial of *speed* it becomes a trial of *turning*—the dogs literally spoiled.

I now bid adieu to "Brush" with the best advice I can give him, and that is to get rid of his present stud as fast as he can: if the price they fetch be not sufficient to get him one or two that *can do the trick*, why, sell the "long-tails" too; take to hog-hunting, and the next time he has need of an answer through the Magazine, let his query begin with "the boar, the mighty boar's my theme;" and if I can afford the requisite information, he shall have it with right good will.

I am always obliged to any man that will take the trouble to set me right when I am found "tripping," and I accordingly thank "Guzerattee" for the hint that in his part of the world the *sunrise* work has given way to a more rational hour.—I fancy he doesn't mean to say that *was not* the hour in the best days of the "Saburmuttee" and Wartruck hunts — a period to which every lover of that noble sport who was then in that part of the country cannot but look back with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. I have too often heard tell of their glorious days and well "contested spears" to attribute *effeminacy* to any one that ever belonged to either, and I can assure Guzerattee that he's "nowhere" when he supposes what I said was intended as a sly rap at my sporting friends in that quarter. I am not such a sly old fox as he has evidently taken me for, and I can assure him had I grounds for saying his brother sportsmen were *effeminate*, and moreover thought it *necessary* that every one should know it, I should have rapped it out "slap bang" in plain downright English.

My information was obtained direct from members of both those hunts in their best days, and it was but lately that a gentleman from that part of the world was speaking on this very subject. *I may be* wrong, no doubt, but those who gave me my information *must be wrong too;* but may not "Guzerattee" and I misunderstand each other? He must recollect my assertion was a *general one*, and I never meant to say that here and there one or two individuals might not hunt throughout the day. Field sports, most especially hunting—I always understood were supposed to engender liberal and kind feelings in those that follow them, and God forbid that I should so far evince so different a feeling as to attribute *effeminacy* to others merely because they did not hunt at the same hour as myself—or, supposing for a moment that the *heat was the cause of early hunting*, to laugh at them because they had sense enough to avoid the risk of cutting short their hunting career by fever and liver complaints, at the small inconvenience of a day-break gallop, and sunrise breakfast. "Do at Rome as they at Rome do" is my motto, and depend on't, whatever I may think of the disadvantages of sunrise work—hunting as I am in the Deccan—was I on a sporting tour with "Guzerattee" in his own country he'd find me booted and

spurred ready to go with him—to the devil I had almost said—even if his hour was twelve o'clock at night.

Before I bid him "good-bye" I have a favour to ask, and that is to inform me in the next number of the Magazine what was the origin of obliging men in his part of the country to *throw* for the "first spear," instead of allowing them to use their blades as best suited them—the usual way elsewhere. I always understood the taking the first spear was intended to show *the best rider across a country*, but as the rule alluded to seems intended to alter this original purpose, I shall let my next letter on "hog-hunting" lie over till I see your correspondent's answer.

I promised in my letter in your first number to say a word or two on "fox-hunting" in the Deccan, and as "John Dockery" and his brother "Phil" have both had a touch at the Ahmednuggur pack—both calculated to mislead—it is, perhaps, high time for me to take up my pen too, although I must confess I labour under the disadvantage a certain discarded huntsman attributed to a more fortunate brother of the whip and horn, who had somehow or other—the reasons shall be nameless—supplanted him in his office—"he know anything about hunting! what *can he* know about it, *he ar'nt been above fifteen years in a kennel.* Why, I'd take the 'cast' from him any day."

A man whose hounds are all marked alike, are perfect in make and of one height, can afford to show his friends the kennel; but those whose packs can't pass muster in these respects, had best do what is done with the one I am speaking of—*keep the kennel door shut*, and let those who wish to see them take a look at them in the "field," and I will answer for it they'll not be disappointed. Well "stopped" to deer—as handy as a "cricket ball," with plenty of "go" and good noses—why it's a devilish good "Puggy" that can beat them:—the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and they kill ten foxes out of eleven.

In Calcutta there seems to be no want of thoroughbred foxhounds, and it would be a hard case if there was, considering the immense prices given and the attention shown to the sporting men in whose ships they are brought out. Though no such inducement on this side of India, Captain Thacker of the Upton Castle, to his everlasting credit be it told, brought out three couples of foxhounds from the Hatfield Hunt *in a present* to the owner of the Ahmednuggur pack. Nor was he the only sporting character in the ships of that season. Captain Chapman, of the Recovery, deserves every praise for his exertion in the *foxhunting cause.* These are "the boys for my money"—may they live for ever, say I!

From the want of a "hunt" similar to the Calcutta in the island of Bombay, one can never expect to see a pack of thoroughbred hounds on this side of India, at least for a continuance. Bombay itself is unfit for hunting—let alone the want of spirit for the thing—but what a splendid country is Salsette—scarce ten miles distant! If the good folks at the Presidency had but a gallop twice a week over eight or nine miles of Salsette, I would venture to say their "up country" friends wouldn't know them again;—there would be none of your yellow-face, cadaverous-looking, spectres—but fine, healthy, rosy cheeked fellows, *up to anything!*

But what's the use of indulging in fancies that never will be realized? I should just as soon, for the next century to come, expect to see at Panwell the great "Leviathan" crying out God! God! till he vanished, as get a sight of a kennel of foxhounds in Bombay or Salsette either.

Who the deuce, then, will bring out a large number of foxhounds for a continuance, without the certainty of a ready sale? No one, of course, and as long as no regular hunt exists, either at Bombay or Poonah, no pack of thoroughbred hounds will be seen. But luckily there is a remedy: *half-bred hounds* are quite good enough for jackals, or the foxes of this country: and, besides being as hardy again, can be obtained at one hundredth the expense.

The "breed," then, from thoroughbred hounds is the thing for the Deccan, and it is almost needless to remark that with even a very small supply of "coin" and a little arrangement, a stallion dog might be ensured by at least every other ship that may arrive. Rome was not built in a day, nor can a pack be bred in the "twinkling of an eye," but we are not to suppose half-bred hounds are the only dogs that can hunt. With a few of the right sort to set them going, packs composed of "cross breeds" from the setter, pointer, and terrier are much more than a match for their game, as has already been proved, and, though not *pictures* to look at, may for all that be "devils to hunt;" ay, and right well too.

I don't speak from mere guess. Like most others, I have my eyes about me, and use them, and I say (and am supported, too, by many a sportsman) that the last season showed as fine runs, as good foxes, and right well hunted, with the pack I am speaking of, as a man in India can reasonably desire; the only fault was a little want of music, but that is gradually remedying, and in another year or two, provided there is no want of stallion hounds, will not exist.

I have been several times asked, not only by friends on this side, but at Madras also, whether I had hit on a method of keeping thoroughbred hounds alive. Would, indeed, that I could answer in the affirmative! But as far as my experience goes, I don't think the thing *possible*. There is not, I believe, at this moment a thoroughbred foxhound alive on this side, and those that did hold out for any time had lost much of their powers. The degeneracy of hounds taken out of England to hot countries is, I believe, unquestioned; those that I have *seen* tried could neither go the pace of any, or touch as cold a scent as several other dogs in the Nuggur pack: they were not, to be sure, from a fast "kennel," but I recollect pretty well the pace of the Hatfield, and can answer for its being very different to what poor old Royalist, Jumper, Jerker, Fairmaid, and Vocal could manage here.

"Breed," then, "breed," "breed" should be written up in gold letters* over every kennel door in this part of the world, if it was merely to remind the owner of the useless waste of money, and the disappointment, after all, of commissioning large numbers of thoroughbred hounds; they cost

* "Dashwood" says in the January 1829 No. of the Sporting Magazine, every man that keeps hounds should have a parrot inside the kennel, screaming out all day "cold food," "cold food." I mention this, as my idea of "breed" "breed" in gold letters may look somewhat borrowed.

a mint of money, soon become degenerate and unfit for long and hard runs, whilst a source of mortifying disappointment when dead. I know nothing so cruelly tormenting as seeing fine, beautiful hounds, on which you have set your heart, dying off one after another, without the smallest hope of effectual assistance; one morning in the highest possible spirits, the same evening dead! A man, then, who really wishes to have fox-hunting in the Deccan must give up all ideas of thoroughbred hounds for any other purpose than breeding: if he still insists on what some young hands attempt to stuff one with, "the only sporting style of hunting," in other words, having *none but thoroughbred hounds*, he will have the satisfaction of seeing his funds expended, his dogs underground, and *himself disgusted!* A man that expects even to get up a pack of *any kind* without infinite trouble, attention, and *patience without end*, reckons without his host—no one should *attempt* it who cannot especially command *patience* in the highest degree. The mortification of seeing a favourite hound, the leader perhaps of the pack, on the point of death, in a country where his place cannot be supplied, is enough, God knows, for mortal man; but imagine five and six couples of half-breds, raised with all the care and anxiety a man can bestow, within a few weeks of being fit to "enter" suddenly swept off by twos and threes at a time, as if the plague had got amongst them! If he can bear this patiently; command his temper in the field, stand the gibes, jests, sneers, and, what's worse than all, the gratuitous opinions of every man that sets up for a sportsman because he knows a dog from a cow, though he never saw a pack of hounds in his life; if he can put up with the riding slap over two or three of his favourite and best dogs, and the dispersal of the rest like worried sheep, the determined disposition that some men are blessed to ride over the scent and hunt the fox themselves the instant he's viewed —thus saving the pack the trouble of further exertion; I say, if he's *sure* he can stand all this without being *downright disgusted*, why, let him try his hand. Patience and perseverance conquer a multitude of things, and with tolerable luck will produce, not a pack to *look at*, but one which will afford as good sport as a man out of England—the "Melton" of the world —can ever expect to ride to.

About two years ago there were a couple of "Southern hounds," commissioned by a gentleman at Poonah, whose merits as a sportsman I have already slightly alluded to in my first letter on "Hog-hunting." What induced him to purchase dogs of this kind I did not at first see, the breed being notoriously very slow, and consequently not adapted for a country so flat and clear of fences as that in which foxes abound in the Deccan. I had never before met with hounds of this breed, and I am free to confess I was not in love with their appearance; my friend had shown judgment that none but a practised hand could have shown; they are the fathers of the finest half breed I ever saw, and had I the choice of the finest hound in the world of any other breed, he should give place to the "Southern." Crossed with fast bitches, ample speed is obtained—every fault in the father seems smoothed off, and as for *music* and *bottom*, they carry the day hollow!

Every one of them that I have yet seen takes after the father;

and if all were alive, I am within bounds when I assert at least 25 couples could be brought into the field! No such luck, however, attends the "breeder": if four out of ten ever live to be "entered" he is *lucky*. It is slow work, there is no doubt of it, but if a man does at last succeed, he not only has laid in a store of joys and pleasure that I wouldn't barter for thousands, but, in the mean time, has preserved, what more steady, quiet sober men than myself would give *millions* to obtain, *undiminished health whilst in India, with every chance of a happy old age in good Britain.*

NIMROD.

HOG HUNTING.

SIR,

If you conceive the following brief journal of a hunting trip worth insertion, you are welcome to publish it in your Sporting Magazine.

Our party from Deesa, consisting of six, met at Roopaul, five-and-thirty miles distant from Camp, to the north-eastward of Seedpore, on the morning of the 11th March. Before we gave the word "off," you must know that we had the Hooley festival before us; in a country quite unknown to any of the party; and moreover, throwing was the order of the day. After breakfast we sallied forth, and beat wheat fields and high grass; came in late in the afternoon, having bagged two boars (one a very fine one) and two sows.

12th, Thursday.—This morning turned into some stiff nullahs, covered with high jungle; hog were seen, but none would take out—consequently a blank.

13th, Friday.—Moved this morning three coss, to Nagwassun; beat some high rushes, on the river; several took away, but chiefly small ones. Returned to our tents, with only one sow.

14th, Saturday.—Going across country this morning to Loonwar, three coss, we fell in with three hogs, two of which fell; only three of the party were lucky enough to have spears and horses. About 11 out we went, and had a thick, low, bauble jungle, of immense extent, to hunt in. We considered ourselves fortunate in bringing home two good-sized boars, and a rattling sow: total to-day, five hog.

15th, Sunday.—This morning we pitched at Meywarra, 1½ coss, and as the nags had had some pretty stiff work, it was voted a day of rest for both man and beast.

16th, Monday.—Went on this morning to Darsud, two coss. After breakfast, commenced beating a large extent of grass, every here and there thickly studded with bauble jungle; killed one fine boar, and a sow escaped with a sore rump.

17th, Tuesday.—Moved three coss, to Bominwarra. About ten we were off to a large bier, five coss long, and two broad; after particular enquiry from the villagers, whether we could destroy part of it, without injuring the country, we made up our minds to burn a small portion. Only one hog took away; was bagged in the evening: we wound up with two fine cheetas, a good-sized boar, and one deer.

18th, Wednesday.—Breakfasted at Madra, three coss, on the Suruswattee; only succeeded in getting two hog out of the rushes,

which were very high, thick, extensive. Both were bagged.

19th, Thursday.—Inclined this morning with heavy hearts towards home, and encamped at Oombra, two coss. At the usual hour we went out, and put the beaters into a bier, and bagged two boars, one a whacker, and a Nielghy calf; all that were seen.

20th, Friday.—Our party was this morning increased by two volunteers from Camp; beat a grassy nullah running close to the tents; killed to-day three hogs.

21st, Saturday.—Three of our circle deserted us at daybreak; this our last day, and as it proved, a good one: two boars, one a splendid fellow, a sow, one deer and bustard, was our bag. In the afternoon we returned to Camp, eight-and-twenty miles next morning, and killed a deer on the road.

But of all the hog killed, five were *very* fine ones, all prodding, between seven and eight inches. The larger cheeta measured four feet and upwards from the nose to the stump of the tail. Out of the six who started with us from Camp, one did not join us in the hunting. Total killed: 22 hog, three deer, two cheetas, Neilghy, and one Bustard, beside hares, foxes, with the long-tailed dogs, cats and other *varment* with the short-tailed ones.

Yours, &c., &c.,
A Constant Reader.
Camp Deesa, 28th March, 1829.

BARODA RACES.

Sir,

I am induced to offer a few remarks upon "A Tyke's" letter regarding the last Baroda Races, from the evident feeling he has shown in favour of the Mhow cattle; at the same time I beg to state that I am totally unconnected with, and but little known to, the Proprietors of the horses that started. "A Tyke" states that "for the Baroda plate, the first heat was won very cleverly by Paul Pry, time 4m. 4½s.; the second, Boxkeeper, got three lengths at starting, and Paul could never get to his head; time, 3m. 59½s. The last heat was beautiful; Boxkeeper led by half a length for a mile and a half when Paul came up. At the distance it was either's race; but through *superior jockeyship* Paul won by a length, time 4m. 4s.

"It will be seen that the two heats won by Paul Pry were much slower run than the one won by Boxkeeper! the *slow running* exactly suited Paul Pry. It was the general opinion that had Boxkeeper gone off at score for the last heat and made running all the way round he could not have lost the race."

Now, Sir, it was the opinion of nearly all who saw this race that Boxkeeper could not have won the second heat had he not gained a start of several lengths; in proof of which I need only state that the heat was won by about half a length, both horses being punished; and many competent judges declared that even if Boxkeeper had gone off from the post the last heat, the result would have been the same.

"A Tyke" further says, "Wildrake is too violent for two miles, but for a mile or a mile and a half it will take a very capital horse to beat him."

"A Tyke" appears to forget that for both these distances he was beat, during the meeting, in very indifferent time.

I shall make no comment upon the following—"with the exception of Boxkeeper, perhaps, he (Wildrake) is the most blood-looking animal on the course."

The admirers of Boxkeeper need not detract from the hard-earned honours of his antagonists; his splendid running, for so many seasons, will always entitle him to a place among the first-raters.

Yours,
STIRRUP.

Camp Deesa, 1st June, 1829.

NEILGHERRIES—SPORT.

SIR,

Let it be known to the sporting world that upwards of 70 couple of Woodcocks have been killed on these Blue mountains of the East during the last season, *i.e.*, from October to March—of these 33½ couple have fallen by the gun of one gentleman.

It may be as well to take this opportunity of conveying some idea to your readers of this extraordinary country, and the game to be found on it. Topographical descriptions of the Neilgherries are already published, but from *what I had read and heard* I did not expect to find anything like *what they are* either in feature or climate. I arrived here in January, and ascended the mountains at Goodloon, whence the road here is 20 miles, unlike anything in India—undulating downs all the way, copses and woods scattered beautifully on the sides of the hills. At that time there was a hard white frost every night, and the sensation of the crisp frozen grass under your feet in the morning was enough to drive fever, &c., &c., from any man. We had frost till the beginning of March. At this place there is a lake more than six miles in circumference, and about 30 houses —more being now in course of erection—many of them situated at the sides of woods, which bear the appearance of those planted for effect in parks in England, but being evergreens, they have the advantage. In all of these woods are to be found "*Sambre*" —Black Deer—(to judge of the size of which it is enough to say that a buck weighed 39 stone) jungle sheep, the ibex, tigers, bears, hog, wild dogs, jackals, peafowl, jungle-fowl. There are also hares, snipe, and quail.

Before I came here I had been led to suppose that horses were useless, and did not thrive. All I can say is that if I had *four* I should have plenty of work for them, and with proper care as to clothing and stabling they thrive uncommonly well; as also dogs, so much so indeed that I am of opinion it would be worth while for any European settler to breed them for distribution all over India.

All gentlemen fond of aquatics should certainly bring *boats* up here from the coast, the size about that of the Deal gigs, being the best suited to the Lake. The dogs best adapted to the hills are strong spaniels and bustling terriers for wood shooting, and hard bitten greyhounds for jackals. But the man who should establish a pack of hounds would deserve well of his country and claim to have his memory perpetuated by a statue on the pinnacle of *Do-Do-Bét* (the highest point at the mountains). The country is too hilly for fast hounds—those best suited would be slow powerful fox, or perhaps the Southern, hound.

Yours truly,
A SUBSCRIBER.

POETRY.

A TRUE INTERPRETATION OF JUNGLE ELOQUENCE.

By A. Camel.

GRUNTGAILY'S WARNING!

Capromantis——Gruntgaily.

Scene: A ravine in the Rasah-bosah Hill. —— *Time*: An hour before daylight.

Capromantis.

Rash Pig of the Sounder! take heed of the morn,
When the hunters shall rouse thee with clamour and horn!
For a scene of dismay haunts my sleepy wall-eye,
And my best of the singlers are chased from our sty:
They sally, they run, for their lives, for their bacon;
Shame, shame to the riders by whom they're o'ertaken:
The high-minded * * * * * heads the wild train,
And lots of poor porkers lie stiff on the plain.
But mark! thro' the spattering burst of the chase,
What Boar to the mountain-top urges his pace?
'Tis the form of Gruntgaily, whose parent shall peep,
From the edge of the Jungle then back shall he creep.
No son comes at Evening. He squeaks in despair.
Oh! where is Gruntgaily? and Echo says "where?"
Roar Rasah! to lose such a beautiful Boar!
Roar Bosah! but hunters will heed not thy roar!
For a merciless spear on Chinchoosee shall shine,
Chinchoosee! that reeks with the life-blood of swine!

Gruntgaily.

Pooh! grunt to thy *next* litter! sire of our sty!
Or if the dim shades of slain piglings float nigh,
Plunge, Dady! thy grey-grizzled head in the mud
Of yon slough, to protect thee from visions of blood!

Capromantis.

Ha! grinn'st thou, Gruntgaily? am I to be joked?
Dull Beast of our Jungle, thy Rump shall be poked!
Say, dash'd not the antelope wantonly forth
From his lair on the hill-top, the bed of his birth,
Lo! the speed of the wild wolf out-footing, he sped,
Not a weed, not a wild-flow'r bent as he fled;
But back let him turn, for the hunter's in sight!
To the Hills let him bend back his arrowy flight!
Why dash from yon precipice bold and secure
Those Riders, like hawks swooping down at the lure?
Tho' freed from the wild wolf yet breathless and tired,
He is caught, he is spear'd, he hath groan'd and expired!

Gruntgaily.

Pig-prophet, be easy! I must have a run;
I can leap every nullah; *they* dare not cross one!

I have speed for the plain—I have wind for the hill,
I have got lots of bottom, and "go it" I will!
Then welcome be * * * * * 's spear to the chase!
Let him poke at my ribs till he's black in the face!
But woe to his horse's legs, woe to his own,
If Gruntgaily should charge—if his toe he should bone!
Tho' the Ticken-clad riders our traces pursue,
The Bristlers, the Union, the Claret lads too,
All pushing, all hooting, D—l help the whole crew!

CAPROMANTIS.

Gruntgaily, Gruntgaily, this bragging won't do!
For tho' I may plunge my grey head in yon slough,
Yet mud will not cover my *tale*, you'll allow.
I tell thee Chinchoosee's high hills shall reply
To the hunters' wild shout, to their maddening cry.
Aroused by the clamour the sounders are seen:
Behold! where they dash from the thorny ravine;
The riders are after them, Lord! how they spin!
Open quick, ye wide nullahs, and let them pass in!
They are spear'd! see their blood! now ye savages, suck it!!
Sweet Piglings, adieu! there, they've all kick'd the bucket!!
But where is Gruntgaily, my pet of the litter,
When the moon and the stars are beginning to glitter?
Say, seeks he his jungle-bed famish'd and worn,
All wearied in limb, his hoofs bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a warmer abode he has got,
His flesh's at the fire, and his head's in the pot!!
The murderers are gorging!! I'm sick at the sight!
Ev'ry hair of his head's gone!! my eye! what a fright!
From his legs they have sever'd his delicate paws,
And a bright yellow lime have they cramm'd in his jaws.
But the plates shall be smash'd that are crowding around,
And each slice, ere they taste it, shall fall to the ground,
And his flesh shall cause bristles to grow I know where—

GRUNTGAILY.

Away, moon-eyed groper! what a humbug you are!
Gruntgaily, all heedless of bugle or threat,
On the rock-cover'd mountains his grinders shall whet,
Shall feast upon sugar-cane, wallow in mud,
Shall bask in the jungle or bathe in the flood,
As fearless lie down as he fearless arose,
Or bury his tusks in the guts of his foes!!!

MEERUT FESTIVITIES.

SIR,

You will no doubt be furnished by the Secretary of the Meerut Races with a list of the running, but it may prove interesting to some of your readers to have a general account of the festivities which occurred during the meeting, at a place of such note as Meerut. As you may not

have another correspondent who was present on the occasion, I will try my endeavour to hit them off. Regular races at Meerut were established, I think, so far back as 1808, since which time there has invariably been an annual meeting, except when the service called forth its numerous military inhabitants, upon more arduous duties; the present year was expected to be very good, and the admirers and supporters of the Turf were not disappointed. Beauty, Rank, Fashion, poured in from all the surrounding stations. *I place* beauty *first*, for it is that to which all bow, and which all admire, and I can assure both you and your readers that Meerut can boast of as much attraction in this way as any station in India: where so many reign as Belles, it could be as difficult, as it would be invidious, to name any one in particular. The little boy Cupid was not idle during this season of mirth and joy, his bow was strung, and his unerring darts flew successfully. One marriage has already been the consequence. Young, fair, and lovely, long may she reside amongst us, be as happy, and render as happy the object of her choice, as their dearest friends can wish. The new Benedict, our judge, is a good fellow in every sense of the word, and is universally liked and esteemed.

Where harmony and good fellowship reign as they do at Meerut, so much so as to become proverbial, it is not to be supposed that the business of the race-course engrossed all our thoughts. No. The amusement of the Fair became the object of all; Plays and Balls were the order of the day, and trod so fast on the heels of each other, that a respite from the toil of pleasure was almost hailed with satisfaction.

Amongst the out-and-out things in the way of Balls, I will notice four. The first was a fancy Masked Ball and Supper, given by our old friends, the Officers of the Horse Artillery. Their noble Mess Rooms are calculated for the display of masks, and their attention to the comforts of their guests always renders their fêtes a point of attraction. Upon the present occasion, their zeal to amuse was fully seconded by the desire of all parties to be amused. Good humour, the best character for any party, was here conspicuous, though under different disguises. Masks, groups, and characters were numerous, and well supported. An Irishman fresh from the Emerald Isle, in search of something beyond Potatoes and Butter-milk, was sustained with great humour; and some of his Irish songs evinced a taste and feeling which struck every one. A family group of a poor man, with a little wife and a *large* family, complaining of hard times and Half Batta, was well got up, and afforded much amusement. The good woman having, however, disposed of her children in various ways, appeared again transformed into a Porguese Ayah in want of service; the disguise was complete; shortly after *she* made her appearance in a third female character. The style with which this person always maintains the character assumed invariably calls forth admiration. On our stage, he is a host in himself. Our Harlequin was excellent. His fair Columbine, a powerful energetic dancer, though the style smacked strongly of Almacks in the East.

Amongst other capital characters, I must not omit to notice "The Monstrosities of the day," exhibited by a Lady and Gentleman dressed in the very extreme

of Fashion. Nothing could have been better. Fortunately the Lady stood six feet two in her stockings —or the tremendous size of her bonnet would have played havoc with the *Giraffe* head-dresses of the Ladies. Dancing was kept up with great spirit to a late hour after supper.

That fine Regiment, the 16th Lancers, next took the lead. The night selected for their ball was after the race for the Gold Cup, which the officers always so liberally give to be run for by maiden Arabs. No arrangement that good taste could effect was omitted to render the evening every way delightful, the rooms were crowded, and dancing was maintained until early dawn. At one o'clock the party sat down to an excellent supper, and after the health of the Ladies was drunk, the splendid Gold Cup was presented by the Colonel of the Regiment in a glowing speech to the winner, our worthy Brigadier, who, with a heart full of the finest and most liberal feelings which endear him to young and old, could hardly find words to express the thoughts that floated in his head. His friends interpreted his sentiments, and his health, prosperity, with success on the Turf and in all other situations, was drunk with an enthusiasm which evinced the attachment to the man, and the high estimation of his character. The Cup is a beautiful specimen of workmanship, and of the exquisite taste displayed by the gentleman (an officer of the Regiment) who drew the design. It would be a splendid ornament to any nobleman's table.

The next grand Ball was given by the officers of H.M.'s 31st Regiment, and, I may truly say, vied with the others in magnificence and splendour. Indeed it would be difficult, where all were so good, to do justice to the spirit with which these Regimental parties went off. I will pass over the dancing room which, as usual, was crowded with youth and beauty, adorned in a style of elegance and fashion not to be surpassed even in the City of Palaces, and introduce the reader to the supper, which was given to above a hundred and fifty guests, in a superb suite of Tents most brilliantly illuminated. A cross table, at which the noble Colonel and his Lady presided, was at the end of the Tent, and commanded a view of the whole party, a double row of tables having been placed down the sides of the Tents. The tables were covered with every delicacy of the season, including strawberries, and glittered with a beautiful service of plate; indeed the entire scene brought to mind what we have read of in Fairy tales. The thing was unique. An early move from the Ladies, however, tore us from the enchanting scene, though many a devotee to good cheer remained. The dancing was renewed, and the guests, delighted with the hospitalities of the night, did not separate until a late hour.

The last Ball I shall notice was the one given by Mr. Bacon, the winner of the station Gold Cup. The evening was unfortunately unpropitious, as the rain poured down in torrents; this, however, did not prevent a brilliant assemblage of the Fair Sex (with whom Mr. B. is a universal favourite) from gracing his party. The whole thing went off well and did credit to his management and the aid he evidently appeared to have obtained from some fair friend. How easy is it to trace the skill of lovely woman! I shall be glad to see the day when my friend is entered for the matrimonial stakes.

The course every morning was crowded to such excess, that the wonder was where they all came from; for *Blackee* who likes to see the amusements of the Sahib logue came in great numbers, and even made their bets on the result of the race. Our military commanders let loose the rein of discipline, and allowed their men to enjoy the pleasures of the season. The appearance of so many gallant fellows in different military costumes gave a pleasing variety to the scene.

The course this year is a mile and a half and 61 yards; the soil is a light sand, and when we have no rain during the meeting, becomes very heavy after a little running. This year we were fortunate in having a few showers, which, with the daily use of the roller, brought the ground into a good state. The timing upon the Meerut course is seldom so quick as we hear of at other courses. Pyramus was beat two miles at Meerut with 8st. 7lb., in 4m. 6s., and won the Calcutta cup the same distance, with 9st. 7lb. at three heats. The second and third ran in 4m. 1s. The cup this year, 8st. 7lb., three miles, won by Champion in 6m. 14s., is the quickest thing ever done on the Meerut course by any horse on record.

A very old sportsman, who was with us this meeting, Captain McK—e of the Madras Artillery, told me he thought our course the most severe of any he had ever seen. Independent of the nature of the soil, it has in one part a rise extending nearly 1100 yards—a quarter of a mile of which is a stiff hill, and which a horse must encounter twice, when his race is either two miles or three miles.

The whole of the racing went off with the utmost harmony, notwithstanding the occasional elongation of the human face divine. Bets ran high, and much *blunt* changed owners. The arrangements of the stewards were in every way judicious, the horses, generally of the first order, having been sought far and near. A losing stable last year was at the top of the tree this year, and the goodness of the cattle from it requires no other encomium than to say the spirited owner, Mr. Bacon, won three cups, The Cawnpore Station Cup, The Calcutta Cup, and the Meerut Station Cup, with three different horses.

The best Maiden Arab came from a stable equally unfortunate last year, and with Remembrancer has by their splendid condition proved that the trainer has profited by experience. An old stable from which much was expected was sadly in arrear, partly to be attributed to bad luck, the owner being absent on duty during two of the most essential months of training, during which time his Jockey, frequently how came you so, allowed his horses to get so fat that I have heard their owner say he scarcely should have known some of them when he came home.

If the Secretary has sent you a prospectus of the races fixed for our next meeting, which will be held in December, you will see the strongest proof of the feeling of satisfaction manifested at the bygone meeting. The public plates are numerous, and the encouragement held forth by the Amateurs of the Turf has been of the most liberal nature. The amount of the Civilians Cup for Maiden Arabs already exceeds 180 gm., which, with a subscription of 25 gm. for each horse entered, will be worth a struggle. The old stables are already strong, as are those of some new hands, and the lovers of the turf may be sanguine in expecting a splen-

did turn out, and some excellent sport.

I fear we shall not again have our friend, the Madras Artillery Officer. His health has so much benefited by our Northern climate, and a run at grass on the Hills, that he will rejoin his post at Nagpore. He will be a great loss to our sporting community. Though his strong stable of Maiden Arabs were unsuccessful, yet judgment in matching his old ones enabled him to think we treated him courteously during his sojourn amongst us.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
VIATOR.

2*nd March*, 1829.

TO JOHN DOCKERY.

Here's a song which I'll sing to thy praise,
Jolly John;
The gem of all jockeys art thou;
For the spirit and mirth
Of your letters are worth
All the rest of the Magazine now,
Jolly John,
For the gem of all jockeys art thou.

You're the Pam of the Editor's pack,
Jolly John,
You're the ace of his Quinte and his Quarte;
In the shuffle and cut
Of your wit and your smut,
You have never yet *rough'd* a good *heart*,
Jolly John,
You're the ace of his Quinte and his Quarte.

On my soul, you're a diamond, a trump,
Jolly John,
Your fame shall no longer be hid;
Tho' your nose is as crump
And as flat as a dump,
And your mouth like a teapot lid,*
Jolly John,
Your fame shall no longer be hid.

Tho' your head be as round as a ball,
Jolly John,
And your legs be as bent as a bow,
Yet that head knows the trick,
When to lay it on thick,
And your stumpers can make the tits go,
Jolly John,
Tho' your legs be as bent as a bow.

You *must* be a figure of fun,
Jolly John,
As bumming and brisk as a bee:
And since you have won
Every race you have run,
You are doubly delightful to me,
Jolly John,
All bumming and brisk as a bee!

Tho' the bile-colour'd knowing ones twigg'd
Jolly John,
And laugh'd at your Lilliput height;
'Twas sufficient to hubble
The Doncaster double,
And tip them a Tadcaster bite,
Jolly John,
Tho' they laughed at your Lilliput height.

Let me follow you now in your feats,
Jolly John,
Where you always seem doing your best;
Ever first in the race,
Never worst in the chase,
And as eager in love as the rest,
Jolly John,
Where you always seem doing your best.

* Vide the description of John Dockery by S. Y. S. in Number 2 of the Sporting Magazine.

Hurra! for your courage and pluck,
Jolly John,
Tho' some say from the sounder you shrunk,
Yet it cannot be true,
That each black fellow knew,
By his nose, that you felt in a funk,
Jolly John,
Tho' some say from the sounder you shrunk.

When Doolittle swore he was ripp'd,
Jolly John,
No tusk could have so gash'd his limb;
Then pray, when you fell
In that piggish pell-mell,
Are you certain you did not poke *him?*
Jolly John,
For no tusk could have so gash'd his limb.

Your facetious account of that pack,
Jolly John,
Which the Nuggurite snobs toddle after;
And th' *arsafetitur'd* fox
In the little deal box
Oh! crikes! it convulsed me with laughter,
Jolly John,
To think what those snobs toddle after.

Some blame you for courting a black,
Jolly John,
Yet with love what has colour to do?
Every cat is a grey
In the night, and by day
A blackey can never look blue,
Jolly John,
So with love what has colour to do?

Tho' a whitey-brown babby may come,
Jolly John,
It will kick up no family jar;
Such as when Phœbe wept
And you scorn'd to accept
The honour of being papa,
Jolly John,
It will kick up no family jar.

But where's the last letter you wrote,
Jolly John?
We long to know what you've been at;
And to see how you hoax
All the Guzerat folks,
Yes, dash my wig, *do* give us that,
Jolly John,
For we long to know what you've been at!
And now I must bid you good-bye,
Jolly John,
And thank you for all you have writ;
You're the Cruikshank of letters,
And all are your debtors
Who've spirit to relish your wit,
Jolly John,
So, thank you for all you have writ.

PHILO-FUN.

Poona, 4th June.

DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

MR. EDITOR,

I have just observed L.'s query about the jalap and calomel for the distemper in dogs, and am sorry I can't give your correspondent a verbatim account out of the Colonel's book. He mentions, however, nothing respecting the future method of treatment after medicine, which I should imagine to be simple enough. The proportions would,

in all probability, salivate, in which case care must be taken to keep the animal from cold or water. Should he feel at any time inclined to eat, give nothing but warm broth and pot liquor, and when the calomel appears to have had its full effect, let some mild common dose be given.

Yours,

May 18*th*. F. H.

RUN AGAINST TIME.

SIR,

In the early part of January, 1828, Mr. —— betted that he would in one hour gather 100 oranges placed in a line, each three feet apart, and carry them singly to a basket standing three feet from one end of the line, starting from the basket.

The ground chosen was a tolerably level piece of grass on the esplanade; and, although the race was known only to a few friends of the parties, a good deal of blunt was sported on the occasion.

Having divested himself of his stockings, shoes, and other encumbrances, he started at an easy pace, and commenced with about the sixtieth orange, soon afterwards taking a few short runs, and so continued to the end, changing from long to short runs occasionally. When he had gathered about one half, he offered an even bet, that he completed his task in fifty-five minutes; no one, however, took it, and he went on a little longer, and came down to fifty-four minutes; seeing no one inclined to take this, he offered two and three to one, both of which were immediately taken. Again, after continuing his race for some time, he offered even on performing it in fifty-three minutes, but he had by this time done so much and had such good time before him, appearing also so fresh, no one seemed to doubt his capability, and he finished his work with the greatest ease considerably within fifty-four minutes. The distance in this race is, I believe, five miles and a half and 320 yards, but the constant turning and stooping render it, I am inclined to think, no very easy task. Mr. —— is upwards of six feet high (no great advantage in stooping) and what would be considered rather a well-made man.

F. S.

CRITIQUE EXTRAORDINARY.

SIR,

In carelessly looking over your Sporting Magazines I was surprised, for I am not much of a sportsman, though much inclined to become more so, to see the frequent use that is now made by almost all your contributors of some odd-sounding words which I have vainly looked for in Johnson, Walker, Sheridan, and the slang dictionary. Will you therefore obligingly favour me with the meaning of the monosyllabic appellations, Snob, Spoon, and many of similar kind.

Will you also inform me if the controversy between Messrs. Novice and Gambado is likely to produce any important results as to any alteration in feeding and training, and whether the latter correspondent will have any objection to make his name

public, that those who are anxious to benefit by his experience may do so by a viva voce conversation with him.

Can you kindly tell me why there has been no prospectus of the Bombay Races published as yet, and who are the Stewards who have so long a time allowed the bill of fare to slumber in oblivion? Allow me, while I am giving you all this trouble, to add my mite of applause and congratulation on the extraordinary success of your Sporting Magazine; the support it has met with from many sporting characters on the other side of India (I see a friend of yours calls our side a corner, which was very clever indeed) evinces the true sporting spirit with which they are actuated, and speaks volumes in favour of their disinterestedness and good-will to merit wherever it may appear.

I am not much of a prude, neither am I a philosopher or a blue light; but I really think the third Tale of the Tinkers bore strong marks of impropriety in the minutiæ of its details, and also that John Dockery's letters want pruning. These sort of people have, not that innate sense of delicacy which ought to characterize a British sportsman, and I think you ought to publish no more of his correspondence. It is very true I hear it laughed at everywhere, but the ladies don't enjoy it at all, and where we can't see them smile, the pleasure is not worth having.

"Immodest words admit of no offence,
And want of decency is want of sense."

I am almost sure I know the author, and I am therefore surprised he should indulge in so low a way. I have been led on thus far by my feelings, and while I am in the criticising humour I trust you will permit me to continue, because every public work is subject to stricture, and therefore every author ought to be prepared for the worst. Your correspondents no doubt will eagerly rush forward to engage in a contest with one so unknown as I am, but I can tell them that though "the bee proffers honey he bears a sting;" and that I can sting as well as buzz about is well known to many who have thought me as harmless as I am unpretending.

Nimrod in the East is in general very good and very classical, though in point of low sayings I think he is faulty, such as "*hot as hell*," "*cram at him*," and such like vulgarisms; besides, and moreover, notwithstanding he is very sensible, he is too tedious and too communicative, he tells every little thing as though it was in conversation, and fills up a great many pages which might oe more valuably filled. If he would have the goodness to confine himself to all he has seen, and not give us all he has heard, it would, I think, be an improvement: not but what I mean to say he is a very valuable correspondent, and deserves encouragement, and as far as my meed of applause will go he is very welcome to it, and to my good wishes too, for I never wish to browbeat a man, particularly where his name is not known, and of course he can't well defend himself. I will now say a few words, if you will allow me, on the subject of your second best correspondent, for so I suppose you think him, as I hear you call him and Nimrod the great guns of your Magazine. This was a capital pun of yours, as you evidently thought that your friends and contributors were from the Artillery, and your allusion was therefore both clever and classical.

I am very quick at seeing these things, and give you due credit accordingly. The first Tale of the Tinkers was too close an imitation of the Loves of the Angels, and as any-one can make a parody, I don't see much merit in that; besides, look at some of his rhymes, "carcase" and "mark us," and foot and mute, sooner and Poonah, rolling eye and gravity; then in his second Tale, which he turns off with a song, that song is borrowed! I heard a first-rate, prime sporting character, one who is always first in all sports, whether with his gun, his spear, his horse, or his greyhound. I heard him sing it *as his own*, and I *am sure* it was his own too, though perhaps he may have lent it for the occasion; and if you, Sir, Mr. Editor, could get him to send you some of his good things for your Magazine, it would be well worth your while; he is now in Bombay, and I hope he will excuse this hint. The third Tinker's Tale is a sad falling off; quite a melange of doggerel rhyme and low wit; many people think it better than the first, but every lady condemns it, and that's sufficient; it wants delicacy and less low humour; it requires less of Fielding and more of Johnson, so I should say.

I now come to the less marked people, the mob of your contributors, and shall just make a few cursory remarks en passant upon their productions. I do not in all this rely solely on my own individual judgment, but I have spoken with one or two friends, and they have fully agreed with me in the sentiments I am going to make you acquainted with.

What you call a parody on Lord Byron's Tambourgi, Tambourgi is no more a parody than if I were to say, "Bundoola will move to Poonah to-morrow," and call it a parody on a general order. Jasper Gambado is sensible, shrewd, and clever; he will be an invaluable correspondent, and he shows off your friend Novice in good style. Junglicus talks of the "tardy sunbeam." God knows his beams come quick enough; this word tardy is very stupid indeed; and who does he mean by the monarch of the buffalo tribe? and how can horses "*emulate* the wind" and pressing on, "all striving for the lead"—that is to lead the wind; upon my word this is mighty silly.

> "We'll tell the tale of each wide wound,
> And kill them o'er again!"

What! kill a wound over again? I never heard such nonsense. Percussion and Detonator are both sensible, gentleman-like men. They argue their point quietly and skilfully, and though I don't know much about shooting, I like their mode of reasoning, and think your Magazine must derive some benefit from that sort of contributors.

You must now permit me to say a few words on the subject of the letters from John Dockery; I have already alluded to them, and I must again express my sorrow and surprise that a person of your generally appropriate sense of right and wrong should have admitted such things in your publication. I will allow that they possess humour, but it is low, very low, and some wit which is equally below par; in descriptions, it is grossly erroneous, and I should imagine equally faulty as to the accounts of the sport witnessed by the writer in the field and on the course. What, then, could push it through the ordeal of common criticism I confess I cannot tell, and I think the whole correspondence richly deserving of the most severe castigation

from the critic's lash. Be the author who he may, he has little to pride himself upon, and the person S. Y. S. who patronizes such kind of people has still less. I regret to find we are to have more letters in your next, although I will own that they always make me fit to die with laughing.

In the Fox-hunting Journals there is much to applaud; they are highly intelligent and well calculated for your Magazine, and the verses to the little black terrier, called Mootee, are very pretty and very appropriate. I think the fourth stanza uncommonly happy.

"A small black pearl wert thou, my pet,
And never sure a jewel rare
Was ever so appropriately set,
As thou wert in thy mistress's care."

I don't exactly see how it is possible to *set* a little black dog in a mistress' *care*, but the thought is pretty enough notwithstanding. The Dirge by a Griff is curious. He talks of the hunter as dead, for he says—

"With his sires he slumbers now,"

and then in the next stanza he curiously inquires—

"Why comes he not as of yore?"

and ends by showing him in his grave, *sleeping* alone,

"Like a boar in a sugar-cane,"

which must be very like a man's carcase in a coffin. I think this is not quite what it ought to be for your Magazine. The song beginning with "There's a Lethe in the bowl" is truly good. I've heard fifty good judges praise it. If it is original, which some doubt, and I among the rest, the author must be capable of better things, and I should say Andropais was certainly the only poet you possess.

O. K. is sensible and dry, and caustic and clever; very capital in all he says, and very shrewd in all his remarks—a real good correspondent. But that song of Bill Nibbs and his hounds; oh, how every one rejoiced at the exposé which the Gazette forced upon you!—it was no fault of yours, but it was a meanness and a shabbiness in the man who sent it, that deserves all that was said about it.

Novice, as I said before, I pity—he is quite a greenhorn. Tyke is invaluable; a modest, quiet, good man. Your parodies are all poor things and don't take at all, and the black fight at Bosreegaum was so highly improbable as not to be laughed at: there was also an indelicate allusion or two that might with great care have been omitted. I never heard of such a fight, although I must have been at Poonah at the time, nor is there a soul here that even knew that such a thing occurred until they saw it in your Sporting Magazine. Did a Portuguese send you the account, for it seemed to be of that stamp? just a parody on some fights in England with a few technicals gathered from the squabbles in a gentleman's kitchen.

I now come to Guzerattee rusticating in the Konkun, and saving a leetle bad grammar his contribution is passable, and you should patronise him with a recommendation to study Lowth and Lindley Murray. I'm not over grammatical myself, but I can detect a failing in another very quickly. The introductory cantos to a poem have certainly been sent out of extreme good nature just to save you the trouble of printing any more, for worse stuff I never read. To show you how he gallops on, with as leetle reason as rhyme; he talks of

"Unwhisker'd heroes from 14 to 20," &c.
"Out of 13, the number of the pack,"
"Scotland sent four whose names began with Mac."

Then he goes on—

"*One too* there was, a peri of eighteen."

* * * * * *

"*She* was of course like beauty's classic Queen."

Good gracious; one of the thirteen unwhisker'd heroes was a "*maid whose name was Priestly.*" Oh, Mr. Editor, how could you suffer this? Do look a little into things. Your Sporting Trifles are very pretty; they want a little pruning and a little more care about the versification and metre and they would do handsomely, for the first hundred lines are truly pretty and put one in mind of Walter Scott's poetry. I have now done with my criticisms, which I hope you will take kindly, and believe me to remain,

Yours with good wishes,

STEPHEN.

Malligaum, June 2nd, 1829.

Note.—As judicious criticism has undoubtedly been one of the chief causes of the march of British literature during the last half century, and as all publications, from the ponderous folio doomed to repose amidst the dust and cobwebs of some Bibliopolist's private library down to the ephemeral single sheet whose final destination may be the envelopment of Mrs. Timpkins's Saturday's pound of butter, are held amenable to the ordeal of general scrutiny, it would have been unwise, uncandid, and perhaps unfair, to have consigned to our rubbish basket the foregoing display of profundity, judgment, and acumen. "Master Stephen" is a very Iago in criticism—nothing escapes him, nothing seems too high for his grasp, nothing too low for his notice; he is, to use Sir Archy's sporting metaphor, "a parfect Neemrod, at a', at everything, from the flea in the blanket to the wild elephants at Ceylon." Like most persons of his kidney, however, our critical friend, to our humble perception at least, has fallen into the very common error of discovering imperfections in positive beauties, and ascribing superior excellence to mediocrity.

"Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss"

was a favourite position of the poet who STEPHEN quotes as an authority for recommending delicacy; and we certainly are not disposed to deny the application of the remark in the present instance. We feel irresistibly impelled to answer our correspondent at each detection of a flaw to which his "farthing candle" helps him in the same vein in which the admirable Sir Fretful Plagiary meets the comments of his friend Dangle on his new play.

"*Dangle.*—Methinks the interest falls off towards the end."

"*Sir Fret.*—Rises, you mean, Rises."

We may be wrong, however; no man's judgment is infallible (except that of our esteemed correspondent O. K. in matters of horse-flesh), and no Editor's selections "warranted sound." Still it would be an unpardonable weakness to "knock under" to each commentator who presents himself in the ring; it would be an act of monstrous ingratitude to each contributor, and at the same time expose us to the horrid imputation of publishing lucubrations merely to have them laughed at.

Under this impression we proceed to have a bout with this potent wrestler, who would consign our supporters to mother earth. "Hercules be our speed!"

To the first query anent spoons, snobs, &c., we can only in answer refer Stephen to his looking-glass, trusting for a *more particular description* to the graphic pens of Nimrod, S. Y. S., or Andropais.

To the second we must reply in the spirit of the Governor of Tilbury Fort, who could not see the enemy's fleet because 'twas not in sight. So we, not having descried the termination of the controversy between Gambado and Novice, know nothing of the results the ending will produce.

To the third, "we cannot say, because we do not know."

Then as to John Dockery's letters—who ever tried to make a Mercury out of a billet of wood, or looked for the graces of a ball-room in the stalls of a stable? Not we, nor any of our readers but STEPHEN. Voltaire was right enough to invest his nether quarters in *culottes* on the principle that Nature ought sometimes to be "wrapped up" like a smutty story over wine and walnuts, but did he or our own immortal never-to-be-forgotten Will Shakespeare sacrifice truth and nature to fastidious delicacy, to squeamishness? If Will did so, Mr. Bowdler, the expurgator of dramatic improprieties, would have got little by his "Family Shakespeare," and George Colman, the play licenser, would find his berth a jolly sinecure. Our humour jumps with that of *other* great authors; we love Yorkshire in its unadorned simplicity;—we revere the jockey and his unlearned epistles. What! because Master Stephen "is virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?" Shall we "not take our ease in our" own Magazine? A fig for prudery and critics then!

Stephen's attempt to fix the authorship of Dockery's "*belle lettres*" on some other person than the writer is contemptible in the extreme. They are as gen-u-ine as Hodgson's decoction of coculus indicus or Rowland's "incomparble oil, Macassar!"

What does Stephen mean by talking about "ladies," and the unfitness of parts of our Mag. for their perusal? Does he dare to pretend that any lady would even open a book with the formidable title of "Sporting Magazine" meeting her in large black letters?—not that there *is* anything to shock modesty within, but in veterinary and farriery discussions there *might be;* the knowledge of which possibility will make delicate women cautious of looking into the work, and furnishes a guarantee to ourselves for occasionally indulging in the way in which men are apt to indulge in after dinner, when ladies retire to say good-natured things of their neighbours.

NIMROD must feel greatly flattered by Stephen's notice of his little peccadilloes, and will no doubt profit by them. "Hot as hell" and "cram him at it" are indeed violent outrages upon propriety, and perfectly intolerable in these days of refinement, when even sailors eschew solecisms and metamorphose "lend a hand, you lubbers," into "gentlemen, be pleased to afford me your co-operation."

"Any one can make a parody," quoth Stephen. Let him then send us one, or die of the cholera morbus for heretically sneering at the "Tinkers." The little rhymetical imperfections of "carcase" and "mark us," &c., will always pass muster after Pope's "heirs" and "ears," "villany" and "might see," "joins" and "mines," &c., &c. Besides, there is such a thing as a poetical licence, and why should not the chronicler of the Tinkers' deeds avail himself of it?

We shall not attempt to follow Stephen all through his hyper-criticism on what he is pleased to designate "the mob of our contributors." We respect the talents of *Junglicus Andropais*, and *the*

Griff, and think they may very safely defy the scrutiny of any half-starved critic. As for "T. Cowl," who writes by the furlong! we have no patience with such fellows, and do most cordially agree with Stephen that the "Sporting Trifles" need pruning and versifying and regulating.

We have now done with our wholesale critic, and accordingly commit him to the "mauling" of the parents of the offspring he has so unmercifully hacked. We would caution him, however, to keep himself completely incog., for "Burking" is much in fashion, and there seems obesity enough about Stephen to constitute him a fair subject for dissection.—ED.

GREYHOUNDS.

The following letter met our eye after the letter of "A." in pages 243 and 244 was in type. The information it contains completely answers our correspondent's purpose.

To the Editor of the Madras Courier.

SIR,

If you think the accompanying worthy a place in your valuable paper, be good enough to insert it.

ON THE GENERAL TREATMENT OF GREYHOUNDS IN THIS COUNTRY.—It has often struck me as most astonishing that greyhounds in this country should run so well as they do occasionally, after an animal of such extraordinary speed and bottom as the fox. However, I have seen real good and speedy dogs beaten so frequently, and so evidently from want of *condition*, that I have been led to pay more attention to the feeding and training of my dogs than is generally thought necessary; and I do so from conviction that it enables dogs to kill more frequently, and to last much longer.

After trying various kinds of food, I feel convinced that nothing is so good for dogs in the habit of hunting or running matches as sheep's heads and bread. The way in which I give this food is thus: the head being boiled till the meat separates from the bones without difficulty, it should then be put to cool in a wooden trough; steep the bread for ten minutes in the broth of the head, and then mash the bread and meat together with a wooden pestle till they become one mass; when sufficiently cooled give it to the dog, and when he has finished, let him have one of the soft bones of the head to eat, as I think a small quantity of bone promotes digestion. The broth, with the addition of some rice and a small quantity of meat, is excellent nutritious food for sick or young dogs, bitches suckling or in pup; in fact, for every dog not required for immediate hunting. I always thicken this food with a small quantity of flour.

If I wish to get a dog into condition for hunting (supposing him at the time to be in good case as to health and flesh), I commence by giving him a dose of physic (See Blaine, page 210); he should be kept warm, and get broth during the operation of this medicine; when it has ceased to act he may have his broth thickened with flour and bread in small quantities; the next day begin with the bread-and-head food and moderate exercise, such as walking for an hour in the morning, and half an hour in the evening.

I think any healthy dog may be got into splendid hunting condition

in a month upon the food above mentioned, with an occasional dose of physic, provided his exercise is regular and continued for an hour, at least, every morning, with a course or gallop twice a week. A basket hare will answer this purpose: provided it is on an open plain, when it can have six or seven hundred yards' law without going out of view; if the hare cannot have this law, the dogs must have three or four runs instead of one or two; when the dogs are regularly hunted this, of course, is not necessary.

Dogs should always have a small cot, composed of a frame about three feet square, and the legs one foot high, and canvas nailed tight over it at night; if it is in a cold climate, shake on the cot a little straw; if otherwise, use nothing but the simple canvas while the dogs are walking. In the morning the cots should be cleaned and beaten with a rattan, to dislodge any fleas or ticks that may be in them.

The kennel for dogs in this country should have a great many windows or ventilators for the free circulation of air; but they should be placed as high in the wall as possible, nothing being so pernicious to dogs as sleeping with the land wind blowing directly on them. This must always be the case when the windows are level with the cots, if they are kept open, and if shut to exclude this great cause of liver and rheumatism, then the animals breathe a foul air, as there cannot be a proper circulation. A wall forming two sides of a square should be built outside and as high as the door, to prevent a possibility of the land wind striking in upon the dogs while the door is inadvertently or necessarily left open, and which must often be the case. Should these directions be attended to, I am convinced by experience that greyhounds, as well as other delicate dogs (particularly English), would be found to thrive in this country much better than they do under the system generally pursued, which is to tie them in a stall of a stable, without any precaution being taken to keep out the land wind. Nor does the evil stop here, for if a dog is allowed to lie in the earth and rubbish, which he always scratches up, it would be impossible to keep him free from ticks, as there is something particularly favourable to the breeding of this vermin in the newly rooted-up earth of an old stable.

The flooring of the kennel should, if possible, be made of flag stones, which will in a great measure do away with ticks and fleas—the floor should slope from the sides in a very slight degree, towards a small drain running down the centre, which will carry off urine and all filth, through a grating at the end of the house. A bucket of water thrown down every morning while the dogs are walking, would suffice to make the whole kennel perfectly clean and cool.

If any keeper of greyhounds or lover of fox-hunting in this country can find anything useful in what I have said on this subject, I shall not think I have taken up uselessly a portion of your valuable paper. Should any of your numerous sporting readers be of a different opinion with me, I trust they will point out in what they conceive I am wrong, as I am no less anxious to receive information than I am happy to communicate these few humble remarks to those who are at all interested in this subject.

Your obedient Servant,

GREYHOUND.

Madras, 21*st June*, 1829.

PERFORMANCES OF DON JUAN.

At Poonah, in *December*, 1823, he won the HAMPSHIRE CUP, beating Mr. Smith's *Chester* and six others, heats two miles; *Chester* won the first and *Don Juan* the others in 4m. 20s. and 4m. 19s. A SWEEPSTAKES, two mile heats, *Juan* carrying 8st. 5lbs., and his antagonist *Pickem* 7st. 10lbs. First heat 4m. 17s., second 4m. 19s. The fifth POONAH TURF CUP, two mile heats, for all horses carrying 8st. 7lbs.; beating *Tom Thumb* and *Pickem* in both heats. Time—1st heat, 4m. 15s.; 2nd heat, 4m. 9s. The LADIES' PURSE, heats one mile and a half and a distance, carrying 9st., beating *Tom Thumb* (8st. 7lbs.) and *Woodman* (7st.). Time—1st heat, 3m. 28s.; 2nd heat, 3m. 28s. *Woodman* was drawn in the second heat. In this race *Don Juan* actually carried 9st. 4lbs.

At Poonah, in *December*, 1825, *Don Juan* bore away the CLARET STAKES, one mile and a half, weight for age and inches; the *Don*, carrying 9st., beating *Golightly*, *Cupid*, *Marske*, *Jack*, *Winterslow*, and *Absentee*, in 3m. 6s. and 3m. 2s. At the same meeting he won the GIVE and TAKE, beating *Queen Mab*; the POONAH PLATE beating Ivanhoe and four others; and a SWEEPSTAKES, weight for age, beating *Esterhazy*, *White Surry*, *Wanderer*, and *Absentee*. On the same day he walked over for the WHIP PLATE. Don Juan also received forfeit this meeting from Mr. Boyd's English mare.

At Bombay, in 1826, *Don Juan* beat Mr. Elliott's *Reveller*, one mile, carrying 8st. 5lb. in 1m. 57s. He then won the GIVE and TAKE, beating Mr. Carstairs' *Cupid* and three others, one mile and a half and a distance, in 3m. 18s., 3m. 21s. and 3m. 28s., and the WHIM PLATE two miles, beating *Cupid* very easy in 4m. 8s. Drawn and the Don walked over for the second heat.

PERFORMANCES OF BRILLIANT.

In February, 1825, at Poonah, he won the sixth POONAH TURF CUP, two mile heats, carrying 8st. 7lbs., beating *Marske*, *Flibberti-gibbet*, *Tannajee*, and *White Surry*—4m. 17s., 4m. 15s.; and in December, 1825, the LADIES' PURSE (three miles 6m. 14s.), beating Mr. Boyd's English mare, *Golightly*, *Winterslow*, *Cupid*, *Marske*, and *Jack*. In February, 1826, at Bombay, *Brilliant* won the Beaten Plate in 4m. 4s., beating *Marske* and *Cockeye*; and in December of the same year, at Poonah, THE ARTILLERY PLATE, one mile heats, beating *Hercules*, *Proxy*, *Cupid*, and *Jack* in 2m. 12s. and 1m. 59s., and the EAST DEVON CUP, two mile heats, beating *Hercules*, 9st. 2lbs., *Pyramus*, 8st. 5lbs., *Cupid*, *Sir Kenneth*, and *Jack*, 8st. 2lbs., *Brilliant*, carrying 8st. 10lbs. He won the two heats in 4m. 5s. and 4m. 3s.

In 1827, at Bombay, *Brilliant* carried off the BOMBAY SUBSCRIPTION PLATE (weight for age); *Brilliant* and *Rollicker* aged, *Jupiter* and *Wildrake* five years old, *Creeper*, *Valentine*, and *Gaslight* six years old. *Jupiter* won the first heat in 4m. 7s.; *Gaslight* the second in 4m. 6s., but being distanced the heat was given to *Brilliant*, who won the third in 4m. 7s. At the same meeting *Brilliant* won the LADIES' PURSE, beating *Diamond* and *Phantom*, 8m. 7s., heats 2½ miles; first heat 5m. 17s.; the two first miles ran in 4m. 2s. *Diamond* after the

first heat was drawn and *Phantom* no chance.

In 1828, at Poonah, the subject of this article won the LADIES' PURSE, beating *Golightly* and *Sharke;* and the same year, at Bombay, the BEATEN PLATE, beating *Elfin* and *Stranger.*

Note.—We confess our obligations to the subscriber who has sent us the foregoing record of performances, and trust the example set by him will be very generally followed. To enable people, however, to form an accurate estimate of the powers of some of the best Arabs, we shall take it kindly if the members of the sporting community will send us memoranda of the *private trials* of any Arab horse they may have had *whose day is gone by,* but who may never have been pushed to do anything good in public. *Hetman,* on good authority, was said to have done two miles at Madras in 3m. 52s.; *Orelio* was another whose performances in private were *first chop. Prince,* at Nagpore, we have heard say, did two miles in 3m. 56s., with (we think) 9st. 7lbs., and from the time lately ran at Bombay, 3m. 58s., there seems no reason to doubt it, though some four or five years back no one would have, believed it possible. *Buckfoot* is, or was, another first-rate horse, whose private performances would be most interesting, having, we believe, run three miles at Bombay in 6m. 8s. with 9st. 4lbs. without being pushed. The Madras horse *Mercury* is another old horse whose performances were excellent. He ran three miles in 5m. 58s. with 9st., and distanced some of the best horses of the day in that race.

ENGLISH SPORTING.

THE RING.

FIGHT BETWEEN YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND JACK MARTIN, FOR £100 A SIDE, ON KNOWLE HILL, BERKS.

This match, for which the Fancy circles have been *agog* for the last six months, and respecting which so many doubts and fears existed, was decided on Tuesday last, on Knowle Hill—a spot which had been rendered celebrious from its having been the scene of similar exhibitions on a former occasion—we allude to the fights between George Cooper and Baldwin, Young Dutch Sam and Ned Stockman, and Goodman and Reldie, all of which were decided on the same excellent arena, without the slightest interruption. In fact, a more suitable spot for such amusements could not have been selected; first from its being at a distance from any populous neighbourhood; and next, from one side the ground being bounded by a gradual elevation, from which the spectators could look down upon the sports as from a sort of amphitheatre. The distance from London, too, about four and thirty miles, brought the journey within the scope of a day, and enabled the amateurs to enjoy the games without any serious sacrifice of time or labour.

The combatants are so well known to the patrons of milling, that it is not necessary to give a very lengthened history of their pretensions, although some descriptions, by way of preliminary, may be gratifying to our provincial friends. Sam, our readers are aware, is a young and promising aspirant to fistic honours,

and is the reputed son of the celebrated Dutch Sam, to whose iron fist so many brave men succumbed in the days of Belcher, Cropley, and others. Martin is of much longer standing, and was particularly distinguished as the antagonist of the departed heroes, Jack Randall and Ned Turner. It is generally known (and we allude to the fact with reluctance) that this match was made, on the part of Martin, under very peculiar circumstances. Sam, he had good reason to believe, had poached upon his domestic manor, in a way calculated to rouse his indignation in no ordinary degree; and his desire of revenge had been manifested on more occasions than one. At length he determined to obtain satisfaction, in an "honourable way," for the wrongs he had sustained, and he challenged Sam to a fair and manly combat. This challenge was at once accepted by Sam, so far back as the 11th of April, and Tuesday was appointed for the important contest. The length of time which elapsed between the commencement of the match and its conclusion is to be attributed to the fact of Sam having been bound over to keep the peace for twelve months, in consequence of his having been apprehended in Oct., 1827, when about to enter the lists with Bishop Sharpe. The time of his recognizance did not expire till the 20th of October last, and Tuesday was the first convenient day on which he could exercise his *mawleys* free from the thraldom of the law. Among many of the sporting fraternity the match was regarded with distance, and as one which did not fairly come within the usual characteristic of the Prize-Ring. Still no attempt was made to set it aside, although threats to that effect were held out, and both men went into active training—Martin to Milford, in Surrey, and Sam first to Hartley-row, and lastly to the New Inn, at Staines. In the early part of his training, Martin, from having but just recovered from a severe fit of illness, as well as from the deep wound which his feelings had sustained, was in anything but promising condition. The doctor was his constant companion, and pills, and blisters, and leeches, were up to within a short time of the day of battle in constant requisition. At last he came out with every appearance of renovated health. Previous to his benefit, on Tuesday week, he seemed to have reached his pristine vigour, and, as he said himself, was quite as well as an "old un" could expect to be. Of the result of the battle he always spoke with perfect confidence, and led his friends to believe that victory was certain. So persuaded was he himself of this issue, that he advised all whom he knew to back him without hesitation, and actually gave them money to lay out on his account. In the end, all this confidence proved to be misplaced, and the milling maxim, that "old stale ones are of no use to young fresh ones," was fully exemplified. Sam, like Martin, went early into training, and was regular and attentive to his work, losing no opportunity of preparing himself for his forthcoming task; in fact it was impossible for him to have been in better condition. In the early part of the match he was a decided favourite, and was backed at 6 to 4; but as the time of action approached he sunk in estimation, while Martin's friends came out freely to back him at even, and many of these offers were made in vain; indeed, on the

morning of fighting 5 and 6 to 4 were laid on Martin by good judges. It is difficult to account for this change, for the claims to superiority on the part of Sam remained unaltered — he was younger, fresher, more active, and in better condition than Martin; and, as a scientific fighter, was not supposed to be excelled by any of his standing. That the change did take place, however, was proved by the sad experience of many of Martin's confiding friends. The alteration is attributed to various causes—first, it was urged that Sam was not thought game, and that if hit hard he would soon be disposed to exclaim, "hold—enough!" and, as Martin had distinguished himself in his former fights for his lion-like courage and powerful assaults, it was thought he would give Sam an early opportunity of exhibiting any *tender* feeling by which he might be characterized; again, it was said that certain indications of ill-health, which were trumpeted forth with respect to Martin, were a little in the "gammoning line;" and, finally, it was said that Jack, in one of his trips to town, had a trial, with the gloves, with Brown, the Northampton Baker, who, it may be recollected, made a brilliant set-to with Sam, at the Tennis Court, giving Sam very little the advantage over him. This man, who was put upon Martin as a sort of *plant*, did his best, but was so completely smashed, that, by the ordinary rules of comparison, Sam would have no chance. In this trial, however, it seems to have been forgotten that Brown had a great deal taken out of him in his slashing fight with Blissett, at Fisher-street, on the same day on which Neal and Nicholls fought, and that when he showed to so much advantage with Sam, at the Tennis Court, the latter had been too intimate with Governor *Lushman*, and, in fact, was altogether taken by surprise; while on a future occasion, when Sam was desirous of retrieving his laurels on the same stage, Brown was so well satisfied with his former experiment, that he declined all further exhibition of a like character with such an opponent. As another reason for Martin's rise in reputation, it may also be observed that certain very excellent judges, "men of the world," who were extremely intimate with him, and whose example is considered worth following, were among the most prominent of his backers; and, viewing the concatenation of circumstances, it must be admitted that there were reasons for caution, at least, in the speculations of betting men; and, indeed, to such an extent was this caution carried by some, that we know many having excellent bets on Sam, who edged off to a large amount, and were found enlisted under the banners of the Master of the Rolls; while some, who had actually staked small sums, to make good heavy bets at future periods, forfeited their deposits rather than run the risk of relying upon their own judgment. In defiance of all this, we endeavoured to put our readers on their guard, and in the words of our observations of Sunday last, tried to convince them that Sam was, or ought to be, a decided favourite from his "youth, length, and known science, independent of his excellent condition, which we consider (and the result has proved) more than sufficient for the game and slashing qualities of Martin, who, it ought not to be forgotten, has numbered more years and encountered more severe illness and vexations in

life than have fallen to the lot of Sam." We likewise urged other topics to the same purpose, which it is not now necessary to repeat; but which, at least, has proved that we did not write without due deliberation. Putting these matters aside, however, we shall now proceed to give a short retrospect of the pugilistic career of each man, which, as a test of their merits, may not be considered uninteresting.

Martin, who was nephew to the celebrated George Head, was born on 10th July, 1796, at the Swan, in Kennington Lane, of which his father was the landlord. He was a baker by trade, and at an early period of life exhibited a very pugnacious disposition. After some private battles, in which he evinced strong symptoms of future excellence, he entered the ring in July, 1816, with Tom Oliver's brother, whom he beat. In September, 1818, he beat Paddington Johnson, and in December, the same year, encountered the celebrated Jack Scroggins, whom, after a desperate battle of sixty-five rounds, in two hours and two minutes, he conquered. He was subsequently beaten by Jack Randall twice, after which he lost one, and won another, fight with Ned Turner. To these feats may be added his fights with Jos Hudson, Cabbage, Phil Sampson, a slashing Gipsy at Lewes races, and David Hudson, all of whom he beat. He was then matched against Aby Belascoe, but this match being off, he entered into one of a more serious, and, as it turned out, of a more unfortunate character, namely, that of matrimony. By this event, which took place in 1823, he obtained some property, and from thence until the present occasion, never entered the Ring. During the last two years he became a publican in Blackman Street, in the Borough. Here his feelings of indignation were aroused, and he quitted business for the purpose of seeking satisfaction, but, as it turned out, for the more painful end of increasing this mortification. Young Dutch Sam was born in January, 1808, in Well Street, Ratcliffe Highway, and inherited all his father's propensities. After many minor proofs of talent he was matched against Jack Lenny, and received forfeit; he then fought Ned Stockman on the same spot on which he on Tuesday conquered Martin; after which he beat the Sailor Boy at Shere Mere, in Bedfordshire; Tom Cooper, the Gipsy, in Essex; Carroll, for a purse, on Ascot Heath Race-ground; Gipsy Cooper, at Andover; Dick Davis, of Manchester, near Stoney Stratford; and was finally matched against Bishop Sharpe, when he was arrested and held to bail, it was supposed, at the instance of some of his backers, who, whatever might have been their misgivings on that occasion, must now be satisfied of their mistake. From this summary it will be seen, that while Martin is upwards of 32 years of age, Sam is not yet 21: and when the nature of their habits is compared, the comparison is still more in favour of Sam. By the articles it was specified that Merton was not to weigh more than 11st. 6lbs. on the day of fighting or forfeit, a stipulation which was scarcely necessary; for, in his prime, he did not weigh more, and on Tuesday, on going to scale, he scarcely weighed 11st. Sam stated his weight to be 10st. 12lbs., although he appeared to us to be heavier.

The fight, as we have already stated, excited an extraordinary interest, and all looked with im-

patience for the "office" as to the point of rendezvous. The toss for choice of place was won by Sam, and he very naturally named the scene of his former good fortune. On the Monday afternoon Martin reached the Castle Inn, on the further side of Maidenhead; and Sam, accompanied by Dick Curtis and other friends, shifted his quarters from Old Shirley's, at Staines, to the same neighbourhood. It was soon ascertained that the magistracy would not interfere, a circumstance which entitles them to the gratitude of the patrons of manly sports; and the anticipation of the approaching contest was thus unalloyed by those fears which are but too common in modern meetings of a like character.

The road from London during the Monday afternoon was crowded by *drags* of every description. A great number pushed on to Maidenhead, while others pulled up at Cranford-bridge, Colnbrook, or Slough. Those who halted on the road were best off, for on reaching Maidenhead many of the churlish innkeepers, acting under the influence of some canting methodists, shut the doors against the travellers in the most inhospitable, and we may add *illegal*, manner, refusing accommodation both to men and horses, although the former, in the true spirit of sportsmen, offered to sacrifice their own convenience, and sleep under the manger, in preference to increasing the labour of their faithful companions. Even to this appeal several were inexorable, and many a gallant spirit was forced either to go forward, or try back for a "snoozing ken" for the night.

The dawn of day produced a new cavalcade from all quarters, and kept the town of Maidenhead in the most lively bustle throughout the morning. Carriages, post-chaises, and gigs kept pouring through the town all the morning in an almost uninterrupted line, reminding us of those days when Crawley Downs was the favourite resort of the Fancy. We observed many persons of distinction among the motley assemblage, whose patronage we are glad to find, under the encouragement afforded by the Fair Play Club, is hourly increasing. The weather was as propitious as the most fastidious could desire; the sun shone with brilliancy, and every countenance seemed gladdened by the cheering prospect of a good day's sport.

The Commissary was early on the ground, and formed the ring with his usual judgment. The whole was surrounded by waggons and other vehicles, which were drawn up three and four deep, and the most perfect regularity was preserved. As the hour of combat approached, the throng came rattling in from every point of the compass; and the "yellowmen" of Sam and the "blue birds'-eye fogle" of Martin were everywhere sported. Tom Cribb and most of the old members of the P. R. were present, and we were glad to recognize in the circle many of those old Fancy *mugs* which we had apprehended had long since been laid in the *darkey*.

At half-past twelve we should think there were not less than ten thousand persons assembled. At this time the F. P. C. whips were put into the hands of twelve of the "Order of Regulators," and the ring was immediately cleared of interlopers, all of whom, with a few exceptions, retired behind an outer ring of ropes, in which situation they remained

throughout the contest with becoming decorum; indeed, we doubt whether the fanatic followers of Mr. Irving or other ranters of the same character would have conducted themselves with one half the decency.

At a quarter before one o'clock it was announced that both men were on the ground, and in a few minutes afterwards Sam entered the ring, attended by Dick Curtis and Jem Ward. He looked serious and was a little pale, but still appeared well and confident.

In a few minutes afterwards Martin entered from the opposite side of the circle, attended by Tom Spring and Peter Crawley. He was received with the loudest cheers, and appeared in high spirits: he came forward with a smile on his countenance, as if, to use the words of an old toast, "the present moment was the most happy of his life."

Martin paid but little attention to his antagonist, while Sam eyed him with a searching look, and, turning towards his friends, said, "It will be seen to-day whether fear forms any part of my composition." On peeling, Martin showed a fine muscular pair of *understandings*, and had some good points upwards; but it was obvious that his frame was not in its prime. His breast showed marks of recent blisters as well as the bites of leeches, and the flesh about his collar-bones and ribs wanted that fulness and freshness which betoken good health. Sam was "all over right," and was evidently in slap-up condition. Though not so well *pinned* as Martin, his upper works were symmetry itself, and the fine muscle of his shoulders and arms was visible at every move. At length, both men being ready, the toss for choice of position took place, and was won by Curtis. The men then went to the scratch, and shook hands slightly, and immediately threw themselves into position. Breathless silence prevailed, and the seconds retired to their corners. At this time the betting was 25 to 20 on Martin.

The Fight.

Round 1. The men set-to across the sun, with their sides to it, and each got close to the side of the ring. Sam had the higher ground, and made one or two dips or half plunges with his left, as if going to let fly; but Martin was steady, and held his arms well up to guard his nob. In this way they stood opposite each other for some seconds, when Sam again made a feint with his left. Martin immediately broke away, and veering round, got the upper ground, so that they, in fact, changed positions. Three minutes had now elapsed, when Sam hit out slightly with his right, but was stopped. He tried it again, and popped in his left and right with great force on Martin's right eye and left cheek. Martin then rushed in to a rally, but was cleverly met by Sam with his left, and both hit away, Sam well in, and quick with his right and left. Martin slipped on his knee, from the moist state of the ground or from a hit in the neck, but was up in a moment. Sam, ready at all points, instantly plunged in to a close in the corner of the ring, and a desperate struggle ensued, each trying for the advantage—Sam hitting right and left at the body and head, while Martin grasped him round the neck. Sam cleverly disentangled his left hand, and delivered a slashing hit on his right eye—he then hit him with the right, and both still continued to struggle with all their force—Martin receiving

some severe hits, but making no return; at last Sam threw out his leg, and catching Martin on his thigh, flung him over, and fell heavily on him. The ring was in an uproar, and all Martin's friends in dismay. It was a fearful but decisive struggle in favour of Sam—for on Martin rising to his second's knee, his right eye was closed and dreadfully swollen, while his face exhibited other marks of Sam's handiwork. Sam himself had not a mark. "It's all over," was the general cry—"Sam must win;" and, indeed, it was evident that Martin was quite abroad, as well as obviously distressed. The round lasted five minutes, and six and seven to four were freely offered on Sam, but no takers, for all were too much astonished to think of edging.

2. Both men came to the scratch with deliberation, and each seemed desirous of recruiting his wind, which was in full play from the violence of the previous struggle. Sam again poised himself on his left leg, keeping his head well up and his *fistes* ready for delivery. At length Martin, as if he considered something desperate was necessary, hit out with his right, but the blow fell short; he then rushed in, but was met cleverly by Sam with his left; Martin, quite wild, bored him to the ropes, but Sam, cool and steady, broke away, and jobbed him with his right. Martin, rather abroad, now tried at the body, and rushed in with his head down—Sam again met him with his right and closed, when he caught poor Jack's *nob* under his right arm and hit up with his left, ultimately flooring him, and falling on his head (3 to 1 on Sam, and no takers).

3. Sam cautious, and in no hurry to begin. Martin stood with his back close to the ropes, and many thought Sam ought to have gone in to finish; he seemed to think, however, he had the game in his own hands, and was evidently collecting his wind. At last he put in a fearful job with his right on Martin's left eye, and again with his left on the nose, drawing claret in abundance. Martin broke away, and took up fresh ground (approbation). Both got to the corner of the ring, and again waited for Captain *Windham*. Martin hit out with his left, but was neatly stopped, and Sam smiled; Martin then tried his right, but was short, and this was followed by another desperate rally, in which Sam's deliveries, right and left, were precise and severe. His hitting was admirable, and style of attack beautiful. Quick as lightning Martin had it in the chops, without being able to make a successful return, and again in the throat; at last Martin closed for the fall, running in with his head down, and succeeded in getting Sam down, and falling upon him (ten minutes had now expired, and it was pretty evident the first round had taken the fight out of Martin).

4. Martin all abroad, but still kept his hands well up; at length he rushed in with his head down, and attempted to deliver a body hit, which fell on Sam's breast. Sam stepped back and met him as he came in, and then closing, hit up with great force, and delivered a tremendous body blow with his right. In the struggle for the fall both went down, Martin under.

5. Spring now called for a lancet, if possible, to let the blood from Martin's right eye, but could not obtain one; he endeavoured to scarify the skin with a pen-knife, but without effect,

and poor Jack was again brought to the scratch, when Sam lost little time in jobbing left and right on the sore spots. This dose he repeated and broke away—Martin rushed in—wild hitting right and left, but short, and without effect. Sam again closed, fibbed and threw him (fourteen minutes had elapsed).

6. Martin came up quite abroad—when Sam, after a feint, threw in a tremendous smack with his right on the left jaw, and dropped him—thus winning the first knock-down blow, as well as the first blood.

7th and last. It was now Bushy-park to a lark sod. On Martin being brought to the scratch, Sam jobbed him right and left on the head and repeated this discipline till his man went down, completely abroad, and woefully punished. He tried to make a rally, but it was all in vain; and on being lifted up by Spring, he said it was no use, he was too stale and had not a chance. Spring tried to persuade him to get up for a few more rounds, but he would not "have it," and on his rising on his legs Spring gave in for him—he then walked a few paces, and Spring gave him his knee, when he complained of his being sick at stomach. Sam was declared the victor in sixteen minutes.

Remarks.

In the history of Martin's pugilistic feats, with the exception, perhaps, of his quick despatch by Jack Randall in his second fight, upon which so much was said at the time, we never witnessed greater disappointment or astonishment than was manifested on the present occasion. Hundreds of individuals, many of the highest respectability, who had long since abandoned the sports of the ring, were induced to come from distant parts of the country, in the full confidence that they would be gratified by seeing something worth looking at; but what was their surprise to find that their anticipations were groundless, and that the man on whose talent and game they had relied proved to be past mediocrity, for we have never seen even the most unassuming commoner so easily and so quickly disposed of. After the first round, in fact, he had not the ghost of a chance. It is said that he was taken by surprise by the quick assault of Sam, who, from being a cautious out-fighter, suddenly changed his style, and became the assailant. This may have been the case, and we know that Sam, under the advice of Dick Curtis, adopted this mode as the most likely to puzzle a man of Martin's bustling manner. Sam's first feints were evidently dictated by a desire to try what Martin meant, and whether he would stand to be jobbed, if an opening offered. The experiment told: Curtis saw the advantage, and exclaiming to Sam, "Go it," the latter at once made play. This quickness immediately drew Martin to a rally, in which he clearly lost his presence of mind, and left himself open to the severe punishment which he received without making anything like a return. Feeling the sting of Sam's hits, he had recourse rather to hugging, and endeavouring to get his man down, than to the more prudent course of dropping or breaking away. This effort, in his state of constitution, was decidedly the worst he could have made, as it could only lead to exhaustion on his part much more easily than with his vigorous and youthful assailant. It also gave Sam an opportunity

of hanging upon him, and fibbing him in a way which, of all things, ought to have been evaded. Sam was alive to all his advantages, and availed himself of them in the most decisive manner; and in so short a time we have seldom witnessed more decided execution. If anything were wanting to prove the "patched-up" state of Martin's frame, it was the rapidity with which his eye puffed up from the effect of Sam's lefthanded hit, and the distress which he exhibited when he was placed on his second's knee. It has been observed, that after this he lost his temper; but to this we do not subscribe, as he came up with great coolness and courage. He had, however, sufficient reason to lose his confidence, which, combined with the punishment he had received, led him to the wild effort he subsequently made, and exposed him to the excellent generalship which Sam displayed—not only in averting his antagonist's injudicious rushes, but in making the best of the openings which were offered. It is true that after the first round Sam's work might be considered as done, but still he preserved his caution, and did not throw a chance away, and finished his man in a very masterly manner. After the first round, Martin was sick at stomach, and when all was over this was his principal complaint; for though severely hit, we have seen him take five times the hitting with not one tithe of the effect. A good deal of regret was expressed that Martin should have had so signal a defeat added to his other mortification; but with these matters we have nothing to do; we have only to look to the character of the men in the ring, and, in this view, to give Sam every credit for his milling talent, which we unhesitatingly pronounce of the first order, and not exceeded by any man of his weight of the present day. From the ring Martin was led to an adjoining cottage, where he was put to bed and received every necessary attention. Previous to Martin quitting the ring, Sam went up to him and begged him to shake hands. This Martin for a long time refused, but at last put out his hand coldly, and Sam promised to give him ten pounds of the battle money. Sam dressed on the ground and appeared as if nothing had happened. He returned to dinner at Shirley's, and arrived in town the same night. Martin, on recovering, went to the Castle Inn, and set off the same evening for Godalming, where he arrived alone at twelve o'clock at night, and still remains there. He is much depressed, and refuses to see any person who calls.

After the men had quitted the ring, we made an effort to collect something for the losing man, but such was the dissatisfaction felt, that with all our persuasions and arguments, we were only enabled to realize £6 1s. 4d.

Cross or no Cross.

Shortly after Martin had been left by Tom Spring and his principal backer in bed in the cottage, he rose and dressed himself, and without saying "by your leave," or anything else, set out on foot for the Castle, at Maidenhead, where he was found by Spring, to whom he said, "that there was nothing the matter with him beyond a puffed eye—but that in the fight he felt as if he was bursting." The same evening he set out for Godalming. On Thursday it was anticipated he would have shown at Jem Burn's benefit, and a great crowd assembled to see him, but he was not forthcoming. Various opinions were afloat, and assertions made that it was a *cross*—but for

this conclusion no reason was adduced beyond the great difference between his fighting with Sam and his fighting with other men in former times. Was Martin, the slashing antagonist of Jack Scroggins, to be licked by such a boy, and in so short a time? It certainly does appear odd that he was not able to do more—and equally odd that he should have given in on his legs, contrary to the request of Tom Spring; but then those who saw the fight must have been perfectly satisfied that he was licked in the first round, and was out-fought ever after. If the spectators came to this conclusion, in all human calculation the man must have been still more convinced. Independent of this, it should not be forgotten, that up to a very short period before the fight Sam was a decided favourite, and was backed at five or six to four by very competent judges. Why or how a change has worked in the opinions of these persons it is difficult to say, except we trace it to the fact of one or two very lucky speculators, whose steps it was deemed prudent to follow, having come out to back Martin in a very spirited way. It was argued that these men would not be so sweet on their man without good grounds, and upon the adoption of this supposed correct "office," a system of edging commenced, in which those who had been backing Sam turned round the other way, and on the morning of fighting, those very persons were foremost in offering the odds on Martin, many being utterly unable to obtain persons to take their odds, and being actually made winners against their wills of their original bets on Sam. Had there been anything like a *cross* in the case, according to our limited notions, this would not have been the case, as, if the train had been in reality laid, no doubt there would have been lots of agents ready to take advantage of its blowing up. Putting these reasonings aside, however, there is another point in favour of Martin's honesty; and that is, the fact which has come to our knowledge, that on the Friday before fighting, he asked of a gentleman of high respectability, to be permitted to stand one half in a bet of £50 to £40, which had been laid against him, and actually staked £20 in the gentleman's hands for that purpose. It is also known that he instructed several friends to back him, even to the amount of hundreds. The last, and we should say the most powerful, argument in favour of his desire to do right was the situation in which he stood with regard to Sam—would he, if he possessed one spark of that feeling which belongs to a man, have consented to suffer an opponent to triumph twice in succession over his honour and his character, and, with a view to serve such a man or his supporters, have sacrificed the interests of his best friends? There may be suspicion, but no proof has been produced to justify the opinions that have been put forth.

The battle money was given up to Young Dutch Sam, on Thursday evening, at Tom Cribb's, in the presence of a full muster of the Fancy, and all bets were of course paid.—*Bell's Life in London, Nov. 9th.*

HUNTING.

ON Monday week, the harriers of Mr. Moore, of Kingsbrompton, drew Stockholme Wood, in the parish of Dulverton, the property of S. T. Lucas, Esq., for a deer. A young male was soon found, and the pack laid on, and this

once noble and gallant animal (but now, alas! a bag of bones) made the best of his way by the usual route for Hawkridge, thence to Torrsteps, and up to Bradley, where a considerable check took place; at length, several hounds were put together (the remainder of the pack being left in the woods between Dulverton and Hawkridge, enjoying their accustomed game), and the deer was fresh found in Bradley plantation. From this he went for Withypool, and then backing it over Winsford Hill, was eventually killed under Burrow Wood, in the parish of Winsford, the property of Sir T. D. Acland. As might have been expected, the hounds here preferred the worthy baronet's hares, one or two of which they killed, and frightened about a score more; and the deer would not have been taken, had not a lad belonging to Farmer Pearce discovered him lying in a ditch, from which he was unable to move; seven horsemen attended the rouse, but, as usual in so long a run, about ten miles, only that veteran stag-hunter, Mr. John Webber, two of his sons, Mr. Moore's nephew, and Farmer Howe, witnessed the *glorious* death.

On Thursday week, Mr. Bennett found a fox in Hore Wood, within a few yards of the spot where he unkennelled the veteran a fortnight since, which obtained his liberty from Elton earth for his gallantry; Mr. B. verily believes him the same *sportsman.* He now went off in a most spirited way, the scent breast-high, and the two dogs close at his brush; for fifteen minutes it was more like coursing than hunting, a few seconds more and he must have died an honourable death; but his strength served him to reach a noted earth in Whiddon Wood, where he was left to recruit himself for another day's run. Mr. Bennett would be happy, with his Gipsy and Charmer to join any pack of foxhounds for a day's hunt, to try the metal of the dogs. He will attend any place within twenty miles.

The harriers of that excellent sportsman, Mr. Beverly, commenced the season on Tuesday se'nnight with extraordinary success. Having finished hare-hunting, the chief part of the field had left for "home," when hearing of an outlying buck, they drew the plantations of W. Gwyn, Esq., of Tasburgh; on entering, the hounds challenged a hare, and, at the same time, sprung a very fine buck, who bounded off in the direction for Thurston, closely followed by only four couple of hounds, crossed the meadows for Hapton, passed through Flordon Street, on his way to Swardiston, when headed, crossed the road to Swainsthorpe, to the plantations of the Rev. Mr. Long, of Dunston, and being hard pressed, made for the meadows of Stoke, where he dashed across the river in gallant style, followed by the hounds and their spirited master, Mr. Beverly, with Mr. G. Legge, and two others, who composed the field; thence to Poringland Heath, where he was again headed, and found refuge in Howe Grove, belonging to — Holmes, Esq., when, from the darkness of the evening, they were compelled, though reluctantly, to whip off, after a severe run of two hours, through ten parishes, without a single check.

A red deer was taken last week, after a chase of several miles, in the parish of Sampford Peverell, by some labouring men, who had discovered the animal whilst at work near the lime-kilns at Burlescombe. Their efforts to secure

him had been repeatedly baffled, until, attempting to take a very high hedge, he fell back into a pond of deep water.—*West Briton.*

The hunting on Delamere Forest, since the season commenced, has been excellent. The hounds have had several brilliant runs, and the foxes proved strong as well as numerous.

We have received several well-grounded complaints of bagging foxes, and carrying them to distant parts of the country for sale. This is not only unsportsmanlike, but such foxes seldom show good sport. Wherever these fox-poachers are caught, they ought to be well shook in their own bags.

Nov. 30.

THE DERBY HUNT.

Nov. 27, 1828.

SIR,

Should you consider the following worth insertion, I shall feel gratified in contributing, though in a very trifling degree, to the fund of sporting intelligence contained in your highly interesting paper. On Thursday, the 18th, the staghounds of that worthy and venerable sportsman, the Earl of Derby, began the season in Surrey, with as fair a prospect of affording ample sport, and in as fine style as ever; too much praise cannot be bestowed on his Lordship's huntsman, Jonathan, for the very superior condition in which he has the hounds. The first day's run was merely a breathing; but on Friday they had excellent sport—a fine stag was turned out at Catherington common, who took immediately down hill, and went off, without a check, for nearly fifteen miles, when the hounds ran in on him, in gallant style, after affording the Surrey sportsmen an excellent opportunity of trying the speed and bottom of their horses; but on Tuesday last Jonathan seemed determined to prove them to the utmost, as he turned out, at Banstead, one of his best sporting stags, who had given proof last season of what might be expected this; and from the gallant way in which he went off on Tuesday, showed he did not intend to lessen his fame; he took across Banstead Downs, towards Outh, when the hounds were laid on, they went off rather mildly, thanks to our would-be sportsmen, who seemed desirous of doing the duty of the pack, and hunt him themselves; but whatever claim some of them may have to the qualities and title of *puppies*, they soon found they were obliged to resign their pretensions to the old dogs, who, as soon as they fastened on the scent, proved they could leave the *youngsters* behind. The stag took to the left up hill, for Epsom Downs, the hounds following at such a pace, that nearly every horse was blown before they reached the Downs; from thence to Walton heath, which they crossed at racing speed, to the extreme end, when they got a view, and were with difficulty stopped; here the stag appeared as fresh as at first starting, and made for Gatton Park; went off down hill, crossed Red Hill at a tremendous pace, and made for the river, the course of which he continued for ten miles, crossing it at almost every turning, closely pursued; here the ground was so heavy, and the previous running so great, that of a numerous field (more than a hundred), not half-a-dozen besides the huntsman could stick to the hounds. For my part, though capitally mounted, I was obliged to take to the road, from

whence I witnessed many a sporting horse, both with and without riders, stretched in the ditches, or scrambling in the brook. Before the close of the hunt Jonathan's party had decreased to Captain Head, and one or two other noted sportsmen. Notwithstanding the severity of the run and numerous falls, in consequence of the exhausted state of the horses, I understand no accident happened, except to Jackson, the dealer, of Oxford-street, who, in his exertions to save the stag in the river, received a violent blow from the antler, which nearly put out one of his eyes. He very incautiously allowed himself to be dragged some distance, before Mr. Stubbs and one of the whippers-in came up to his assistance, and by this circumstance, I believe, one or two of his ribs have been broken. 'Tis rather a strange coincidence that he saved the same stag last season. Should the sport continue as it has commenced, this will be the best season we have had for years.

I remain yours,
A SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor of
Bells' Life in London.

WRESTLING MATCH

BETWEEN GAFFNEY AND OLIVER.

The first of these men is a native of the Sister Kingdom, known by the cognomen of the Irish Champion, a title he obtained from his activity and great strength, which enabled him to cope with all the wrestlers resident in London, most of whom he has thrown on different occasions. Oliver is a Cornishman, who, since his arrival in London, has floored every one who opposed him. A match between him and Gaffney, therefore, became a desideratum with the amateurs of wrestling; but Gaffney declined, unless Oliver would play him in the Irish mode, which the latter refused to do, and insisted on the mode of playing practised in Cornwall—namely, fair back falls. At length, a bungling match, consisting of a double event, was made between them—viz. the first three out of five falls in the Irish way, for £100; and the same in the Cornish way, for £100; to come off on two different days, and to toss for choice of which mode of playing should take the precedence. Gaffney won the toss, and of course chose the Irish way to begin with, which was decided on Monday last, before a pretty numerous and respectable company, at the Eagle Tavern, in the City-road.

About three o'clock the men entered the ring, and were warmly greeted by their respective friends. When attired in their wrestling costume, they both threw off their shoes, and proceeded to grapple each other. Oliver made first play with the crook, and finally threw Gaffney by the forehip, a decisive back fall, in a twinkling. (Great cheering round the ring.) Betting, however, still continued as at starting—three to two on Gaffney, which caused the knowing ones to suspect that all was not right.

Both men now quitted the ring for a considerable time, until the calls for their return became loud and frequent. At length, they again ascended the stage, and commenced the second round, when Oliver tried the same move as before, but Gaffney prevented it by changing his position, and finally threw Oliver a complete back fall, and fell upon him. Some faint cheers, mingled with disapprobation, followed this round, as neither of the turns had occupied a minute.

Neither of the men quitted the stage; after a few minutes' rest,

proceeded to the third round, when Gaffney seized Oliver, and held him up in his arms; but Oliver prevented his throwing him by locking his legs round those of Gaffney, and succeeded in breaking away from him. He was, however, all abroad, turned himself wildly round, and was again caught up by Gaffney, who threw him on his left side to the ground, which made two falls to one in favour of Gaffney, and put an end to all betting, as the matter appeared now to be pretty well seen through.

Thus stood matters when the fourth round commenced, which was soon ended, by Gaffney again throwing Oliver like a child, which won the match for him, amid loud tokens of disapprobation, many giving vent to their opinion that the whole affair was a *cross*. If such was the case, and the easy manner in which Oliver was disposed of gives great colour to it, it has answered little purpose, unless that of extinguishing the previous fame of Oliver, as few or no bets were procured in the ring. The company then separated, highly disappointed in the expectation they had formed of witnessing a treat.—*Bell's Life in London, Nov. 23rd.*

THE NEW RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

"New Rooms, Newmarket,
Oct. 27, 1828.

At a General Meeting of the Members of the Jockey Club, the following Rules and Orders were unanimously approved of, and agreed to be adopted as the Rules and Orders of the Jockey Club, to commence and be in force from the 1st Jan., 1829:—

1. That the former published Rules and Orders of the Jockey Club be REPEALED on the 31st of December, 1828, and the following RULES and ORDERS be thence substituted and acted upon:

RESPECTING THE STEWARDS.

2. The three Members of the Jockey Club, now acting as Stewards, shall be continued in their office till the next annual meeting of the Jockey Club, when the senior Steward (the one who has been the longest in office) shall quit his situation immediately after settling the accounts at that meeting; and shall then name a member of the Jockey Club to succeed him, subject to the approbation of the remaining Stewards, and of the Members of the Jockey Club then present; and at every subsequent Annual Meeting the Senior Steward shall in like manner retire and name his successor.

3. If any difference of opinion should arise on such nomination, it shall be decided by a majority of the members present, which majority must include one (at least) of the continuing Stewards; if both the continuing Stewards are in the minority, then there shall be a fresh nomination.

4. If any of the Stewards should die or resign between the periods of the annual meetings, the surviving or continuing Stewards may appoint a member of the Club to succeed the deceased or declining Steward, and to stand in his place in point of seniority; but such nomination shall be notified to the Club at their next annual, or at any special meeting to be called for

the purpose, and shall then be subject to the like approbation as in the case of a senior Steward retiring at the expiration of his Stewardship.

5. All disputes relating to racing at Newmarket, or bets on racing elsewhere, if any of the parties interested should request the interference of the Stewards, shall be determined by the three Stewards and two Referees (who shall be members of the Club), one to be chosen by each of the parties concerned, if either of them shall desire to have Referees. If only two Stewards be present, they shall fix upon a third person, being a member of the Club, in lieu of the absent Steward, but the Stewards, if they think fit, may call in any other members of the Jockey Club to their assistance; or may refer the case to a General Meeting of the Jockey Club, if the importance or difficulty of the matter in dispute shall appear to them to require it.

6. If any dispute, arising elsewhere than Newmarket, shall be referred to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and they shall think fit to take it into consideration, the matter must relate to horse-racing, the facts be reduced into writing, and be sent by, or with the sanction of, the Stewards of the races where the matter in question occurred. All communications of this kind must be addressed "To the Keeper of the Match-book at Newmarket," and delivered free of postage.

7. The three Stewards, or any two of them, shall have full power to make such regulations as they may think proper in regard to the course and exercise-ground.

8. The three Stewards shall have the power of appointing such person or persons as they may choose to keep the Coffee-room, the Match-book, receive the Stakes, and collect the Entrance-money and all other funds belonging to the Jockey Club; and the Stewards shall be responsible to the Jockey Club for all the money collected as belonging to the Club. They shall also have the power to appoint the Judge of the Races, Clerk of the Course, and other servants of the Club.

9. Stewards shall fix the hour of starting for each race by nine o'clock in the evening preceding the day of running, and notice of the time of starting is to be fixed up in the Coffee-room immediately afterwards.

10. The Stewards shall produce an account of the funds and disbursements of the Jockey Club at the annual meeting in each year.

RESPECTING THE ADMISSION OF NEW MEMBERS.

For the Jockey Club.

11. The ballot for members of the Jockey Club shall be in the New Rooms at Newmarket, or in such other place as the Stewards shall appoint, on the Tuesday in the First Spring Meeting, and the Tuesday in the Second October Meeting of each year. Each Candidate must be proposed by a member, and his Christian and surname and usual place of abode, with the name of the member proposing him, put up in the Dining and Card Rooms at Newmarket (or in such other place as the Stewards shall appoint), in the meeting preceding the ballot. Nine members (at the least) shall ballot; and two black balls shall exclude.

For the New Rooms.

12. The ballot for members of the New Rooms may be in any of the seven established meetings at Newmarket. Each Candidate must be proposed by a member of

the Jockey Club, and his Christian and surname and usual places of abode, with the name of the member proposing him, put up in the Dining and Card Rooms at Newmarket (or in such other place as the Stewards shall appoint), on the day preceding the ballot. The ballot shall be in the morning, between the hours of eleven and one, or in the afternoon between the hours of four and six. Members of the Jockey Club only shall be allowed to ballot. Nine members (at least) shall ballot, and two black balls shall exclude. If eighteen members ballot, there must be three black balls to exclude.

13. A member of any of the Clubs in St. James's Street, known by the names of White's, Brooke's and Boodle's, may be admitted a member of the New Rooms without ballot, on paying the same sum for his admission, and the same subscription, as are required of members chosen by ballot.

For the Coffee Room.

14. The ballot for Members of the Coffee Room shall be in the Coffee Room at Newmarket (or at such other place as the Stewards shall appoint) on any day in the present seven established meetings, between the hours of eleven and one o'clock in the morning. Each candidate must be proposed by a member of the Jockey Club, and his Christian and surname and usual place of abode, with the name of the member proposing him, be put up in the Coffee Room the day before the ballot. Members of the Jockey Club only can ballot. Twelve members (at least) must ballot, and two black balls exclude.

15. Any member of the New Rooms may become a member of the Coffee Room, on signifying his wish to be so to any of the Stewards, or to the keeper of the Coffee Room, and paying for his admission and subscription as members chosen by ballot are required to do.

16. A person, though chosen, shall not be considered as a member of any of these Clubs until he shall have paid the usual sums for the admission and subscription of a new member, And the name of every member whose subscription shall be in arrear for one year shall be placed over the chimney-piece in the New Rooms and in the Coffee Room at Newmarket, in the Craven Meeting of each year. And if such arrear be not paid by the end of the following Second Spring Meeting, he shall cease to be a member until he be again chosen by ballot.

As to Nomination.

17. In all nominations and entrances for stakes, subscriptions, and plates of horses, &c., which have not started before the time of naming or entering, the sire, dam, and grandam of the horse, &c., named or entered, must be mentioned if known, unless the dam has a name, which is to be found by the Stud Book or Racing Calendar ; in which case the name of the sire and dam will be sufficient. If the horse, &c., named or entered be own brother or sister to any horses, &c., having a name in the Stud Book or Racing Calendar, it will be sufficient to name it as such. If the dam or grandam be sister (but which sister must be specified, if there be more than one), or dam, or grandam of any horse, &c., having a name in the Stud Book or Racing Calendar, it will be sufficient to mention her as such. If the dam or grandam is not

known, the sire of the horse, &c., must be mentioned, together with such other particulars as will be sufficient to identify the animal. If a horse has once appeared in the Racing Calendar by a name and his pedigree, it will be sufficient afterwards to mention him by his name only, even though he has never started. If the dam was covered by more than one stallion the names of all of them must be mentioned.

18. If any horse shall be named or entered without being identified as before directed, he shall not be allowed to start in the race, but his owner shall be liable to pay the forfeit, or, if a play or pay race, the whole stake. All bets on a horse so disqualified for starting shall be void.

19. No person who has once subscribed a stake shall be allowed to withdraw his name; and no nomination shall be altered in any respect, after time of the closing, without the consent of all the parties in the race being first obtained.

20. No nomination shall be received or considered as valid, so as to entitle the person naming to start his horse, &c., unless he shall, before the time of the closing of the stake named for, have paid up all arrears of stakes and forfeits; but he shall be liable to pay the forfeit of the stake so named for, if he shall previously have been a subscriber to the stake. All bets on a horse so disqualified for starting shall be void.

21. In every sweepstakes in which there shall be any allowance of weight to the produce of untried horses or mares, such allowance shall be claimed on the article by each subscriber before the expiration of the time of naming; and if not so claimed, no allowance shall be made, even though the horse or mare should prove to have been untried at the time of naming.

RESPECTING STAKES AND BETS.

22. All stakes for matches, subscriptions, and sweepstakes, shall be made before the hour of starting for the first race of the day, in cash, bank bills, or banker's notes payable on demand, and be paid into the hands of the person appointed by the Stewards to receive the same; and in default thereof by any person, he shall pay the whole stake as a loser, whether his horse come in first or not, unless such party shall have previously obtained the consent of the party or parties with whom he is engaged, to his not staking. But this rule is not to extend to bets, which are to be paid and received as if no such omission had happened.

23. A day-book shall be kept by the persons appointed by the Stewards to receive the stakes; in which shall be entered an account of all matches, subscriptions, and sweepstakes, to be run for; and as the different stakes are made they shall be entered therein as paid.

24. Five pounds per cent. shall be allowed on all forfeits under £100 declared to the keeper of the match-book, at or before ten o'clock the evening before running; and if the forfeit amount to £100 and upwards, £10 per cent. shall be allowed. All forfeits shall be paid before twelve o'clock at night of the day fixed for the race; and on those forfeits which shall not be so paid, the deduction for the timely declaration of such forfeits shall not be allowed.

25. No person shall start any horse, &c., unless he shall have paid all former stakes and forfeits to the keeper of the match-book,

by ten o'clock in the morning of the day on which he intends to start his horse, &c.. And this rule is declared to extend to all other places as well as Newmarket, where races are run and engagements entered into by members of the Jockey Club. And it is recommended to the consideration of the Stewards of other races where members of this Club are not amongst the subscribers. And where any person shall have bought a horse, with his engagements, this rule, as to all the engagements subsisting at the time of the purchase, and to be run for subsequently thereto, shall be considered as extending to the purchaser, whether those engagements were entered into by the vendor, or any other person; and such horse, in whosesoever hands he may be, shall not be allowed to start for any race until all the stakes due for such engagements shall have been paid. But in default of payment by the purchaser, the original subscriber to such engagements shall not be exonerated from his liability to make them good.

26. If any bet shall be made from signal or indication, after the race has been determined, such bets shall be considered as fraudulent and void, and shall not be paid. And if any servant belonging to a member of this Society shall be found to have betted from any such signal, or shall be concerned in making any such signal, he shall be dismissed from his service, and no farther employed by any members of this Society.

27. All stakes and bets, whether expressed to be in guineas or pounds, shall be paid in pounds sterling.

28. All double bets shall be considered as play-or-pay bets.

29. All bets depending between any two horses shall be void if those horses become the property of the same person, or of his avowed confederate, subsequently to the bets being made.

30. All bets between particular horses shall be void, if neither of them happens to be the winner, unless agreed by the parties to the contrary.

31. If a match or sweepstakes be made for any particular day in any race-week, and the parties agree to change the day to any other in the same week, all bets must stand; but if the parties agree to run the race in a different week, all bets made before the alteration shall be void.

32. When the riders of any horses brought out to run for any race are called upon, by the person appointed to start them, to take their places for that purpose, the owner of every horse which comes up to the post shall be considered as liable to pay his whole stake; and all bets respecting such horses shall be considered as play-or-pay bets.

TRIALS.

33. No person shall try the horse, &c., of any other person than his declared confederate, without giving notice of such trial by inscribing the name or proper description of the horse, &c., tried, and the name of his owner, in the trial book kept at the Coffee Room, Newmarket, within one hour after the trial has taken place; or by nine o'clock in the morning, in case the trial shall have taken place at an earlier hour; and the hour of running such trial, and also the hour of making the entry, shall be noted in the trial book. And in case any trial shall not be so entered, the groom having the care of the horse running with the trial horse, and being present at the trial, or

if not present, then the owner of any horse running with such trial horse, shall forfeit and pay to the Stewards of the Jockey Club the penalty or sum of £10 for every such offence; but the Stewards shall have the power to mitigate such penalty to not less than £5, in case it shall fall upon any groom.

34. Every bet made upon or against any horse running in a trial between the time of such trial and the entering it in the trial book, whether it be entered within the time prescribed or not, shall be void.

35. Every engagement made with any horse, &c., running in a trial between the time of such trial and the entering of it in the trial book, whether it be entered within the time prescribed or not, shall not be run, but the owner of such trial horse shall be considered as having declared forfeit, and be liable to pay the forfeit accordingly, unless his opponents, or any of them, shall desire to hold him to his engagement. And in case any horse so tried shall have started for and won any race made subsequently to the trial, and before the entry of it in the trial book, his owner shall not be entitled to the stake so won; and in case he shall have actually received it, he shall pay it back into the hands of the stake holder, who shall pay it over to the owner of the second horse; or, in case of a match, shall pay it over to the owner of the beaten horse; but if such horse shall have lost such race, his owner shall not be entitled to claim, or to be repaid his stake or deposit for such race; and in those cases such disqualification shall attach to the horse without regard to any change of the property in him. And if, with respect to the disqualification, there shall be any difficulty in ascertaining the horse or horses tried, the owner of the horse or horses so tried shall be bound, on the request of the Stewards, to declare to them which of his horses run in such trial; and in case he shall decline so to do, the Stewards shall have the power to fix the disqualification upon any one or more of the horses of such owner, at their option.

36. No notice of trial shall be required where the trial is run at a greater distance than 25 miles from Newmarket.

37. The day, with respect to the engaging of the ground for trials, shall be divided into two periods; that is, previously to eight o'clock in the morning, and subsequently to two in the afternoon, from the first day of the Craven Meeting to the end of the Houghton Meeting; and previously to nine o'clock in the morning, and subsequently to two in the afternoon, during the rest of the year. No one stablekeeper shall engage the ground for both these periods on the same day, nor more than two of those periods in the same week.

38. Notice for engaging the ground shall, at least one day before the day it is used, be entered in a book to be kept for that purpose at the Coffee Room in Newmarket. And no notice or warning shall be deemed sufficient unless given as before directed.

39. If any person shall be detected in watching a trial, or shall be proved to have employed any person to watch a trial, he shall be served with notice to keep off the Heath; and if in the employment of any member of the Club, or of any groom or rider employed by any member of the Club, he shall be dismissed from his service, and not again employed.

THE CUP AND WHIP.

40. The Cup may be challenged for on the Monday or Tuesday in the first Spring Meeting in each year: to be run for over the B. C. on Tuesday in the First October Meeting following, by horses, &c., the property of Members of the Jockey Club:—four-year-olds carrying 8st. 11lb.; five-year-olds, 8st. 8lb.; six-year-olds, 8st. 13lb.; and aged, 9st. Each person, at the time of challenging, is to subscribe his name to a paper to be hung up in the Coffee Room at Newmarket, and deliver to the keeper of the match-book the name or description of the horse, &c., sealed up, which shall be kept till six o'clock on the Saturday evening of that week; and if not accepted, or only one challenger, to be returned unopened; but if accepted, or if more than one challenger, to be then opened, and declared a match or sweepstakes for 200 sovereigns each, play or pay. If the challenge be not accepted, the Cup to be delivered to the keeper of the match-book, in the Meeting ensuing the challenge, for the person who may become entitled to the same.

41. The Whip may be challenged for on the Monday or Tuesday in the Second Spring or October Meeting in each year; and the acceptance must be signified, or the Whip resigned, before the end of the same meeting. If challenged for and accepted in the Spring, to be run for on the Tuesday in the Second October Meeting following; and if in the October, on the Thursday in the Second Spring Meeting following, B. C. weight, 10st., and to stake 200 sovs. each, play or pay.

THE £1 PER CENT. PLATES.

42. The stakeholder shall deduct £1 per cent. from all sums won at Newmarket, in sweepstakes or matches, where the clear sum to be received by the winner, over and above his own stake, shall amount to £100 or more (unless the winner shall object to allow such deduction to be made); and the money so raised shall be disposed of in the following manner, viz.:

Two handicap plates of £100 each, for four, five, six years old, and aged horses, shall be annually given to be run for; one in the Second October Meeting, A. F., and the other in the Houghton Meeting, from the D. I. And if any horse-keeper shall object to contribute to the above fund, he will not be allowed to start a horse for either of those plates.

THE STAKEHOLDER AT NEWMARKET.

43. The stakeholder at Newmarket shall be allowed to retain, out of the stakes in his hands, the following fees for his trouble, viz.:

For every match, one pound.

For every plate, one pound.

For every subscription or sweepstakes, where the whole stake exceeds £100, and does not amount to £1000, two pounds.

For every sweepstakes, where the whole stake amounts to £1000 or upwards, five pounds.

RELATING TO OTHER MATTERS NOT BEFORE SPECIFIED.

44. If for any plate, sweepstakes, or subscription, the first two horses shall come in so near together that the judge shall not be able to decide which won, those two horses shall run for such prize over again, half an hour after the last race on the same day; the other horses which started shall be deemed losers, and be entitled to their respective places, as if the race had been finally determined the first time.

45. Every person who shall ride for a race at Newmarket shall be weighed immediately after the same, and shall be allowed 2lb. above the weight specified for his horse to carry, and no more, unless the weight he actually rode be declared as the weight he intended to ride, as hereinafter mentioned. The owner of every horse which shall be intended to carry more than 2lb. above his weight, shall, by himself or his servant, declare to one of the Stewards, or to the keeper of the match-book, before ten o'clock on the morning of the day on which the race is run, what weight he intends his horse to carry, including the 2lb. allowed, which shall be immediately inserted in the list in the Coffee Room. And if any horse shall run in a race, carrying more than two pounds above his weight, without such declaration having been made, or if after the race, on weighing the jockey, he shall not prove to have ridden the weight which it was declared the horse should carry, or shall have ridden 2lb. above the weight declared, then such horse shall not be considered the winner of the race, even though he should come in first, but shall be placed as the last horse in the race, and his owner shall pay the stake as for a beaten horse.

46. The persons appointed by the Stewards to weigh the jockeys shall immediately after each day's race report to the keeper of the match-book how much each horse carried, where he carried more than 2lb. above the specified weight. And the keeper of the match-book is, as soon after as may be, to communicate such report to the Stewards, or one of them. And the weight each horse actually carried, if more than 2lb. above his weight, shall be published in the first list printed after the race, and also in the account published in the Racing Calendar.

47. Every groom shall have his horse at the post, ready to start, within five minutes of the time appointed by the Stewards. And every jockey is to be there, ready to start, within the same time. And every groom and jockey making default herein shall forfeit £5, to be paid to the keeper of the match-book, and by him accounted for to the Stewards.

48. The person appointed to start the horses shall mark in his list the time when the horses in each race actually started; and if there have been any false starts, the first of them shall be considered as the time of starting for that race. And he shall make a report thereof to the keeper of the match-book in the afternoon of the day the races are run. And if any delay beyond the allowed time shall have taken place, he shall state by whom or by what cause the delay was occasioned. He shall regulate his watch by the Coffee Room clock, which shall be considered as the true time for this purpose.

49. If any horse, &c., intended to be entered for any plate or subscription where entrance is required, shall be engaged to run on the day of entrance, he shall not be obliged to show at the time of entrance; but if he have not before run at Newmarket, he shall show at the place of entrance within one hour after his engagements are over. But no horse that has before run at Newmarket need be shown at the time of entrance, or afterwards.

50. When any match is made in which crossing and jostling are not mentioned, they shall be understood to be barred.

51. When any match or sweep-

stakes shall be made, and no weight mentioned, the horses shall carry 8st. 7lb. each. And if any weight is given, the highest weight shall be 8st. 7lb.

52. When any match or sweepstakes shall be made, and no course mentioned, the course shall be that which is usually run by horses of the same age as those engaged, viz.:

If yearlings, the Yearling Course.
If two years old, the Two Year Old Course.
If three years old, Rowley's Mile.
If four years old, Ditch In. And
If five years old and upwards, Beacon Course.

And if the horses should be of different ages, the course shall be fixed by the age of the youngest.

53. The keeper of the match-book shall charge the proprietors of such horses as receive forfeit, and shall be excused from appearing, with the same fees for weights and scales as if they had come over the course.

54. Towards defraying the expense of repairing the course and exercise-ground, one guinea annually shall be paid in respect of every racehorse that shall be trained or exercised, or that shall run any private trial or public race thereon. And the same shall be paid by the stablekeeper or servant having the care of such horse, and be charged by him to the owner of such horse. Every such stablekeeper or servant shall, immediately after the Houghton Meeting in each year, deliver to the keeper of the match-book at Newmarket a list of the horses which have been under his care liable to pay the said charge, and shall then also pay to the keeper of the match-book the money due for each horse.

55. If in running for any race one horse shall jostle or cross another, such horse, and every horse belonging to the same owner, or in which he shall have a share, running in the same race, shall be disqualified for winning the race, whether such jostle or cross happened by the swerving of the horse, or by the foul and careless riding of the jockey, or otherwise; and where one horse crosses the track of another next behind him, it shall be deemed a sufficient cause of complaint, even though he be a clear length or more before the horse whose track he crosses; it being desirable that, when once a jockey has taken his ground, he should not prevent any other jockey from coming up, either on his right or left hand. And if such cross or jostle shall be proved to have happened through the foul riding of the jockey, he shall be disqualified from again riding at Newmarket; or shall be punished by fine or suspension for a time, as the Stewards shall think fit—it being absolutely necessary, as well for the safety of the jockeys themselves, as for the satisfaction of the public, that foul riding should be punished by the severest penalties.

56. All complaints of foul riding must be made before or at the time the jockey complaining is weighed; and it may be made either by the owner, jockey, or groom of the horse, to one of the Stewards, to the keeper of the match-book, to the judge of the race, to the clerk of the course, or to the person appointed to weigh the jockeys.

57. In naming or entering for any race where there shall be any particular conditions required as a qualification to start, it shall be sufficient if the horse were qualified at the expiration of the time allowed for naming or entering; and he shall not be disqualified by anything which may happen after

the expiration of that time, unless so specified in the article; and if any additional weight is to be carried by horses which have won one or more plates or races within the year, it shall be construed to mean the year of our Lord.

58. Where it is made a condition of any plate or subscription that the winner shall be sold for any given sum, the owner of the second horse being first entitled, &c.; no other person than one who ran a horse in the race shall be entitled to claim. The horse claimed shall not be entitled to demand the horse at any future period; but, nevertheless, the owner of the winning horse may insist upon the claimant taking and paying for the horse claimed.

59. When the qualification of any horse is objected to by ten o'clock in the morning of the day of starting, the owner must produce a certificate, or other proper document, to the Steward, or clerk of the course, or to the keeper of the match-book, if the case happen at Newmarket, before the race is run, to prove the qualification of the horse; and if he shall start his horse without so doing, the prize shall be withheld for a period, to be fixed upon by the Stewards; on the expiration of which time, if the qualification be not proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards, he shall not be entitled to the prize, though his horse shall have come in first, but it shall be given to the owner of the second horse. When the qualification of a horse is objected to after that time, the person making the objection must prove the disqualification.

60. It is expected that every member of the Clubs at Newmarket, and every person running or training horses at Newmarket, shall consider themselves amenable to these rules, and such others as the Stewards may from time to time think fit to adopt, for the better regulation of racing at Newmarket; and all trainers, jockeys, grooms, or servants of such persons are strictly enjoined to observe the same. And if any trainer, jockey, groom or servant shall be proved to have been guilty of any infraction of these rules or orders, or any of them, he will be punished by the Stewards, to such extent as they may think the case requires, and in such manner as they may enforce.

61. All disputes referred to the Stewards of the Jockey Club will be adjudged according to their published rules and orders, where any of them are applicable to the case submitted to them, and where not, according to the established rules of racing.

S. Batson,
Lowther,
Richmond,
} Stewards.

—*From the English Sporting Magazine.*

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 6. — OCTOBER, 1829.

BURSAUTEE.

SIR,

In my last letter I mentioned an experiment I had tried with the milky juice of the Muddar Plant, or *Asclopias Gigantia*, for the Bursautee, on a horse that had for many months suffered from this disease in its worst form. The sores, though healed for a time, again broke out, but gaining confidence from the first experiment, that something might be done for so formidable a disease with this plant, I took another horse in hand the beginning of last month, and from his improved state in every respect I am satisfied that the Plant will be found under some combination an efficacious remedy.

I will therefore detail the mode I have adopted in my second trial, in the hope that it may call the attention of some Veterinarian, whose professional knowledge may enable him to follow up the experiment, by combining some other drugs, until a certain cure is found out, should mine not prove to have a permanent effect.

As I found with the first experiment, that the Muddar juice, in its pure state, was very powerful and caused great swelling of the limb when applied to sores, I combined it with equal parts of sweet oil, with which, after cleansing the sores with soap and water, I touched them morning and evening with a feather. No swelling or inflammation took place, as on the former occasion, and the sores are gradually healing.

Besides this local application, I gave the horse every morning a powder, containing 20 grains, made from the root of the plant, and after an interval of every 14 days I administered a *mild* dose of physic, continuing the powder after the physic had set.

The preparation of the powder was very simple. I merely exposed the root cut into small pieces to the sun for a couple of days, when I found no difficulty in reducing it by a mortar, sufficiently fine to pass through coarse muslin.

As I before mentioned, the sores are healing fast, the horse has become fine in his coat, and is otherwise healthy. I regret that I shall not have the power of seeing the final result, as I quit this part of the country immediately for the lower Provinces, but I hope the trial of the efficacy of the Muddar will be followed up.

Yours obediently,

O. K.

Meerut, 7th June, 1829.

THE BISON.

Sir,

You would favour me by inserting the following account of a Bison, killed at the village of Dendelly, in the Soopa forests, last month, by a small party from this place, of which I was one. The dimensions of the animal (on being measured) were found to be, as accurately as we could ascertain them, thus—

	ft.	in.
Height at the Shoulder.....	6	1½
Girth behind the Shoulder.....	8	0½
Length from Nose to end of Tail	12	4½
Circumference of Neck.....	4	4
Ditto of Arm.....	2	6
Breadth of Forehead.....	1	3½

It is remarkable that many of the balls from our fowling-pieces, fired within 12 yards, had glanced off the animal's hide. A rifle ball was found lodged at the back of his head completely shattered, having been fired at the same distance.

Should you place this rough account in your Magazine, I shall have much pleasure in forwarding to you the habits, &c., of this animal, or of any other I may have the good fortune to be in at the death of.

R.

Darwar, 8th June, 1829.

GRUNTGAILY'S DEATH.

"There came to the Beach a poor exile of Erin."—*Campbell.*

There came to the stream a Boar breathless and jaded,
The gore from his deep wounds empurpled the mud,
From his tusks dropt the foam, while he staggering waded
To strengthen his fast failing limbs in the flood—
But the bugle-note reach'd him, now sinking, now swelling,
As it came on the gale, his death hour foretelling,
While red from his ribs was the vital tide welling,
Loud cursing his rashness, thus murmur'd the Boar—

Oh, where is the fame, the distinction I tried for?
Father, pig-prophet, thy warning was true;
And where is Squeakilla, the sow that I sigh'd for,
And where's my friend Tiggy who sigh'd for her too?—
The Hunter's wild shout will be my Ulululla
They rode me from Rasah, down, down to Kurkulla
Rein'd up for no rasper, they clear'd ev'ry nullah!
Oh! little I dreamt what such devils could do!!

Rasah, once more, could thine echoes awake me
Up to thy hill-tops, oh! would I could fly;
But, alas! had I wings, still those chaps would o'ertake me;
I'm done for—I'm dish'd—I can feel my chops fry!
Singe, singe my head bald, for this hour of sadness,
My spirit, my speed, were my pride and my gladness,
And thus to be foiled—oh, it goads me to madness,
Yet, damn it, I'll die as a Boar ought to die—

Then, every hope of Revenge swift returning,
One bloody wish did the young monster roar:
"Bosah, behold me at death itself spurning;
Rasah, record the last deed of thy Boar."
Then up came a Rider exultingly dashing,
And forth rush'd Gruntgaily, his tusks wildly gnashing—
And deep sped the spear through his heart, as in clashing
He ripped the horse dead—and thus died the young Boar!!

ANTELOPE HUNT.

WORTHY EDITOR,

It is not my intention to trespass to any length upon your valuable pages (as the writers on political economy say by way of introduction to some twenty or thirty sheets), for my subject has little in the way of interest or novelty to hold forth:—my say shall therefore be a short one. Expect no pitiless massacre of elephants — no annihilation of tigers, but a plain unvarnished tale relating to an antelope hunt,

"The wild Gazelle on Judah's Hill."

There is nothing remarkable in the run; nothing to excite the attention of our Nimrod in the East, but merely as exhibiting a proof to the many already cited in Natural History of the sagacity of animals and fondness for their young. It was upon an auspicious morning in the month of June, "when all things gay appear" id est in England, that four of us jolly subs sallied forth from Belgaum, resolutely intent upon committing murder upon some of the four-footed beasts that inhabit the neighbourhood. Light in heart as in pockets, we laughed away care, long debts, short Abstracts and Supernumerary Subalterns.

We soon discovered browsing on a hill to our right a large herd of antelopes, but being full grown, we knew from former experience the inutility of chasing them; a little further on, however, a young one, crouched down among some long grass, sprang up; we gave chase; Devil take the hindmost. After making a small circuit she made full tilt for the herd, which started at us, snuffed the air, and then bounded away as if regardful only of their own safety. But instead of following up the principle that generally actuates the human race—sauve qui peut—they made a noble attempt to save the pursued, harassed young one.

Slackening their pace, they allowed her to lead, keeping in a compact body in her rear, in that manner completely covering the retreat. To foil this manœuvre we turned the head of the herd, by which means we brought the young one into the rear again. They then tried another stratagem, which was to shoot across backwards and forwards between us and the object of our pursuit, so bold and fearlessly, that with a pistol shot we might have brought some of their soaring antlers to the ground. Such a mingling and confusion sadly perplexed the dogs, and this was rendered worse by the herd suddenly separating, darting off in different directions, and then reuniting to repeat the same prank. It was only by keeping our eyes undeviatingly fixed upon our prey that we were able to keep up anything like a de-

terminate chase. After a hard run of about fifteen minutes, we came to a nullah; the full grown antelopes sprung across without a moment's pause; one of them, which might have been the mother, looking wistfully back as if to encourage the young one in the leap; she missed the distance, struck against the opposite bank, and fell into the nullah. The dogs had crossed, and, seemingly aware themselves of the inutility of following the herd, turned to their masters for further orders. We laid them on to the young antelope, who had regained the bank of the nullah on which we were, and ran for a short distance further down, where she made another attempt to leap, but with no better success; she fell headlong down, and, the dogs fastening on, the work of death was soon accomplished.

The wolves being numerous about here, we occasionally have a dash at them, but their confounded long never-tiring gallop is more than a match for a horse's swiftness. We were fortunate enough, a few days ago, to fall in with a party that had been regaling themselves with a picnic consisting of some prime beef. The filthy villains had evidently been committing a debauch, for they moved away with as little agility and good will as aldermen rising from a city feast. They were by no means in good training for a run, and a hill which they had to ascend put their bladders into such vehement play that one of the gluttonous rascals made for a hole, wisely conceiving that a nap after such a dinner would favour the process of digestion much better than a run. He was doomed to prove the mutability of worldly happiness, for some husbandmen coming up with their instruments of labour, cheerfully lent a hand to bring the assassin of sheepfolds to light. Digging down till we brought to view his long, bushy, most inhumanly smelling tail, one of us grasped it by way of a lever, and used it to such good purpose that his ignoble parts were soon exposed to view; these were diligently scarified with a chopper, and finally dragging him out, in spite of his fiend-like growls and diabolical faces, he was done to death.

CENTAUR.

Belgaum, June, 1829.

BUSTARD SHOOTING.

SIR,

As none of your numerous correspondents have as yet touched upon Bustard Shooting, from my experience, being well aware of the difficulty attending it, I am induced, through the medium of your valuable Magazine, to give a few hints to brother sportsmen, by which the wariness of this majestic bird may be overcome.

I have met with many experienced sportsmen who have been upwards of twenty years in India, and, although constantly out, have never killed a bustard, and the usual answer on asking the reason why not, is invariably "Oh, curse them; there's no getting near them." It is true a man may walk after them for years and find it all labour in vain, and unless he adopts some finesse, will never achieve this exploit, which by many is reckoned the "*ne plus ultra*" of sporting in the East.

The best way to get near a bustard is on horseback, from which the sportsman must never think

of dismounting until he is certain the bird is within his power, when he may either leap off, or, if his nag be steady, fire from his back. In nearing a bustard, never think of going straight up to him, but make a circle round, looking outward, affecting not to see him; in this way, provided he has not been much disturbed during the day, you may almost make sure of getting a shot—but you must keep moving, for the moment you stop or hesitate, the game is up, and when once on the wing it is but rarely you can a second time get so near them, except by riding, in which way I have frequently succeeded, and after following a bird for upwards of twenty miles, have often had my perseverance crowned with success.

Indeed, in this, as in most other sports, perseverance will generally ensure success; and provided you are mounted upon an active, well-managed nag, and find yourself once in front of the bird, when on the wing you may make sure of his passing over your head, and as he scarcely ever flies more than 25 or 30 yards from the ground, you ought to be certain of killing; but recollect you are likely to be deceived in their flight until you have had some experience, as from their great size they are supposed to be slow, but I can assure you this is not the case, for I have seen many a one clean missed by good shots.

In 1812, at Punderpoor, one evening, when returning from shooting, I came upon two bustards within a mile of camp; the nag I was mounted on being fidgety, and not likely to stand if let loose, I was rather posed, until seeing a herd of cattle not far off, I soon determined how to commence operations. I went and dismounted amongst them, and having selected a quiet bullock, I took him by the tail and drove the whole herd towards the bustards, and in about twenty minutes had the satisfaction to find myself within forty yards, when I made a run out from the cattle: the birds rose, and I bagged both. In 1819, near Hungleweury, I came upon four bustards, and being similarly situated, in regard to a fidgety horse, I persuaded a Coonbie, who was near, to lend me his plough, and his bullocks being quiet, I got within thirty yards and bagged a brace.

Up to this day I have bagged 961 bustards, the first of which I killed in 1809, in the Ceded Districts, with a double gun, made by H. Nock; the barrels actually as thin as an old sixpence; the distance was eighty-three paces, the shot No. 5.

I have several times killed five in a day, which all must allow is a good bag, but I hope, before this season is past, to get beyond this number, as also to complete a thousand. The shot I now use is B. B., with which I have killed at 130 paces. The weight of the cock bustard I have found to vary from 18lbs. to 32lbs. and a few ounces, and that of the hen from 8lbs. to 15lbs.

Your obedient servant,
A Lover of all Sports.

Ahmednugger, 1st August, 1829.

CROSSES IN RUNNING.

Sir,

Words are not adequate to express my feelings on perusing, in your last and right welcome Mag., the following line—"Rules and Regulations of the Jockey Club."

My sight literally became rivet-

ed to the book, and I ejaculated (much to the amusement of a few choice souls present) now we've a chance of fair play on the turf, the want of which (solely attributable to the paucity of rules and regulations in the hands of the Stewards) has, believe me, Mr. Editor, many a time caused me the most poignant anguish.

To bear me out in my assertion that fair play is a jewel not thoroughly understood in these parts, I have only to mention the following prevalent opinion, as common among our sporting coves at the Presidency and Poonah, as mangoes, and their nasty concomitants in the merry month of May, viz., *that an inside horse, when leading, can in no instance be guilty of a jostle or cross.* How this ridiculous idea, so contrary to common sense, has crept into the pericrania of the most knowing of our cognoscenti, is to me a mystery; but that it has done so every man, either on the Bombay or Poonah course, must be fully aware. No less than three cases of palpable crosses by inside horses came within my observation last year, at Poonah, * one of which was claimed, but was not adjudged, in consequence, I believe, of the erroneous notion above mentioned; and I understand, from a friend who was present at the Bombay meeting, this system was equally as common there. Now, trusting you will give publicity to these lines, and thereby call the attention of all sportsmen in any way connected with the turf to Rule 55, where it is expressly laid down, that "where one horse crosses the track of another next behind him, it shall be deemed a sufficient cause of complaint, even though he be a length or more before the horse whose track he crosses," &c., &c., &c. I shall conclude with cordial thanks for the benefit you have conferred on the sporting community by publishing the said rules and regulations, and remain,

Your obedient servant,

AN AMATEUR.

N.B.—I am truly sorry to learn you are about to lose one of the tiptop sawyers of your turf; his removal, however, will be "nuts" to the small fry or tag-rag and bob-tail, who have lately become so notorious for the *sporting feeling* they exercise in all matters connected with the turf. I heard a capital song a few nights ago sung by a sportsman of the first water, in which they were very prettily handled, and deservedly cut up for the absurd way they pester their sporting neighbours with the state of the finance department. One verse ran thus: "Fourscore and ten of us poor old spoons, without a penny in our purse; something must be done for us poor old spoons." I send this specimen; should you fancy the song worthy your attention, give me a hint, and I will do my petit possible to get you a copy.

A.

* On the owner of the horse that was crossed making his complaint to the Stewards at the weighing stand, his adversary's jockey gratuitously and (I should say) impertinently replied, "How the *du-isse* could I cross when I had the inside?"

RUN AGAINST TIME.

SIR,

From a performance I see in your last Mag., under the head 'Run against Time" it strikes me a similar one (only in my humble opinion more worthy a place in your sporting records), sent to you some few months since,

must have miscarried. Taking it for granted this is the case, I shall annex an account of the said feat, and at the same time request your leniency in the event of my conjecture proving wrong. In the latter end of the year 1825 Mr. B., a gentleman of some celebrity from his skill and science in the noble art of self-defence, undertook to pick up 100 stones placed at a distance of one yard from each other, from the basket into which he was to drop them, within 50 minutes. After a few days' training, Mr. B. performed his task with the greatest ease, having several minutes to spare. This, you must admit, was not only not despicable, but, as a sporting friend of mine exclaimed on the occasion, "most tremendous," particularly when the climate is taken into consideration, and also that 45 minutes is reckoned first-rate time in England.

Your obedient servant,
A LOVER OF GYMNASTICS.

Within 100 miles of Poonah.

PICQUET.

SIR,

In reading the last number of your Magazine I find a subscriber requiring an answer to the following question.

"At the Game of Picquet A has scored 100 and is eldest hand, but not being able to count any, plays one. B is 96, and has the point good for six—who wins the game?"

Now surely, Mr. Editor, your subscriber could never have heard of the Reverend Mr. Hoyle, and must have been in the habit of playing with Spoons (Stephen does not acknowledge the word), who do not know that according to the rules of that scientific game, Picquet, the *Point* counts before everything else, a carte blanche excepted; consequently A being at 100 loses the game by not having the Point good; he cannot score the one he plays B's Point of six cards, scoring first, and making 101, GAME; if not, why play on when the Eldest hand is at 100? for according to your Subscriber, or his adversary's way of thinking, the Eldest hand must win the game when arrived at the score of 100.

If your Subscriber plays French Points, is fond of the game, and is to be had, I should like much to know where he hangs out, as there are sad rumours of Pay Reductions afloat, and a man must turn an honest penny somehow or other in these severe times.

Yours and your Magazine's
Well wisher,
29th July. RIFLE.

THE SURAT HUNT.

SIR,

I was sorry to observe the rejection of a letter from an old hog hunter* in your notice to correspondents, being anxious to hear what he had to say on the subject before I ventured to send you an account of one of the best hunts on this side of India.

The Surat Hunt was established in January, 1827, and on such an economical footing that it enabled the junior subaltern of the Station to become a member, without

* An *Old Hog Hunter* had nothing to say on the subject, but merely expressed his anxiety to know what others had to say.—ED.

feeling the expense usually attending the enjoyment of that noble sport — fifteen Rupees being paid as a donation on entrance, beside a monthly subscription of three Rupees, and one Rupee daily by each member present at any meeting of the Hunt, as cap money. The Hunt generally meets twice a month, but any member signifying his wish to go out (at any time) to the Secretary, the latter circulates a paper to that effect, and provided three members attend,—the tent, tables, &c., belonging to the Hunt, are sent out to the place fixed upon; the Secretary provides beaters, &c., who are paid from the fund, and one member, selected by the rest, has the management of them for the time being. Poking or throwing are allowed—breakfast and dinner pic-nic fashion. The Hunt at present consists of twenty-one members, and amongst them, I can safely say, are several first-rate sportsmen on the Bombay side of India.

The sport this season has not been so good as formerly—with the exception of the two last meetings at the Tomb. It would not only take up too much room in your excellent Magazine but be irksome to your readers, if I gave you a full account of each day's sport—but I trust it will be acceptable in a curtailed shape.

Date.	Met at	Number of Members Present.	Game Killed.
27th Nov.	Penjerat.	Six.	2 Hog.
28th „	„	„	2 Hog.
10th Dec.	Ariana.	Five.	3 Hog.
9th Jan.	Dampka.	Six.	2 Hog.
22nd „	Penjerat.	„	1 Hog.—One wounded that escaped.
20th March	„	Four.	1 Hog.
3rd April	Poona Gaum.	Five.	5 Hog.
15th „	Bracchee.	„	1 Hog.
27th „	„	Six.	3 Hog.
9th May	„	„	1 large Boar, which on being pressed threw itself down a precipice of at least thirty feet into the river Taptee, swam the river, and being again pressed, recrossed and was killed in attempting to get up the bank.
17th „	„	„	1 Cheeta.
27th „	Ultan.	Ten.	3 Hog.
29th „	Vaux's Tomb.	Eleven.	13 Hog } Several wounded escaped.
30th „	„	„	3 Hog }
5th June	Dendoolee.	Seven.	1 Hog.
8th „	Vaux's Tomb.	Ten.	12 Hog } Many wounded lost in the
9th „	„	„	6 Hog } thick jungle.

Total fifty-nine hog and one cheeta—out of which number twenty first spears fell to the lot of of that first-rate sportsman, Mr. S., of whom Nimrod spoke so highly in your third number; Mr. G. nine, and Mr. S. seven.

The Hunt have had seven blank days besides the above, and several hog have escaped, badly wounded; the greater part of the Jungles hunted being thick bauble bushes and enclosures of great extent, it was in most instances very difficult to get them out.

The Tomb Jungle extends about four miles in length and

from two to half a mile in breadth. It is all bauble, and many parts of it impenetrable. In the two former years several attempts had been made to get the hog out of this jungle, and neither having been successful, it was generally supposed the result of our meeting on the 29th May would also be a failure, but the capital arrangements made by our Secretary overcame all difficulties, and as every one was anxious for sport, the order of the day, "*Hold hard—let them get away*" was well attended to. How tantalizing it was to see, I may say, hundreds of hog running about in every direction, frightened by the matchlocks (eighty in number), the shouts and screams of two hundred and fifty beaters, many hog actually lying down in bushes within fifty yards and in sight of us. Such a scene is not to be witnessed often now a days. After trying our patience for some time, several large sounders at length took out into the thin jungle and the plain. The party on one side near the Swally Creek soon laid low six splendid fellows, while those on the tank side, after killing a large boar, saw a monster making away from he jungle; they followed at a trot to let him get out well—then, what a rush was made for the spear! The Rocking horse first, but the old horse was passed by Mr. G.'s, to whose lot the first spear fell. *The monster* was killed after some trouble, at the edge of the thick jungle, but he had ripped a valuable horse "Hotspur"—and lucky was it he did not make better use of his tusks; when brought to the tents the animal was measured. Its length from snout to the root of the tail was five feet four inches; its height from shoulder to toe, three feet two inches; tushes, nine inches and a half. Several old hands were present, but all declared they had never seen such a monster. Shortly after this boar was killed, the whole party had scarcely met, when a sounder of eleven were seen making across the plain for the thick jungle—"*Go it*" was the word, and our nags soon brought us in the midst of them. Five soon bit the dust, and three badly wounded got into the jungle—but it was so thick 'twas *utterly* impossible to follow; we then returned to our tents, thirteen large hog being bagged. Such a day's sport was scarcely ever equalled, taking into consideration the difficulty of getting the hog out. It is incredible the number that were seen in the jungle both large and small, some two or three hundred; but they well knew their security in it, for on the second day few burst and only three were killed.

The last meeting was equally prosperous. Twelve were killed on the first and six on the second day. It was on this day, on beating the jungle a second time without one bursting, that Mr. G. left the party in disgust, and on riding towards Surat met and counted a sounder of upwards of thirty making towards the jungle: he rode back two miles, got his spear, and without changing his horse, killed three without pulling rein before the sounder reached the jungle. The nag he rode carried 14st. and upwards, and must be a right good one from his performances this morning. Thus closed the season, and I have only to regret that an abler hand than myself has not before this sent you an account of our Hunt and sport.

I remain,
Yours very obediently,
B. D.

Surat, 25th July, 1829.

NEILGHERRY SPORT.

List of game killed by a gentleman in the Neilgherries within the last six months:—33½ couple of woodcock; 30 head of black deer, commonly called *elk*, one of which was measured, and proved 14 h. 2 in.; 1 jungle sheep; 3 wild dogs; 7 bears; 7 hogs; 1 royal tiger, length 9ft. 7in.; 1 cheeta; 100 brace and upwards of jungle fowl and spur fowl; 20 brace and more of hares, some weighing as much as an English hare; 12 brace or more of pea fowl; brace of quail—often 8 or 10 brace a-day; snipe—often 4 or 5 brace a-day; imperial pigeon, about 20 brace.

The royal tiger he dropped dead with one ball in front of Rullia, 10 miles from Ootacamund. Such a list of killed and bagged may highly excite hopes of sporting visitors to these regions, but it must be borne in mind that such a staunch and indefatigable sportsman as Captain R. is rarely to be found.

THE KITTEN'S CATASTROPHE.

A SPORTING FABLE.

I.

Fair reader, whether flirt or prude,
List to the rumour of the minute—
The theme is light, the moral good,
And not a fy fy sentence in it.
Brief shall it be, so if you please
We'll dash at once in "medias res."

II.

'Twas on an island in that clime
Where love, they say, is ever strongest,
And leads its votaries to crime
Enduring then by far the longest—
The town was —— the month——
And anno domini ———

III.

Two cats (and lest you should mistake
Their sexes, by their strange demeanour,
I'll call them for distinction sake
Podargus, him, and her, Felina)
Upon a house-top cautious crept
Toy'd for a while and then they slept.

IV.

Podargus was in colour brown,
Brindled, blear-eyed, goose-rump'd and scabby,
Felina of the gosling down,
A little dumpy, hook-nosed tabby;
Frisky and young—he older far,
And might have been her grandpapa.

V.

He'd been a wild and rakish blade,
She, modest as a maid in mittens,
He a town rover, and had play'd,
The very devil among the kittens,
'Till worn and weak, the things who'd fear'd him
Now scorn'd the driveller, mock'd and jeer'd him.

VI.

Felina was his last amour,
And her he made his kitten bride,
And as all bridegrooms take a tour,
He went to sea and thought beside,
If sea trips strengthen worn-out rats
And sun-dried fogrums, why not cats?

VII.

Felina liked this well enough,
From night till morn she romp'd and ratted,
Until the waves grew rather rough,
And then, poor thing, the kitten catted!
Whilst he was hoping, fancy-smitten,
Instead of catting, she might kitten.

VIII.

Small cause for hope had master Po,
And she, to her vexation, knew it,
For "nihil fit ex-nihilo"—
But to my tale—this prologue to it,
Was only requisite for keeping
The tissue clear—we left them sleeping;

IX.

And they were lying side by side;
Little thought Po of harm therefrom,
When she a stranger cat espied—
A fine large tortoise-shell young Tom!
Towards a gutter crawled the gay deceiver,
And him she followed, there we'll leave her.

X.

Hoary with age, all grim and grey,
His beard and whiskers thin and grizzled,
The solitary sleeper lay,
Unconscious that his mate had mizzled,
Dreamt he was watching by a hole
And thought he "smelt a rat"—good soul!

XI.

His dream changed—he was walking out,
Felina far behind him lagging,
When turning suddenly about
He saw Felina's tail a wagging;
And instantly there grew, most horrid!
A brace of horns upon his forehead—

XII.

When, as he slept, a strange wild song
In musical discordance rose—
The winds the varied notes prolong
That broke the slumberer's repose;—
Not Catalani's quav'ring art
Could make a cat so stare and start.

XIII.

I knew not what the wild words were,
Nor what the world those notes might call;
Po seemed to recognize the air,
And thought the tones were guttural,
And turning round, was shocked to see
Felina was an absentee.

XIV.

Then off Po toddled to the spot
Whence those Cataian strains proceeded;
But oh! who ever had the lot
To witness such a sight as he did?
His Kit and stranger cat were squalling
In all the joys of Caterwauling.

XV.

Po saw the stranger was a whacker,
One who would give him scratch for scratch,
And for Felina, to attack her
He knew would be to *meet* his match,
So he determined *to withdraw*
And settle the affair by law!

XVI.

And the young Tortoise-shell at first
Felt from each pore his courage oozing,
And thinking that the storm would burst
In crim. con. honours—little choosing
With a friend's kitten to be hamper'd,
Cock'd up his tail and off he scamper'd!

XVII.

Po for a time look'd blind and blue
Roaming about his lonely gutter,
Cursing his stars, as mortals do,
Was thus in mewings heard to mutter—
Crim. con.! crim. con.! yes, that's
The consequence of marrying cats!!

XVIII.

When next Felina show'd her face
Abroad—all flush'd with her dishonour,
Each cat and kitten in the place
Yelling, fell tooth and nail upon her;
Torn limb from limb, "Curse ye," she cried,
"You're all as bad as I"—and died!

XIX.

Kittens! a fellow puss obey,
Hear what a wise one utters,
And never caterwaul by day
Unless in cover'd gutters!!
And, grey-beard Toms, take this advice,
However fond of roving,
Stick to your trade of munching mice,
And leave off loving.
"Verbum sat"
To any cat.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

"What! aintch you up yet?" were the reverberating sounds on the tympanum of my ear as I very scientifically demonstrated some inclination to respond by a cautious display of half my nose above the bed clothes at half-past four o'clock on one of the coldest mornings I ever experienced in India!

Now the matter of fact was this: the preceding evening I had been "booked under the mahogany" (query, more probably Jack?) of one of the *best* of the *good fellows* "on our side" (whose celebrity in the sporting world has been on record for many a long day, but of whom now, sad to say, nothing, but the remembrance remains), and it had been then and there proposed, seconded, and unanimously agreed to, that the next morning we should proceed "to work" by an adjournment to the village of Soukeir on the banks of Gunga Godavery, where the stud had been forwarded and the necessary preparations made for a series of sporting enjoyments.

After the usual formulæ of jovial parties, I did not find myself in my crib till past 11 that night; —now sportsmen, as well as other characters, require a small portion of that necessary recreation commonly denominated sleep;—no wonder then that after *only* six hours of somniferous enjoyment strong disinclination "to break cover" should be apparent!—however, to cut the matter short, in about a quarter of an hour, armed cap-a-pie in leathers, Jack boots, spears, and with doubled-barrelled

Joes, I found myself in the presence of no less a personage than the renowned "Cader Bux."*

The usual compliments of the morning having been interchanged, the mahout acting as "Master of the ceremonies" with a "Bol! Cader Bux! Bol!" (N.B. response —a shriek which completely puts Morpheus to the rout and myself on the alert) I stepped into the howdah and we were "on the road" as the hour of five was steadily and measuredly doled out at the hands of some *killer* of time? If ever doubt had existed in my own mind previously of the superiority of the conveyance of one's person in the "Southampton independent" or "Nimrod" Coach over that of a "tax cart," none existed at the time I am speaking of of the difference between a *roide* in a "*veelbarrow* down Holborn Hill" and the transportation of a man's body at the rate of four miles an hour in an howdah on an elephant! It needs, therefore, no apology for the want of reasons why when I say great was my delight as the day broke to see the prads ready saddled about a mile in advance. "Prepare to mount! Mount!" were on this occasion performed in quick time.

The advance was sounded and off we went. Armed multitudes covered the plains (a portion of horse extending to our right and left), and from what I had been led to expect nothing short of a kill was anticipated; however, we reached our tents without having had the luck to fall in with a stray sounder trotting home to cover after their night's debauch. Having had an eye to the "victualing office," the bhaees were put in requisition with drag nets, and whilst scouts were detached to the four points of the compass to obtain information of tigers, hogs, and other fry, we proceeded up the river, where a small lake has been formed by the rocks assuming the place of a bund which was said to be full of fish, and part of which is called "Ram Dow." Being of rather a sporting nature, I cannot help here introducing the following narrative regarding Ram Dow, which was given me by a Gosain resident at a small Deewul on the banks of the river in the immediate vicinity. "A Brahmin of the name of Ram, in days of yore when wise men were rather more common than during this degenerate age, having obtained the secret of '*The Philosopher's Stone*,' amused himself by traversing India, building hospitals for the sick, relieving the wants of the needless, erecting cover for the traveller and places of worship for the religious. During his tour he came to the banks of Gunga Godavery, and one morning while in the act of performing his ablutions the secret escaped from its place of deposit on his person and fell into the pool. Intelligence of the event having reached the city of Aurungabad, the reigning prince came out *to question* the late possessor as to *the correctness of the tale!* But Ram, deploring the loss of his treasure, had, a short time previous to his arrival, committed suicide by leaping into the Dow or pool where the gem had so unfortunately preceded him! The Rajah directed immediate measures to be adopted for obtaining the corpse" (perhaps not on such approved principles as the modern Humane Society adopt). "Fathoms of rope were let down, but every attempt to find the body proved fruitless; —as a last resource *all* the elephants' chains" (if one might judge from the emphasis laid on the

* Introduced to the public by "Nimrod" in his letter in April Number.

word *all*, they must have been numerous) "were joined and a further drag commenced. Evening was fast approaching, spirits failing—and all hopes of finding '*Old Ram*' or '*his stone*' fast evaporating, when a shout rent the air, which was audible at the city of Aurungabad" (N.B. upwards of 20 *miles* distant!) "and conveyed to the Rajah the gratifying intelligence that his search had not been unrewarded, for the chains, having apparently come in contact with the gem, '*had all been turned into gold!!!*"

Nothing further exists on record regarding subsequent searches, or if similar success ever attended any other adventurer's exertions, but the tale and name have been handed down to posterity with a positive belief that in "*Ram Dow*" is deposited "*The Philosopher's Stone*"!! GUZERATTEE.

(To be continued.)

COURSING.

"Another number of the Sporting Magazine, and not one word about coursing!" was the exclamation uttered last night by two or three of my brother sportsmen on reading the contents of the forthcoming number in the Courier.

It is truly singular that no lover of this noble sport has yet stepped forward to advocate its cause; for my own part, were I possessed of half the knowledge some few I could mention have, it should not be long ere I endeavoured to raise it from its present humble station in the list of Indian Sports: as it is, I shall do my best, and hope if my readers find me very prosy they will take the will for the deed and not quite hiss me off the stage. I think every one will allow the first thing to be considered is *Breed;* now, it is well known that a thoroughbred English greyhound is nineteen times out of twenty nearly useless. The question then is, what is the best cross between John Bull and a native?

In my opinion, Persians ought to be wholly and entirely excluded. It is true they sometimes run well on a soft plain, but get them in a difficult country with either stones or jungle, and you will soon find their want of pluck prevents their doing the trick in style; besides which, though I have seen many speedy, I never saw a Persian dog run with the same *stoutness* as an Arab, or in other words they have not such good bottom. Another disqualification as stock in the eyes of many breeders is their long shaggy hair on the ears and tail—a point certainly not in keeping with what one would wish a greyhound to be.

The next caste of dog is the Polygar—an animal from which I am inclined to think a splendid breed might be obtained. The great objection I have always heard urged against them is their not being sufficiently well shaped. I admit they are generally not so, but I have seen *some* good ones; and their other disqualifications, in my opinion, very much more than counterbalance this one objection. In the first place, the Polygar is one of the hardiest races of dogs we know, consequently would stand more crossing with English blood; then their courage is unquestionable and their stoutness of running really wonderful—I once saw a brace of bitches (I think *half* Polygar and half English) that had nearly as good speed as any dog I have seen in this country; but I am inclined to think that the second or *third* cross would be

the best. I dare say some will laugh at this, and say that my famous Polygar blood would be nearly extinct in the third generation, but let them try the experiment, and they will soon find a great difference between a dog all English and one with one-eighth native blood in him, be it what it may.

The third and last is the little nimble Arab, in every respect superior. This is the breed most of use amongst us, and I think it is far inferior to what it ought to be; and for this reason, that breeders (I speak generally) seem to suppose *the more English blood they have the better.* Now, if they were more particular in the choice of the Arabs, always selecting not altogether the best looking but the best *running* dogs, and were never to cross with the English blood more than twice, depend upon it they would have stouter dogs than are bred at present. Arabs bred in gentlemen's studs are always the finest dogs, and consequently best adapted to the purpose.

My dear Mr. Editor, I have now finished these my few remarks on *Breed.* If I am correct in what I have stated, I hope they will be of use; if not, I trust some better workman will come forth and put me right, so I shall be the gainer.

If this is deemed worthy of insertion in the book of knowledge, I will continue giving you my ideas of condition, training, &c., &c. Till when believe me

Yours truly,

A Friend to the Long Dogs.

WINE AND WOMAN.

Time: Evening.

Leila, my lady-love, give me the Bowl,
While the songs of our joys from thy bright lips roll,
Roll, let them roll, o'er this heart of mine,
Panting with Love and panting for Wine—
Wine from Paradise, Love from thee—
From thee, a peri, from heaven to me;
Leila, my lady-love, give me the Bowl,
While the songs of our joys from thy bright lips roll.

Leila, my lady-love, touch the lute's string,
Whose chord of Woman and Wine shall ring,
Shall ring the scene of the Cup and Kiss,
When my feast was love and my draught was this—
Was this red wave and my Leila's lip,
A lip and a wave where a saint would sip;
Leila, my lady-love, give me the Bowl,
While the songs of our joys from thy bright lips roll.

Leila, my lady-love, soft as the breeze,
Whisper in melody joys like these;
My Love on my bosom, my bowl on the Board,
In rivalry blushing to be most adored;
For see, at my touch, how the Wine-bubbles rise,
And, Leila,—oh! what say thy antelope eyes?
Oh, Leila! Oh, Leila!—away with the Bowl!
Wine but flies to the head, Woman dives to the soul!

Paulo Ante.

MORNING.

Leila, you sleepy slut, fill the Bowl quick,
Up, up, for I'm parching, and horribly sick—
Horribly sick at this stomach of mine,
Dry as the desert for want of more wine,
Wine which I ought to have drank like a fish,
Instead of—— no matter—although I *do* wish——
But confound you, get up, bring the Bowl, bring it quick,
Can't you dream that I'm dry ? can't you see that I'm sick ?

Leila, you sleepy slut, mind, if you please,
When I next want to take my shirâz at my ease,
I'll thank you to leave me alone to discuss
My Bowl, without fawning and fondling and fuss ;
Yes,—fuss, like last evening, when, always, I swear,
If the wine touch'd my lip, yours was sure to be there !
But, confound you, get up, bring the Bowl, bring it quick,
Can't you dream that I'm dry ? can't you see that I'm sick ?

Leila, you sleepy slut, back to your bed,
The fumes of your chillum are still in your head,
For see how you shake, and you're spilling the liquor !—
Give, give me what's left, I grow sicker and sicker !
Oh——h ! that is refreshing—and now am I sure,
Too much Wine by a Bowl or two more you may cure,
But oh ! too much Woman——Oh ! Leila, be quick—
Get out of my sight, oh ! great Allah, how sick ! !

PAULO POST.

CHASE OF BELGAUM.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

If the following lines from which my friend Tom Campbell borrowed the idea and sentiments of his deservedly admired "Battle of Hohenlinden" meet with your admiration, you will serve the cause of the Belles Lettres by giving them publicity. You will find many points of poetical beauty to admire, but it is not so much on that account I send them as from their being a curiosity in literature which I'm rather surprised D'Israeli. in his late series did not insert.

Yours affectionately,

BRUSH.

Belgaum, June, 1829.

CHASE OF BELGAUM.

Andante con Expressione.

In Belgaum ere the sun arose,
Or grunts had ceased from Dreamer's nose,
Hushed was the world in deep repose
As Watchmen snoring rapidly.
But Belgaum saw another go,
When streaks of light began to show,
And neither drums nor bugles blow,
Sounding most infernally.
By light of candle soon array'd,
Each Huntsman swore he was the blade
Who never yet did feel afraid
To join a sporting company ;

Then rung the hills with tally-hos,
Then scampered steed by dint of blows,
And quick on every side arose
Shouts and Jokes and Devilry.
But louder yet those shouts shall rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies,
When starts the brush before our eyes,
View hollo! yoicks! ho! checrily.

The Chase draws nigh—on, on, ye brave,
Ne'er think your necks or bones to save,
Wave, covies, all your castors wave,
And clash your spurs in bloodily.
Few, few shall meet, tho' many started;
The mud shall cover those departed,
To pledge the cup to all bold-hearted
Who hunt round Belgaum merrily!

A PLEASANT TOUR.

SIR,

Allow me to propose to your Bombay Sporting Readers, through your excellent magazine, a tour that will not only yield them the highest gratification, from the abundance and variety of sport hourly to be enjoyed, but health to the sick, delight to the lover of nature, and lastly, the frail works of man, from the temple to the tomb, the palace to the well, to the inspection of the curious in Indian Architecture.

After a passage of a few days I suppose we land at Cambay, with a gun, dogs, and a couple of horses, spears, &c., complete; here commences our sport. To allow the cattle to recover their jolting, we visit the subterranean cave. I do not purpose to give a description of any place of sport: merely an account of what is to be seen, leaving your readers to feel on the spot the disappointment or pleasure which the scenes they may happen to view or are engaged in call forth.

The country around abounds in all kinds of game: in the neighbourhood of Kaira, an officer, now deceased, shot for a bet 51 and a half brace of snipe, and his sporting book contained many days equally successful. But pass not Kaira without moralizing o'er its gate; what days of sport, what nights of social pleasure have been spent there! where is now the joyous cry of the hounds or the neighing of the impatient courser?

This cantonment, so thoroughly abandoned, so desolate and solitary, cannot fail to fill the passer-by with much melancholy; deserted and roofless houses, the tombs on each side of the highway decaying and soon to be forgotten, the bones of thousands of our men also teach us the useful lesson, how futile are man's hopes, how uncertain his designs, how weak his judgments! Ahmedabad is the next place worthy of notice; there the sportsman will find abundance of hog, duck, deer, snipe, bustard, &c.; the hares appear particularly strong, and give excellent runs over an open and mostly flat clear country. The lover of sights will find great scope for his taste in this ancient city. The kin-caub manufactory, the world, the temples, the Shie Bhag, &c., are well worth visiting, whilst the latter will afford a splendid habitation during his stay. Of this palace

I have heard the following anecdote, but cannot vouch for its truth. One of the Moguls built it as a country residence for his son, then viceroy of Guzerat; the latter, on going to take possession, found that the outer gateway was too small to admit his elephant with all his trappings; this was considered an unlucky omen, and he returned home, never more to enter the palace again.

At Adaliz the splendid well at Kurree, the fort and palace of Mulher Rao; at Oonawa the tomb of Pier Siynd Ali; at Seidpour the remains of a splendid Jain temple, are all worthy of observation. The country between these places is overstocked with game, from "the boar — the mighty boar," to the timorous hare. We next advance to the Deesa Cantonments. I can give no better idea of the country around than by a parody on Lord Byron's—

"Know you the land where the jungle thick growing
Gives promise of sport, the true huntsman's aim;
Where the track of the panther and dark tusky boar
Now startles to chillness, now maddens to fame."

Know you the land of the Bauble and Bier,
Where the fruit never tempts you, the thorns never spare;
Where the mogree, sweet-scented, in solitude yields
Its perfume unsought o'er untenanted fields;
Where the palate unpamper'd's ne'er greeted with fruit,
And the voice of the jackal scarce ever is mute;
Where the grass aromatic high waves in the air,
And the sun ever shining—incessant its glare;
Where the virgins are scarce as the rose on the cheek,
And all, save the huntsman's dear spot, seems a bleak.

We now advance to the land of the lion, the sambur, and the bear. After a fifty mile march, we reach the base of Abboo. In ascending this hill we walk through a wood of bamboo and other trees; beneath is a wide expanse of thick jungle country, with now and then a village and its few cultivated fields; over you hang the dark rocks, and around the jungle-cock is crowing in the ravines, and the bear prowling for his prey. On arriving at the top the lake suddenly bursts upon your view—the few islands—the wooded hills—the rocks—presenting a pleasing scene, and recalling many a loved spot in the wanderings of our youth. Here are splendid temples, which will reward you for the toil and trouble of the ascent—thinly scattered are a few jungle and spur fowl, duck, otters, hares, and now and then a cheeta is seen. We descend the hill to Chundroulee, a large deserted city ruined by earthquakes; here are remains of beautiful marble temples — the wild dog are to be seen in packs, all fat and sleek. We now arrive at Deesa in time to partake of the amusements going forward, such as the races, plays, hunting, matches of cricket, &c., &c., &c. After this we pass through the large towns of Beisnugger, Bejapoor, the cantonments of Hursole, and view the glass manufactories of Kupherwaiye, then arrive in time for the Baroda Races. From Tankaria Bunder a boat lands you safe and sound in Bombay.

You perceive how full of amusement the route I propose is. The

season from October to January is cool and healthy—the jungle daily decreasing, and the rays of the sun so mild as to afford but a pleasant heat during the day—

"Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays."

If I have not taken up too much of your space allow me to point out to "Nimrod" what I consider to have been the origin of throwing instead of poking for the first spear. Guzerat—I speak of my part of it—is a sandy, flat, and mostly clear country, very few holes, nullahs, rocks, &c., to impede the course of a horse. Over such a country, taking the first spear does not show the best rider, but the best horse; and as hogs do not abound as they formerly did, a thrower is considered a more sportsmanlike weapon, from its affording more sport to the field, whilst it requires equal good riding and more dexterity in the use of the spear. A year ago no poker was used here, for the reasons I have above given, but latterly it has come into fashion, principally, I believe, from the trouble attending the picking it up after missing.

Deesa. STIRRUP.

THE POONAH COURSE.

I am, Mr. Editor, an old sojourner in the Deccan, and have occasionally attended the Poonah Races, for I like the sport, though I never keep anything beyond a hunter, and from some little experience on other courses, I do think that Poonah generally sports the best cattle and the best racing on the western side of India, not even excepting the Presidency itself. The course is reckoned very severe, as the last half mile is up-hill, and which all horses running two miles have to mount twice; in addition to this it is very heavy, and on that account I attribute the great success that always attends tolerable horses that leave that course for any other; there is not, I fancy, an instance of horses leaving Poonah that have not kept up or surpassed their former character wherever they may have gone, and we often see horses who cannot at Poonah accomplish the two miles under 4m. 12s., go to Bombay and run in 4m. 6s.; and I must now beg leave to make a few remarks regarding the measurement of *that* course, as I saw with astonishment some time back a paragraph in some paper, as if by authority, that the Poonah Course, as run last season, was about 52 yards short of the mile and half; what wise people ascertained this I know not: the Poonah Course was first made in 1819, and has been measured, I have been given to understand, several times since. From some reason or other, which, I suppose, those concerned can best explain, the course was last year made 20 *yards* shorter than usual, and I am pretty certain wanted *that distance* in the $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile; why or for what purpose those 20 yards were made 52, I cannot fancy; it is very evident that neither horses running on it, or their owners, ever find the distance short, and as I said before, there is no instance of good horses leaving Poonah, that do not

show themselves equally good or better on other courses, always excepting accidents, of course, a decided proof that the distance must be correct.

I write this from an out-station, where we have little in the shape of sport but tiger shooting, and if you find the present letter worthy of insertion, I shall occasionally give you an account of that royal sport of which we have sometimes a good deal, and I prefer all sorts of hunting to racing, and tiger shooting may be reckoned a species of that noble and invigorating recreation.

Your obedient servant,

One as can go it.

Nominabad, 13th May, 1828.

Note.—The above letter came to us some months ago, but we laid it aside after a hasty perusal, deeming it scarcely worth publication. Chance again threw it in our way a few days since, and as part of it appears, on re-perusal, to possess merit, we have thought it as well to give it a place.

FLINTS AND DETONATORS.

Sir,

In your Magazine I have lately read several papers on the comparative merits of flint and percussion guns, and as I have shot with both for several years, I should like to have a finger in the pie as well as your other correspondents, some of whom, in the 19th century, still uphold flint and steel in preference to the short and decisive copper cap.

Of course every man has a right to maintain his opinion, whilst convinced of its rectitude against that of the whole world besides, until the said world bring him indisputable proof that he is wrong; if he still persists, and rejects what is sanctioned and approved by the best judges of its merits, after the fullest proofs of superiority are shown him, I must call him prejudiced. Now, precisely in this case stands the point in question; in England, almost universally, percussion guns are used, though, at their first adoption, strong prejudices existed against them. At the Red House at Battersea, where the best shots and best guns are to be met with, who ever sees a flint show his dingy face amongst the murdering detonators? Such an apparition would be like the ghost of my grandfather's wig at Almack's, and would create as much surprise as the resurrection of old Rip Van Winkle with his rusty musket, after sleeping for 50 years; but this is an American story, so I must look to the credit of my veracity.

The objections generally made to percussions are the following, and I think I can answer them all.

It is or was said they are more liable to burst. Bring any proof, and I shall believe it; the barrels of percussion guns are always made much thicker at the breech than those of flint guns, and I should say were less liable to burst; but buy your gun of a good maker, and you are not liable to be sent out of the world by finding an inch or two of twisted barrel in your forehead, whether you use flint or percussion.

Those who say that percussions do not hit as hard as flints I refer to a statement by that able artist, Nock, from a variety of experiments, which establish the point against them. What I allude to was, I believe, published in one

of the numbers of the English Sporting Magazine for last year. As to the additional jar which some complain of from the report, I would advise them to wear a night-cap under their castor, or stay at home; it is too trifling an object to notice, and as to the caps being too apt to fall off, you may as well say the stock is apt to fly away; bring them of the proper size and let the cock down upon them gently, and they will hold so tight, that you cannot pull them off if you wish it.

I know of no other imputed faults; but let us turn to old flint and steel. In England, whoever uses one of those antiquated tools, except the sportsman of the old school, who would as soon relinquish his ill-omened-looking silver-mounted long-barrelled flint-gun, made in the days of Sir Charles Grandison, as give up his love for roast-beef and hatred for Frenchmen—one of those old coveys who beat a field at the rate of about one mile an hour, carry a double shot-bag, use old hats for wadding, take out slow, heavy-headed waddling pointers, instead of the noble high-bred, silk-haired setter (who crosses the stubble tail on end with a greyhound's speed), and invariably chuckles with delight when he has the good luck to kill a brace of birds at one discharge of his long piece of artillery.

There is one honourable class of Flintites in England whom I must not forget. Those desperate break-of-day boys who sport a shining velveteen shooting coat once a year, and after vainly trying to hit partridges, end by amazing sparrows and astonishing old women every 1st of September, return to their stinking alley in the city at night, doff the knees and gaiters, assume the apron and sleeves of office, and handle tape and ribbon for the rest of their lives.

Have you ever seen a chop-fallen, drenched, and bespattered sportsman returning with an empty bag, and looking as sulky as his disappointed dogs, whose cringing tails and hanging heads speak as plain as dog's language will permit, that they have not ruffled a feather to-day—be sure he used a flint gun. A shower, which his long-flapped coat could not withstand, turned his priming into dough, and after twenty vain attempts to fire it off, and breaking a gold breast pin in picking the dropsical touch-hole, he gives it up in despair, or, if it does go off, it is with a recoil that almost breaks his shoulder, and it is sure to hang fire the rest of the day, while, to mend the matter, he finds several coveys on his way home. Have you ever felt the pleasure of that d——d click-click, but no fire, from the "good ould flint," when your friend with his percussion kills right and left, spite of the rain which does for your sport? Have you ever felt the delightful sensation of having your eyebrows singed off, firing against the wind, or seeing half the contents of your powder-flask blow away, in your vain attempts to prime in a gale of wind; or the pleasure of screwing in a new flint in a frosty morning, and afterwards finding it too long or too short, or perhaps cutting the barrel with a projecting corner? Have you experienced that nervous space which elapses between pulling the trigger and hearing the report on a damp day, when the bird you fire at is in the next field before the scattering shower of lead is despatched after him? All these miseries I have felt, and every man who uses a flint gun must do so more or less. I know but one good point to counter-

balance all this, and that is, you can always light a cheroot from the pan of a flint gun.

I am convinced more people miss from a nervous twitch after pulling the trigger, than from incorrectness of aim; a percussion gun is too quick to allow this feeling to take effect; if the aim is true, success must follow. To a young and nervous sportsman this is everything; and the oldest shot will find its advantage great in snipe, quail, or rabbit shooting, when quickness is a *sine quâ non*. But above everything else, its being completely waterproof, never hanging fire, and hardly ever missing fire, render it in every respect superior to the old principle, with which he is a lucky man indeed who has not reason to curse flints many times during a day's sport. I have perhaps protracted these observations too much, but would be obliged to you if you would insert them if you think them worth it. I shall be happy to pick up a wrinkle from any of your antipercussion correspondents, and where they can set me right I shall own my mistakes, and thank them for their information.

DRAGSMAN.

SORROWS OF A SNOB.

SIR,

Plus aloes quam mellis habet. I dare say you will allow my unfortunate sorrows to find a place in your splendid Magazine. You must know that I am what is called a spoon, or as some people call me, a perpetual griff; my life in consequence is one of misery, and I know not to whom to utter my complaints if you turn a deaf ear to them.

My greatest desire, and the cause of all my uneasiness, is to be considered a thoroughbred sportsman in every kind of sport, but nature, in one of her splenetic moods, has composed me of ingredients of exactly the opposite qualities to that which it is the greatest ambition of my life to be. I will state my griefs in succession, that you or any of your kind readers may be able to apply a remedy to one, if not a relief to the whole.

"Spoon Tom," says a real good one, "come out shooting with me." I do so. Here everything goes wrong: sometimes there is powder and shot without caps, sometimes the powder is wanting, and at others the shot; the lock is lost for want of the screw, and more money is spent in replacing ramrods shot away than would pay three servants; and then sand-larks are shot for snipe, paddy birds for florican, and adjutants for bustard. Fortune, however, in the turning of her wheel, sometimes brings a bit of game to my bag; but the sneaking behind a bush for hours to get a shot on the ground, the running a mile after another, has broken my back and even made me consider my dearest wishes in bagging, as hardly earned. One day a Ghorawalla pointed out a partridge on the ground. I took a steady and what I considered a dead aim, when lo! behold, the bird flew away untouched and I was obliged to give a favourite man his dismissal from dread of his spreading my ill luck over camp. I once waded up to my knees about a tank for two hours after a duck, and at last, *O fortunatus puer!* brought him down and carried him in triumph to the tent, when, judge of my horror and disgust at the peal of laugh-

ter proclaiming it a moor hen; this bird cost me much blood and all the luxuries attending a month's fever.

In hunting, again, I have my horse ripped, and instead of commiseration, "the balm so healing to sorrowful minds," am laughed at. I repeatedly pitch upon my head, but thank God, the ground has been the greatest sufferer as yet. I lose myself in the jungles, and every evil that escaped from Pandora's box seems to haunt me wherever I turn. One day at Purpurra, a waggree showed me a huge boar in a bush. No, no, said I, do you think I would fight so big a brute as that? so walked off in search of a smaller, who really gave better sport; since this day the Boar of Purpurra has been stuffed down my mouth whenever I commenced to brag of my deeds, to which I am very prone. Three brace of dogs have been ruined by my riding over them in coursing, and the top of my thumb was bit off by a fox that I was lugging from his earth.

At cricket, whenever I attempt to handle a bat, grins of delight are seen on every countenance at my awkward attitude, and then the spoons I make and the rum way I try (for I have never succeeded yet) to catch the balls, by which, by-the-by, I have had two of my front teeth knocked down my throat, and my nose gently reclines on one side to this day from the same cause, afford my companions immense pleasure.

I suffered so serious an accident from rackets, by running my head against the wall, that I have given that game up.

As for tiger shooting, I must confess my nerves are too weak: my evil genius once tempted me to engage in this sport, and my heart beats with dread to this day when I think of the appalling horrors of the scene. I saw nothing—I only heard a most awful roar; my rifle went off, and awakening from a swoon I found myself in a tank, covered with mud and dirt, the laughingstock and derision of all. These jeers I pretend to bear with stoical indifference, but how bitterly do I suffer by them in my solitude!

Thus have I attempted to give a sketch of the causes of my failure to reach the highest pinnacle of my ambition, an out-and-outer, and I shall be ever indebted to any who will assist me in this desirable object.

I am, yours obediently,

POLYDORUS SNOB.

N.B.—You will eternally oblige me by letting me know where the breed of dogs, got by a bandicott out of a musk rat, is to be procured. People tell me they are capital for earthing.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

SIR,

In one of your Sporting Magazines you regret that some friend does not send you the accounts of pigeon shooting from that Sporting Station, Poonah. I am sorry to say we are miserably fallen in that capacity now, and I the more regret it, as I was the person who first introduced it there, and have, as far as individual patronage could go, ever since supported it. If the following match, which was shot on the 16th, will be any addition to your pages, you are most welcome.

The match was made for Rs. 500, but by mutual consent made Rs. 300; three of the officers of H. M.'s 6th *versus* three of the

2nd Queen's. The former chose Capt. Murphy, Lieut. Jekyl, Lieut. Brady; the latter Lieut. Cavendish, Lieut. Lyster, Lieut. Stirling.

Murphy	11011110011—8	
Brady	01010110111—7	
Jekyl	00010011010—4	
		19
Cavendish	10101110010—6	
Lyster	01101011111—8	
Stirling	00010000110—3	
		17

The distance 21 yards, at eleven birds each.

We have more matches on the tapis, which, if they take place, and this is considered of importance enough to merit attention, I will forward, to promote a work I consider most valuable.

Yours,
A SUBSCRIBER.

Poonah, July 23rd, 1829.

A WORD TO NIMROD.

SIR,

Perceiving that I am already "booked for one inside" in No. 6, it is requisite that brevity should be the word on the present occasion.

"Nimrod," in page 246 of your Magazine, has written—"I fancy he doesn't mean to say that *was not* the hour in the best days of the Saburmuttee and Wartruck Hunts," &c. In reply I have merely to state that the period to which I alluded, in my letter in No. 4, commenced with January, 1823.

Hog were more plentiful in the preceding years, and I think it very probable that the sportsmen get over their work faster; but whether those were "the best days of the Saburmuttee Hunt" is more than I can take upon myself to assent to, as I did not participate in the sport; however, "*the first* man" of those days is at present in the Deccan, and I trust, if he reads the O. S. M., he will oblige us with a few lines, when at leisure, on the subject of "the *sunrise* work," as well as answer "Nimrod's" second query in page 247 as to "the *origin* of obliging men to throw for the first spear."

Ever since my acquaintance commenced with the members of the "Saburmuttee Hunt," the rule was—"When *in grass*, it was *optional*—throw or prod; in all other situations, throw you must!" And although throwing (in toto) might be customary in a hunt, I do not exactly "*take*" the following remark of Nimrod's: "I always understood the taking the first spear was intended to show the *best rider across a country*, but as the rule alluded to *seems intended to alter this original purpose*," &c. It may appear egotistical in me, but I will merely mention *au contraire*, that the first time "I started" *in Guzerat* "with a merry heel and a lively faith in God's mercy," against four "known ones" of the Saburmuttee and Wartruck, and a regular artist from Melton Mowbray, with a slight sprinkling of "maidens!"—I did my best to get the *first throw*, leaving the *first spear* as a gift to be hoped for from a benignant Providence!—three separate and individual times the attempt was made, at three of the finest hog killed that day;—and, horrible to relate (my blood even now runs cold at the remembrance), each essay was similarly crowned with—my spear being planted quivering in the sand!! "*Nil desperandum*" is my motto, and on this occasion I

consoled myself with a mental repetition of the proverb, "Practice makes perfect!" and ever after kept on my course, nothing daunted, and I can now aver that the proverb is a very true one indeed!

Before taking leave of your correspondent, I have merely to express my hopes of some odd day seeing realized what now I can only picture faintly to my imagination—*Nimrod mounted on a clipper in full chase after a boar.*

I was going at a "killing pace" through No. 5 of the Magazine when I found *myself at fault* in the production of "Stephen."—"Ware Hare," thought I—the stoppage only proved momentary; off again with a steady pull, and by the time I had fairly got through the note by the Editor, I "called off" from this decided "cross scent," and a "cast;" and if hereafter I do not see productions from his pen *of a different caste* to the one here noticed, I shall be confirmed in the opinion I now entertain, that the Critique Extraordinary was never at Malligaum till it found its way there by post neatly printed in the O. S. M. ! ! !

N.B.—*Tigers* and *Hogs* in abundance in the vicinity of Malligaum ! !

Yours obediently,
GUZERATTEE.

July 25th, 1829.

LATEST FOX HUNTING INTELLIGENCE FROM AHMEDNUGGUR.

The season commenced on the 3rd of June, when a fine fox was turned out near the village of Sarvadi, on the opposite bank of the river, and took along it as far as Wurgaum, above which village he crossed, making straight away in the direction of Schendi. When well on for that village took a turn to the right and passed the Aqueduct earths on the Happy Valley road within a few yards. Spurning the safety they offered, he took again away over the plains for the tank at the Coperwarree hamlet, and was viewed crossing the Brush hills. Here he was closely waited on by the gallant little pack, which, although the first day of the season, were not to be denied, and after a short brush in the plain on the opposite side of the hills, he was viewed and almost instantly killed. There was scarce a check throughout the run, which lasted upwards of 45 minutes.

June 5th.—Met at the same place, went away across the plains for Hingungaum, when, after a short and severe burst, the fox was headed, and came back straight for Wurgaum, within a few yards of which place he was viewed and run into—time 30 minutes.

8th.—Met near the Bhesht Bagh, the morning muggy and scent bad; went away slowly, and after an unsatisfactory run the fox took ground at Nimbluk.

10th.—Turned out a fine jackal at the flower garden, which, after running a few hundred yards, stopped short in a nullah, in which the pack came on him. Jumping up in the midst of them, he was killed before it was possible to whip off.

12th.—Met at the same place, had a sharp burst to the Nepti hills, where the scent suddenly failed, and was never recovered.

14th.—Fox mangy—no sport.

16th.—Met at the Shepherd's bush at four in the afternoon, and

after a sharp and beautiful burst of 23 minutes, killed near the Brush hills.

18th.—Met on the opposite bank of the river, at four p.m., scent bad, and after much cold hunting, ran to earth at the Bhesht Bagh.

19th.—Threw off at the Shepherd's bush at four p.m., ground extremely deep, and scent strong; went away towards Brush hill, when, after running some time in that direction, Reynard took away to the left, and after thirty-five minutes' hard running went to earth in the aqueduct near Schendi.

24th.—Met at the flower garden—turned out a very fine fox, who went away for Keirgaum, and thence straight for the hills, at the foot of which he turned to the left, crossed the Seroo road, and away over the hills, passing close to the earths; took again to the plain, where we came to a check for a few minutes, hit the scent off near Arungaum, passing the village on the left, when "Puggy" took a sudden turn for the river, keeping a straight course till within a very short distance of Boorudgaum, when he turned again to the left, and was viewed for the first time after one hour's hard running on the edge of a sugar cane, adjoining the field of Keirgaum, apparently dead beaten. Here the scent suddenly failed, and was never again touched.

28th.—Met at Keirgaum, went off for Nepti to nearly the foot of the hills, when turning to the right, rattled along at best pace for the nullah, which we crossed, and away for Hingingaum, where Reynard was viewed within a short distance of the grass lands. The pack had here no chance, and the fox was soon clear away in the direction back for the Nepti, near which place he was again viewed running down for the enclosures, but again had the foot of the pack. Without stopping a moment in the difficult ground near the village, he put his head once more for Keirgaum, and had done more than half the distance when he was viewed for the third time, and after a sharp gallop in front of the pack, was run into and killed—time within a few minutes of one hour.

A few days after this last run, we regret to say the distemper made its appearance in the kennel, and not only put an immediate stop to further hunting, but committed dreadful ravages with old and young, carrying off the whole of the puppies, and several old dogs, amongst which number were one and a half couples of half-bred southern hounds, the flower of the pack.

ENGLISH SPORTING.

PUGILISM.

Hoax on the Fancy.

Some months since Simon Byrne, the Irish Champion, though under Scotch auspices, challenged Jem Ward, the *soi-disant* Champion of England. Byrne beat Manning of Manchester, at Dunboyne, within ten miles of Dublin, on the 10th of February, 1826; and on the 3rd of May, 1827, he fought M'Kay, the Scotch Champion, near Glasgow, who twice beat Paul Spencer. In this battle M'Kay's second took him out of the ring, under pretence that Byrne had gone down unfairly; but the umpires decided otherwise,

and the battle-money was given to Byrne. He next fought Bob Avery, of the Bristol School, within a few miles of Glasgow, and beat him in thirty-five minutes. These conquests gave him pretensions to cope with the allowedly most scientific boxer of the day, and he gave the present challenge accordingly. After much litigation as to fighting on a stage or the sod, a match was made between these *big ones*, but not till Byrne had, from Ward's subterfuges, as he called them, publicly stigmatized Jem *as a coward*, and had conformed to all his desires, as to place of fighting, a roped ring, &c., &c. Deposits to the amount of £50 were made on both sides. Owing, however, to some accident, Simon's backers (some liberal members of the Fancy at Greenock) did not appear, by agent or otherwise, to *post the pony* for the succeeding deposit, and Jem *sacked the blunt*, stating that "he *would not have done so in any other case;* but the word *coward* stuck in his gizzard, and he would punish Simon—*first* by touching his (backers) pocket, and, if the match should ever be renewed, *secondly*, by *serving him out* in double quick time." Byrne made many appeals to save the forfeited stakes; but finding his epistolary persuasions useless, he boldly challenged him again—not having lost the confidence of his supporters—and the match was made £100 a side, to come off on the 10th of March. During the period of training the greatest interest was excited; and when Simon took a benefit at the Tennis Court on the 4th of March, that the London Fancy might have ocular demonstrations of his pretensions, Jem was backed freely at two to one—not that there was any doubt of Byrne's capabilities as a *commoner*, but he was not considered so muscular nor so well moulded, neither did he show the science of the *London Particular*.

Leicester cricket-ground, in consideration of £50 to be given to the men, was fixed on for the scene of action, and Northampton, Sheffield, Manchester, Birmingham, and Nottingham poured in their thousands, and even Edinburgh and Glasgow produced a fair quota, to witness the combat. Ward, accompanied by Peter Crawley and Harry Holt, entered the town on Tuesday morning in a carriage and four; where Byrne, attended by Tom Spring and his *pal* Tom Reynolds had already arrived. The ring was formed in the centre of the cricket ground, which, being surrounded by brick walls, it was agreed that none but persons on foot should be admitted, and that on tipping 3s. each —the receipts to be appropriated in part of the contemplated reward to the combatants for going to Leicester. The waggons, introduced the evening before to form an outer circle to the ring, were filled at 5s. per head, some of them occupied by Scarletites from Melton, who had on this occasion abandoned the Chase for the Ring, their costume giving a truly sporting character to the assemblage. All was in readiness, all on the tiptoe of expectation; when a *wet blanket* was thrown upon all their hopes by the announcement that the *veto* of a Magistrate forbade the fight to take place within the precincts of the borough. All was confusion worse confounded, and Thissleton Gap, 22 miles distant, was named as the place of meeting. Disappointment was on every countenance, till it was found that the warrants issued to prevent the fight did not extend beyond the town, and it was understood that no interference would be offered in the country. To Wimblestone,

two miles distant, the crowd proceeded in one dense mass, where a ring was soon formed, and everything ready for action. But who can describe the consternation that followed, when it was announced that *Ward did not intend to fight!* He *said* he was ill, and not fit to fight for *tuppence*, whilst Crawley insinuated *he dared not win it!* Byrne then threw his Scotch cap in the ring, and claimed the battle-money, which he received the following Thursday at Tom Spring's, the Castle, in Holborn.

A benefit, jointly for Crawley and Ward, had been previously announced, at the Tennis Court, to take place on the Thursday after the battle; on which occasion Ward had ostentatiously proclaimed his intention to set-to, *if he won*, invested with the *Champion's belt*, given to him by Harry Holt. It is, perhaps, needless to say that, although he attended the Court, he was too much ashamed to meet the indignant glances of the supporters of the science; he very soon bolted; neither was he present on the giving up the battle-money in the evening. He had promised Crawley that he would explain everything; but no confession was forthcoming. It was, indeed, hinted that he had given a private explanation of the mystery, by which he stated that "he was offered £250 down, and a second sum to the same amount *if he lost*, with an intimation at the same time, that, unless he did so, certain parties with whom he was acquainted, and who placed their confidence in him, would be completely ruined, as they had sent to Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and elsewhere, to take the odds against him. To this proposition he determined not to agree, because he would not rob those gentlemen by whom he had been so liberally patronized. Between the two difficulties, therefore, he had preferred not fighting at all."—We make no comment on the occasion—it is sufficient for us to add, his backers have withdrawn all countenance and support from him. They pledge themselves never to back him for a single farthing, and publicly declare their belief that he is unworthy the confidence of any honourable gentleman.

The Fair Play Club have it also in contemplation to strike his name out of the list of subscribers, and to refuse him their ropes and stakes on any future occasion. Ward considers he has given no offence to the Club, and that he has "explained sufficient under all circumstances," of which, he says, "he must be allowed to be the best judge." He has since expressed his desire "to give Mr. Simon Byrne the chance of another meeting; and if he refuses, he is open to fight any man, let him come from where he may, for £100 or £200 a side."

NEAL AND YOUNG DUTCH SAM.

The match between these men excited greater interest in the sporting circles than any which has occurred since the days of the *Nonpareil*, poor Jack Randall: for though the fight between the *Oxford Jewel* (Perkins) and the *Pet of the Fancy* (Dick Curtis), as light weights, showed the science of the art in perfection, more was expected from the son of the *Israelite Phenomenon*, who stood very high in the estimation of all admirers of the pugilistic art, and had never yet been conquered. The *Streatham Youth*, his brave antagonist, had only once found his master, and that in a second encounter with *Whitcheaded Bob*, whom he had previously beaten. The friends and supporters of the

two were anxious for them to come together in the ring; but it was deemed impracticable, as Ned's weight and known stamina and game were considered to overbalance Sam's scientific attainments. However, it was at length brought about, Ned agreeing to reduce himself to 11st. 10lbs., and Sam to be confined to 11st.—all the money deposited to be forfeited if either, on going to scale, exceeded the stipulated standard. Neal's *usual fighting* weight is 12st. 4lbs.; but anxious not to lose the stakes without a trial, he greatly overdid the mark, and entered the ring at 11st. 4lbs. The battle-money was £100 a side, and Ludlow fixed upon as the scene of action, £50 being guaranteed to each of the men by the Salopians to secure their attendance. The fight took place on the 10th of April in the park of E. Lechmere Charlton, Esq., and a few minutes before one both entered the ring, loudly cheered by the assembled multitude—Sam attended by Phil Samson and Dick Curtis, and Ned by Tom Spring and Harry Holt. Betting seven to four in favour of Neal; it had previously been higher. We give the first seven rounds, as they were characteristic of nearly all the rest:—

1. On coming to the scratch, the frames of the men were open to general criticism. Sam was admirably proportioned, and had a decided advantage in height and length of arm over his opponent. His muscles, too, were well developed, and a finer looking fellow of his weight, age, and inches never entered the ring. Neal also looked well, and his broad shoulders and muscular arms betokened strength and vigour; but taking him downwards from the waist, he was much thinner than he last appeared in the ring. Each threw his arms well up, ready for attack or defence—mutual feints were made for an opening, but both were on the alert. Sam poised himself on his left foot ready for a shoot, and kept working for mischief, but Ned stood well to his guard. At last Sam broke ground, and planted his left slightly; Ned was with him right and left, and rushed to a close; Sam stepped a little and jobbed him right and left as he came in; Ned grappled for the throw, when Sam caught him round the neck and fibbed with great quickness; Ned stopped this game by seizing his arm, and endeavouring to get his favourite lock, and give him a cross buttock; but Sam was too much on the *qui vive*, kept his legs well away, and at last both went down at the ropes, Ned under, amidst loud shouts from the Samuelites.

2. Again did each manœuvre for an opening, and showed their readiness at defence by throwing up their guards when assault was offered; at length Ned rushed in and planted his right on Sam's head; Sam returned as quick as lightning, when Ned rushed to the close, and another trial for the fall took place, during which Sam fibbed slightly, and at last got Ned down. More shouts from Sam's friends.

3. Sam, elate, dodged on his left leg three or four times, and tried to pop in his left, but was prettily stopped. Ned broke away. Both sparred cautiously. Good stopping, right and left, by both men. Ned, now finding nothing was to be done at long bowls, rushed in, planted one of his right-handed slashers on Sam's left cheek, and then boring Sam to the ropes, shoved him across them, chopping with his fist as he lay; and this he continued till

Sam fell on the ground, amidst cries of "foul!" and "fair!" but no exception was taken by the umpires.

4. Sam came up rather flushed in the *phisog* and looked serious. Ned's friends were now on the shout. Sam, steady, tried again for his favourite plunge with his left; but Ned stopped him in good style, and then, rushing in, knocked Sam down with a left-handed hit on his "bird call." First knocked-down blow — renewed cheers for Ned—a cry of "first blood;" but none was forthcoming from Sam's dominoes, although pointed at.

5. Ned again bored in and planted a blow on Sam's mouth, but had it beautifully right and left in return. Ned now closed, and tried once more for the fall. Sam, ready, fibbed prettily, and in the end Ned, finding it would not do, slipped down.

6. Both their *mugs* flushed from hitting, and both looking serious. Ned stopped Sam's left, when Sam tried right and left in succession, both hitting away in a beautiful rally, and each receiving pepper, but the balance against Ned. Sam gave the upper cut as Ned got away. After a pause, both again fought to a rally, in which the nobbing was heavy. In the close, Sam hit up, and Ned got down.

7. Little time was lost in going to work, and a beautiful rally was fought, in which hit followed hit in rapid succession. Sam's blows were delivered with most precision, and Ned's right ogle began to swell, while *first blood* was visible on his nose. Sam looked wild, and a swelling on his temples showed that Ned's operations had not been without effect. Sam's upper cuts in this round were excellent, and Ned went down weak—he had clearly reduced his ordinary strength, and was altogether out in his wrestling calculations, as Sam was too quick and firm on his pins.

From this period it was evident that Ned had to cope with an antagonist as strong as himself, much younger, and certainly superior in tactics—Sam taking the lead in the hitting, and Ned baffled in every manœuvre to accomplish his terrific throws. In the 71st round, Ned's exertions seemed to be exhausting Sam, and, although every care was taken of him by his seconds, he got rather groggy; and at this point it was remarked that chance might yet turn the scale in Ned's favour. Sam, however, rallied himself, and though apparently weak when on his second's knee, on being placed at the scratch resumed his self-command, met his man bravely, and planted several severe hits. To the last, Ned stopped well; but in the 78th round received a finishing jobbing hit with the right on his left eye, and fell in a state of stupefaction. Every effort was made to restore him, but in vain, and when "time" was called, Sam was pronounced the victor, amidst the most triumphant shouts. Ned was totally blind, and in such a state as to demand the immediate attention of a surgeon, by whom he was conducted back in his carriage to Ludlow. Sam was enabled to walk to his carriage, but his punishment was heavy on the left side of his head. There were scarcely any body blows during the fight, which lasted one hour and forty-one minutes.

A more gallant encounter was never witnessed. Ned stood it like bricks and mortar, and would not say "nay" till Nature forsook him. It had been said Sam wanted pluck, and this certainly lessened the confidence of his

friends; but the event proved the accusation to be groundless, and those who entertained such an opinion were most agreeably disappointed. He not only proved himself a quicker and more scientific fighter than Ned, but showed that he was equally possessed of courageous qualities. When before his man he was ready at all points, and by the quickness with which he took advantage of every opening, showed that he was perfectly cool and collected, and, even when most punished, would not throw a chance away. In fact, of his weight, there is little doubt that not a man in the country can cope with him; and by his victory over Neal he has ranked himself deservedly high in the list of pugilists of the age, while he has proved himself a true "chip of the old block." Too much cannot be said in favour of Neal's bravery and honest perseverance. It was clear, from the very first round, that the reduction of his weight, and especially so much below the necessary standard, had reduced his strength; and that in those closes which with Cannon, Baldwin, Jem Burn, and Nicholls, were so effective, with Sam they were of no avail. In fact, in Sam he found a man as powerful as himself; and the only chance which was left him to save his honour and his friends' money was, by endeavouring to take advantage of that chapter of accidents, which, in the course of a protracted fight, are often found to produce a fatal change, where victory seems most inclined to rest. Neal fought only to win; and must console himself at his defeat, by the consciousness of doing all that man could do for himself and friends. It was admitted on all hands that a better fight had not been witnessed for many years; and that, if such battles are but repeated, the Fancy will soon wipe out the stains by which their sports have recently been tarnished.

Hunting.

Brighton, April 13th.

On Thursday last the East Sussex foxhounds met at Perching, with good hunting weather, and a cheerful field, including Sir Robert Wilmott, Sir R. Falkiner, Major and Mrs. Russell, the Hon. C. Craven, &c. A sturdy dog fox was at length unkennelled in a gorse patch, near Edburton, which broke cover in capital style, and the view holloo rent the welkin. Reynard was the reverse of a sluggard; his speed presently put horses and dogs to their mettle, but the scent was breasthigh and his brush in danger from the onslaught. The chase was rapid and fearlessly pursued for five-and-forty minutes, Poynings Hill being mounted as on "the wings of the wind;" scudding to the right, not a moment was lost by the fox; to shift or alter his pace was suddenly to perish; he continued it therefore to Newtimber Holt, where he was fairly run down and brushed. At the commencement of the struggle the huntsman was thrown out; he was looking for Reynard at the west of the gorse, when he broke away eastward, and neither whip nor spur could bring him again well up with the field until Tally-ho had proclaimed the victory. The costume of the sportsmen had more of green and mixed colours on this occasion than previously, perhaps, throughout the season—the scarlet liveries having been abandoned by some, it is said, because there were others who encased themselves in it without the expected qualification A

scarlet coat is regarded in the field as the symbol of intrepidity; and he who sports it, in its true character, must be prepared to leap at a ditch scarcely practicable, no matter however deep or dangerous; dash over or through a hedge without waiting to inquire what may be on the other side of it; and fly above a five-bar gate, or a seven-feet wall, without an apparent thought of accident or untoward consequences. Let the timid, therefore, who put on scarlet reflect upon this, and show a garb more promising of safety, if they would hope to escape derisive notice, and figure away in a whole skin. Scarlet and dauntless spirits should be inseparable—"who's afraid?" The meeting at Withdean, with the above pack on Saturday, was a brilliant one; not less than a hundred well-mounted sportsmen were there, and again the display of scarlet was limited. The diversion of this day was of a varying nature, but not unamusing. A descendant of the brush tribe having been unkennelled in the furze, broke in a direct line for Stanmer Park and entered it, with the scent high, followed "by all whom it concerned." In the Park, however, by one of those incidents which will sometimes occur, the fox found a substitute, and the unexpected intruder, a member however of the same family, became the object of pursuit; and which, breaking from the enclosures, took down the hill to Middleton, but was headed, turned back, and, being assisted by a scared hare which crossed the line of action, producing a sort of schism in the pack, escaped; and, probably, by the concealed windings in and about the underwood, rejoined his previously relieved companion in the Park. There leaving him in fortuitous security, a third fox was successfully brought into play from the gorse at Patcham, which took Pangdean Holt and Clayton Holt to Clayton Wood, where being headed, the rising ground became the selected route. At this juncture a seasonable discovery was made, and another victim, by circumstances, snatched from jeopardy; "*a vixen, a vixen,*" was proclaimed, and echoed through the field; and dictates of forbearance were attended to, the dogs whipped off, and thus ended the sports of the day.

Lord Yarborough's hounds meet on Tuesday, at Cabourn; Wednesday, at Fox Dales; and Friday, at Newsham Lodge.—*Life in London.*

SHOOTING.

As a proof of the lateness of the spring, and the prevalence of the strong easterly winds, a sporting gentleman of Glasgow states that, during the last fortnight, 21 woodcocks have been killed in the woods of Mr. Wallace, of Kelly. These birds seem in fine condition although evidently on the *qui vive* for their homeward fight, being very wary, and not to be shot at after the first rise. The last were killed upon the 11th, making out a full eight months' shooting season, from August 12th to the same day of April.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

On Wednesday, Mr. Talbot and Mr. Fergusson fired a match of 30 pigeons each, 21 yards from the trap, for £20 a side; at the beginning of the match Mr. Fergusson was the favourite at seven to two; he killed his first seven birds, and his opponent only killed three; the odds were then freely laid at two to one, but there were very few takers. At the

twelfth shot Mr. Talbot was even, and at the seventeenth shot he was three ahead; at the twentieth shot they were even; they then each killed their seven following shots, and Mr. Talbot eventually won the match by one bird. They shot with double guns, and used both barrels.—*Life in London.*

ARCHERY.

The Royal Company of Archers, King's Body Guard, shot for the Silver Bugle Horn, given by the Royal Company, in Hope Park, Edinburgh, on Saturday se'nnight, at 100 yards' distance, which was gained by John Maxton, Esq., wine merchant, Leith.—*Life in London.*

EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

We have in this town a most extraordinary lover of the chase, a tailor by trade, of the name of Hastings, who reverses the old and degrading axiom that *nine tailors make a man.* If he is not a *flint*, I am sure he is no *dung;* and you may search England through, and fail in finding so gallant a varmint at his favourite sport. He is considered an industrious and good workman out of the hunting season; but his strong predilection for the chase prevents a thought of the shop board from November till the "stinking violets" put an end to the sport. He is a great favourite with Colonel Berkeley (who hunts both here and at Berkeley), and appears in the field attired in a fustian jacket and trousers, with high shoes (found him by the Colonel), and usually carries a short stick in his hand, which he flourishes briskly as if in the act of *following his vocation.* He is at the kennel every morning very early, starts with the hounds to covert, never missing a single one, let the distance be what it will; and, what is more surprising, he is generally in at the death; and, though such an event very often occurs a great many miles from kennel, he is home nine times out of ten before the hounds, and very often before any of the well-mounted sportsmen. His pace is considered to be generally about eight or ten miles an hour, which he keeps at for many hours together, and without stopping an instant (that is, unless necessary). His wonderful and most unexpected appearance at the death or termination of the chase, is supposed to be the result of his unequalled speed and stamina, joined to a perfect knowledge of all the country. He is also supposed to possess a perfect knowledge of fox-hunting, equal, in fact, to any huntsman in the kingdom. He has been known to sit up, after very hard days, all night drinking; and has on many of these occasions disposed of a bottle of brandy without seeming to be affected thereby, and be at his post (the kennel) before any of Colonel Berkeley's grooms. On one occasion the hounds, after a very long run, were obliged to be called off, eighteen miles from home, at seven o'clock in the evening, when one of the sportsmen (Mr. Conway Lovesey) came up to Hastings and joked him about how he (Hastings) would get home, remarking that he must, of course, be very much fatigued, for many of the horses were knocked up, though his was not. Hastings replied, "I be'nt the least tired, sir; and you mind that I be'nt home at Cock's Horn House (Mr. Lovesey's) before you." Mr. L. left him, not supposing it would be the case; but

when he did arrive there he found Hastings seated in his kitchen making a hearty meal, having been there, at the moment that Mr. L. came in, exactly twenty minutes previously. On another occasion the hounds threw off nearly twenty miles from kennel, having tried blank many coverts; they had an excellent run, and killed their fox at very nearly thirty miles from home; but Hastings soon came up. Colonel Berkeley ordered him to be furnished with his spare horse, upon which Hastings got with reluctance, to enable him to get home; but the tailor was out of his element; and, after riding little more than a quarter of a mile, said "he'd be d——d if he'd ride any more." Down he got, and came into Cheltenham with the hounds on foot; afterwards declaring "that riding that there bit tired him more than all the running." Old Monsal, who managed the earth-stoppers in this country, died a short time ago; the situation (a lucrative one) was offered to Hastings, but he refused it, saying, "he could not mind that and hunt too." In short, his devotion to the chase has no parallel, and, had he "the means and appliances to boot," he would shine a brilliant star in the Meltonian hemisphere.—I should add, the season closed here on the 9th; and upon the whole the sport has been very good, as a proof of which nearly eighty foxes have been killed in the course of the season. The gentlemen who have been in the habit of hunting with Colonel Berkeley, who are not Members of the Berkeley Hunt Club, gave a superb dinner to their leader on the 13th.—*Life in London.*

Cure for Ticks in Dogs.

Sir,—In answer to your Correspondent Icenus, who wishes to know by what means ticks can be destroyed when they have once established themselves on the skins of dogs, I can assure him of a very simple and certain remedy, namely, by rubbing the dogs with sweet oil. Let him do this, and in less than twenty-four hours he'll find few *living* ticks. A second application will even dislodge them from between the toes. He will at once perceive when the oil has taken effect, as the ticks turn black and lank. As the oil is chilling, it is better (if applied in winter) to keep the dogs in a warm kennel, but without straw, for a few hours, lest they rub the oil off before it has taken effect on the ticks.—I am, Sir, &c., J. B. J.—*January* 28, 1829.

From the English Sporting Magazine.

Sir,—I beg to offer an answer to your correspondent's letter signed Icenus, in your Number for January. I hope Dashwood will excuse a young sportsman answering what he is more particularly called upon to reply to: and if the unqualified approbation of one who has for a few years invariably followed the plan recommended by Dashwood as to the kind of food which ought to be given to hounds, and the advantages of giving it cold, be of the least satisfaction to him, he has mine most cordially. The receipt I would offer for ticks in dogs is simply this: take any quantity of cold water, and keep adding to it small quantities of the oil of vitriol till you can fairly bear it on your tongue; then wash the dog all over with it, taking care that none get into his eyes. One dressing I have always found

sufficient, and I have frequently tried it both on pointers and puppies. I would also observe, that I always found it much more difficult to get rid of ticks from kennels, and places where the dogs may have laid, than from the dogs themselves—and without doing one it is scarcely of any use being able to accomplish the other. Until I washed the places with the above, which effectually removed them, I never could discover any remedy. Let me, however, add, lest, from what has been said above, some of your readers may suppose that ticks have been inhabitants of my kennel, that I never saw a tick on any hound once entered, or in the kennel itself: a man must be but ill-qualified to manage a kennel where such vermin are to be seen. —A SUBSCRIBER.

WRESTLING MATCH BETWEEN WM. ARCHER AND PHILIP PYLE, FOR £20.

This match took place on Monday. In appearance, Archer exhibited no superiority over his veteran antagonist, except his youth; but, when they grappled, his strength was evidently superior. Pyle, who has always been considered a heavy kicker, commenced with some severe visitations to the padded shins of his antagonist, who, nothing loth, repaid him in his own coin, and apparently had the best of it, as Pyle appeared to be the first to fight shy. After playing twenty-five minutes, Archer took the inner crook with his left leg; and although Pyle put every manœuvre in execution to slip it, he could not, nor could he prevent himself from receiving as fair a back fall as was ever, perhaps, witnessed in the London Ring.

When the second bout commenced, Archer made almost immediate play, and again locked Pyle's right leg; but the latter disengaged himself very adroitly, and threw Archer a foil, which was much applauded. Archer got a little more on his mettle after this, and went to work desperately; but Pyle's coolness did not for a moment forsake him, and, although it was now quite evident, even to himself, that he was overmatched, yet the manner in which he continued to save his back, when repeatedly floored with the toe, was the admiration of the ring. Once only did Pyle attempt to lead, but it was no go; and the only hope of his friends was that he might tire the young one; but this hope was futile, and at the expiration of three-quarters of an hour, after doing all that man could to protract the struggle, and get half a chance, Pyle was again thrown, by the same lock, a second indisputable back fall, and lost the match. Archer played without a shoe on the right foot, and the manner in which Pyle kept out prevented any extraordinary display of tactics. He is, however, a first-rate player, and the amateurs present appeared highly satisfied with the match.—*Life in London.*

GRAND TROTTING MATCH FOR 400 SOVEREIGNS. — UNPARALLELED PERFORMANCE.

The long-talked-of trotting match between Rattler, the American horse, and Miss Turner, the Welsh mare, was decided yesterday, over ten miles of ground, between Cambridge and Godmanchester, commencing at the second milestone from Cambridge, and terminating at the twelfth. This was the first occasion on which the merits

of Rattler had been brought into action in this country, although he had won all his matches in America. The fame of Tom Thumb, his brother traveller from New York, who recently trotted 100 miles in a little more than ten hours, had placed Rattler so high in the scale of excellence, however, that few persons could be found to bet against him, and consequently the match produced but little speculation. By the articles, it was stipulated that the mare should have a minute's start, which, upon calculation, was estimated at about six hundred yards in distance. Both Rattler and Tom Thumb were at Six-mile Bottom, near Newmarket, from Sunday last. The former, after the match was made, was attacked by a severe cold, but by due attention this was got over, and during the last week he was considered in good working order, although far from that high state of condition which two or three weeks, further training would have effected. Miss Turner had been in training at Smitham-bottom, Surrey, for two months, and was completely up to the mark. Both were in Cambridge on Friday—Rattler at the Greyhound, and Miss Turner at the Eagle and Child—and the Newmarket Meeting having closed, several of the Turfites came over to witness the match. A meeting between the proprietors of each horse took place at the Hoop, in Cambridge, on Friday evening, when the time, place of trotting, and some other necessary preliminaries, were adjusted; but betting was still shy, and two to one on Rattler would be accepted only to a very trifling amount. Some small bets were made on time, the American being backed to do the ten miles in thirty-two minutes.

Twelve o'clock being the time appointed for starting, long previous to that hour groups of horsemen were seen approaching the scene of action, and the whole line of road to the twelfth mile-stone was more or less thronged. Shortly before twelve both the animals and their proprietors were at the starting stone. Rattler was ridden by Wm. Haggerty, the American groom, dressed in a light flannel jacket, blue silk cap, olive-green velveteen trowsers, and boots without spurs, and a small whip in his hand; his stirrups were wrapped round with list to prevent his feet from slipping; he rode with a common snaffle bit and martingale. The mare was ridden by little Davy, in a jockey silk cap and jacket, boots and spurs. According to the terms of the match, the American groom was to weigh ten stone, while the mare was not confined to weight, and little Davy, saddle and all, did not weigh more than seven stone. The colour of the horse was a dark bay, and the mare a chestnut; both were about the same size, fifteen hands two inches, and in age we believe they were pretty much upon a par —between eight and nine years. The coat of the American was rough, while that of the mare was sleek, and indicative of fine training. Previous to the start, the American was trotted up and down several times; and at last the groom, whose appearance was anything but of the dandy cut, exclaimed to his master that he was fully ready for his jump; and, indeed, the fire and vigour which the animal displayed confirmed this assertion. The mare was also full of spirit and activity, and excited general admiration. The umpires were now chosen—Mr. Morton, jun., of Epsom, for the proprietor of the American, and Mr. Angles, for the proprietor of the mare. The former, of course, rode with the mare, and the latter

with the horse, with the understanding, according to the terms of the articles, that should either break from the trot into a gallop, he or she should be turned round, according to the usual laws of trotting. Independent of the umpires, Mr. Harry England rode with the horse, and a Mr. Burton rode with the mare, as watchers, and each of these gentlemen wore white flannel jackets, to distinguish them from the host of other horsemen who followed. Shortly after twelve, all being in readiness, the road was cleared, and at a given signal the mare was started at a spanking pace of at least twenty miles an hour. A clear minute having elapsed, Rattler, who was all activity and impatience, as if perfectly conscious of the struggle he was about to be engaged in, was then let go, and almost instantaneously laid himself down to his work with extraordinary speed. It was soon seen that he was gaining on the mare, and he was urged, we think rather unwisely, to increase his pace and improve his advantage. Both soon broke out in a profuse perspiration, and by the conclusion of the third mile, Rattler was fast closing on the mare, and in about half a mile further he was alongside of her. The mare was now urged to increased swiftness, and in consequence broke, and was turned twice. This accident gave Rattler, who kept on steady to his work, an additional advantage, and by the fourth mile he headed her in grand style. Still the mare proceeded with unabated vigour, while Rattler continued to stretch further ahead. Shortly before she reached the fifth mile, the mare again broke twice and was turned, while Rattler, on passing the fifth mile stone, was full sixty yards in advance, and his proprietor, as well as Harry England, called to the groom to keep steady—an order which he obeyed, and kept pulling the horse with all his strength. Both horse and man were now in a complete bath of sweat; and in the course of the sixth mile, in which there was a slight descent, the mare broke, and was turned no less than four times—a circumstance, in our opinion, attributable to one of her friends riding too close to her quarters, and urging her to increased exertion. In passing through the village of Fenny Stanton, the horse was full two hundred yards in front, when a sharp trotter was laid alongside of him, and produced such a degree of irritation that it required all the physical strength of the groom to hold him in so as to prevent his breaking. The interference and remonstrance of Harry England at last prevented the continuance of this unfair conduct; but the effect of it was, that the mare, who had been going in admirable style, although she broke four times afterwards, was fast gaining on the horse, and had approached within ninety yards of him at the commencement of the ninth mile. From the short distance which was yet to be completed, and from the difficulty of checking the progress of the horse, it was now clear the mare had not a chance, and, in fact, at the close of the tenth mile the horse was full sixty yards in front, having completed the distance in *thirty minutes and forty seconds!* a feat unparalleled in the history of horse-flesh in this country. The time of the mare was thirty-one minutes, forty-two seconds, and, making allowance for turning, the credit due to her was scarcely inferior to the horse. In speed, the latter, however, had a decided advantage; and we have no hesitation in saying that,

had he been in better trim, or had he been urged, certainly without occasion, to greater exertion, that he would have done his work in much shorter time. Giving to Rattler all due praise—and he certainly must be pronounced a phenomenon—we must still say that the mare has proved herself the fastest trotter which has yet been bred in this country; and as a brood mare, for which her master intends her, must be highly valuable. On being pulled up, both were somewhat distressed; and we need not say, that the horses of the umpires and followers which were kept at the top of their galloping speed the whole distance, were not a little blown at the conclusion of their labours. The horse and mare were then walked gently back to Fenny Stanton, a distance of two miles and a half, where the American groom dismounted, and went to scale; his weight being then found, including the saddle, and without the bridle, upwards of 10st. 5lbs. With this the umpire of the mare expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and thus ended this extraordinary match, in a manner highly honourable to all parties, and without the most distant approach to wrangle on either side. Both horse and mare were immediately taken to boxes prepared for them, where gruel was in readiness, and every proper attention was paid to them. Great credit is due to both riders, especially to the American groom, who sat as if glued to his saddle; and little Davy, in making his turns after each break, did so with a steadiness and quickness, which excited general approbation: indeed, had there been a little more caution in those who rode alongside the mare, we doubt whether she would have broken so often, and whether her chance of success would not have been still greater. The road was good, and full of gentle undulations, and not a single accident occurred to mar the sport of the day. There were several fast trotters on the go, one of which (a Norfolk horse) was said to have accompanied the American the whole way without breaking, but this we doubt, and rather think he came fresh to the contest about three miles from home. After a short rest of half an hour, Rattler was again mounted by his groom, and returned to Cambridge, a distance of ten miles, at the side of his master's post-chaise, in little more than one hour, and as fresh as if he had but just come out, thus proving the soundness of his constitution, and the little effect produced by the severity of his exertions. When we left him, at four o'clock, his proprietor stated his intention to put him in harness, and take him a stage towards London the same night. Upon the result of this extraordinary match it is unnecessary to offer any observation—it is unprecedented; and when it is considered that in the short distance of four miles the American, having given a full minute's start, overtook the mare going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, some estimate may be formed of his almost incredible speed; and when to this is added the fact of his carrying so much extra weight, the task becomes the more surprising. There was some talk of a fresh match, for a longer distance, but this was met by the owner of Rattler offering to back him against anything living, for any distance, in or out of harness, for any sum, from two hundred to five thousand pounds! —*Life in London.*

Twaddle in Gentlemen's Dresses.

For evening dress, some gentlemen have appeared with coat of a brick-dust red, with a white kerseymere waistcoat, with small shawl pattern, or embroidered at the edge in the same colour as the coat. The pantaloons full, and of black kerseymere; grey silk stockings, with black open clocks; a lawn shirt, with lace ruffles. This is the *ne plus ultra* of fashion. Blue coats, those of blonze, and of chestnut-brown, are also much in favour. Some of these coats have black velvet lappels.

At balls, the waistcoats are in great variety. They have generally metal buttons, but those which turn back *en schal* are again in favour, and the ephemeral reign of waistcoats, with straight collars, is fast declining. The new waistcoats which turn back are left very open over the breast, and are of black satin, or blue, or white watered silk; some of these latter are woven into a tissue, with gold or silver. The richness and splendour of these do away the monotony and gravity which has for some time given our great assemblies more the appearance of a collection made up of great doctors and divines than of a set of lively young men, ready, and sometimes eager, to mingle in the festivities of dance and song.

For dress-balls the most approved costume consists of short indispensables, or black pantaloons made full; a blue or a brown coat; a waistcoat worked with silk of bright colours, or with gold or silver; a white cravat laid in folds, and coming up towards the cheeks very high; a cocked hat, with a polished steel button and loop.

Sometimes silk waistcoats have buttons of polished steel. When the waistcoat is of velvet then the buttons are gold.

There are several dandies now who wear black satin cravats tied in a bow; an under waistcoat of white, quilted and stitched; and over that a waistcoat of green or blue silk, with a pattern of flowers of various colours.*

For evening dress, some *slap-up coves* have appeared with coats of *mud*-coloured brown, with snuff-covered kerseymere vests, in small *grease spot* patterns, embroidered at the edge with tobacco spittle or heavy wet; the *tights* made small or large, and of anything you can *screw* out of the *stitch;* dirty cotton stockings, without clocks, the *trotters* peeping through the heels like Spanish *ingins;* a check shirt, without sleeves. This is the *ne plus ultra* of *swell toggery.* Any sort of coat you can *grab* is also much in your favour; some of these coats have d——d greasy collars.

At balls the waistcoats are of all sorts which the *Fancy cribs* of Field-lane and Monmouth-street can furnish; but those that fit are most fashionable. The ephemeral reign of waistcoats, with straight collars, are fast declining from constant wear. The new waistcoats, which are in high vogue with those who have good *fleshbags*, are cut very skimping over the *craw*, and are liked by the *snips*, because they consume less stuff; besides, they are more lively and consistent with the airy example of Dusty Bob, and other models of elegance.

For dress-balls the most approved costume consists of short *kickseys*, open at the knees, red garters, and striped worsted stockings; a yellow *fogle, à la Ned*

* From the Gentleman's Magazine of Fashion.

Stockman, a white *castor*, false collar of *foolscap*, which meets the *lug*, mustachios of Day and Martin's japan, or horse-hair.

Sometimes vests have buttons of different patterns, but livery buttons should be avoided.

There are several dandies who wear ragged white cravats stuffed with chopped straw. This is bad, as they show the dirt.

Many of the *canine* blades take their *tykes* to public assemblies *with* brass *squeezes* round their *throttles;* the tail shaved. *Green-grocers* ornament their hinder quarters with a *carrot*, stuck *à la spiggot and fosset ; carpenters* prefer a *two-foot rule ; snobs* a *pegging-awl ;* and *tailors* a *thimble* gracefully placed over the sixth joint from the *vertebræ*.*—*Life in London, April* 5.

ADDITIONAL NOVELTIES IN GENTLEMEN'S DRESS.

The *Dandies'* Magazine for the present month contains another list of alterations in the costume of the *things* which perambulate the town under the denomination of *gentle-men.* To our readers this catalogue would not prove interesting, we shall therefore content ourselves with the following *exquisite* hints to some of the *London Particulars:*—

"A very striking revolution, and which will form a singular feature in the annals of fashion, has taken place since last month, which is suffering the beard to grow. It is true, that last autumn we beheld mustachios on the lips of those dandies who belonged to the most quiet professions; *favourites* were added about the middle of winter under the chin, and now all the chin looks as if it called for the razor.

"In Hyde Park may be seen, not only many equestrians of fashion, but noble drivers of four-in-hand, phaetons, curricles, tandems, &c. One who may be seated in a tilbury or other carriage of the same description, generally holds the reins in his left hand, the hand half-closed, and the thumb upright. The horsemen make their horses proceed in a kind of gallop, while their servants follow in a long trot; on the contrary, when the gentleman adopts the long trot, the servant gallops, or rather canters. A fine gentleman when he salutes any one in the Park never takes off his hat; he merely bows his head when on horseback, and brings the handle of his whip towards his breast."

Scroggins, in his *Magasin des Modes*, seems to have adopted the spirit of the Dandies' Magazine, for he says—

A very dirty revolution has taken place in the *features* of the fashionables, who no longer wear whiskers, but have adopted the full length beard of a *mourning smouchee*—a circumstance which, he justly observes, has excited the indignation of the Sheffield razor-makers, many thousands of whom have been thrown out of employment. The barbers, too, except those employed in making false *chin wigs*, are very indignant, and have entered into a conspiracy, from which apprehensions are entertained that some of these southern *Cossacks* will be *lathered* without *shaving*. He adds, we cannot say with what truth, *tom cats* are in a state of despair, as they are no longer called upon to lick the down from the phizzes of those who have not arrived at the dignity of *steel*. A female correspondent to his amusing periodical hints that the tickling sensation pro-

* From Scroggin's Magazine of Togs.

duced by mustachios, false or real, is anything but pleasing.

In the Mile-end road, he says, there may be seen, not only many *donkestrians* of fashion, but many broken-legged drivers of dog-sledges, three and four-in-hand, knackers' carts, costermongers' drags, and brewers' drays. Those who may be seated in these *vehicles* generally hold the ribbons in their left mawleys, unless they should be left-handed. They keep their "pickers and stealers" half closed, and use their thumbs as scratchers. A *flash cove*, who salutes any one on the road, never doffs his castor, but merely pops the thumb of his right hand to his nozzle, and winks with his right ogle, unless he be blind on that side, and then he uses his left.—*Life in London.*

Epsom New Race Stand.

This edifice, which is now in a very forward state, and about to be roofed in, has a most commanding appearance from the different roads, and can be seen distinctly from Kingston Hill and surrounding neighbourhood. The style of the architecture is Grecian, combining the simple yet elegant forms, where so much strength and durability are essentially necessary. The building is 156 feet in width, including the terrace, and 60 feet in depth, having a portico the width, returning on each side, which is connected with a spacious terrace, raised ten feet above the level of the ground, and a magnificent flight of steps in the centre. The columns of the portico are of the Doric order, supporting a balcony or gallery, which is to be covered by a verandah, erected on small ornamental iron pillars, placed over those below. There is much accommodation here for the ladies to see the races, in consequence of the small dimensions of the piers between the windows; indeed, we thought them too slender to support the weight of roof, but, upon inquiry, we find the piers so constructed, by the means of strong iron story-posts being inserted in the centre, and thereby concealed, which puts the security of the building beyond all doubt, and adds much to the lightness of the structure. The upper part of the Stand is to have a balustrade the whole width of the front. With reference to the interior arrangements, there are four large and well-proportioned rooms for refreshments, &c.; and we learnt that one of those rooms is intended for the exclusive entré of the members of the Jockey Club. A spacious hall, leading through a screen of Doric columns to a large and elegant staircase of stone, and on each side of the staircase are retiring-rooms of convenience to gentlemen. And the entrance to this floor is from the above-mentioned terrace portico in front, and also at the back, by an entrance which forms a direct communication through the building. The first floor consists of a splendid room, 108 feet in length, and 34 in width, divided into three compartments by ornamental columns and pilasters, supporting a richly panelled ceiling, and has a direct communication with the balcony or gallery, and on each side of the staircase there are retiring-rooms for the ladies, with the same arrangement as those below for the gentlemen. The roof is constructed in a manner to hold about 2000 persons standing, affording at the same time an opportunity for every one to see the whole of the race (Derby Course), which at one time was considered doubtful. Independent

of the great comfort and convenience the Race Stand will afford the public, who have so long felt the want of such an accommodation, we are satisfied the speculation will prove to be a profitable one. The projectors are certainly entitled to the thanks of the Sporting World.—*Life in London.*

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 7.—JANUARY, 1830.

THE PAINTED PARTRIDGE.

The Painted Partridge is too well known in this country to need a long description; suffice it therefore to say that it is a beautiful bird and affords great sport, although, perhaps, not so game a one as the regular black partridge, by which name the former is commonly, though erroneously, termed.

Specifics.—Upper mandible, dark—lower one, much lighter—sides of the head, light brown—feathers on the top of the head, black edged with light brown—neck, breast, and upper part of the back, beautifully speckled with round white spots on a dark ground, resembling in some degree those of a guinea fowl—feathers on the lower part of the back, black edged with light brown—wings, speckled—quill feathers, barred—bent feathers, of a light red—legs, light red—three toes to each foot, exclusive of the short claw toe behind—tip of the tail, black. This species, like the common grey partridge, is often seen calling from the tops of trees.

BURZAUTTEE.

Central Prov., Bengal.

SIR,

At the commencement of your Magazine I put forth an inquiry regarding the most approved mode on your side of India for the treatment of the disease in horses, termed Burzauttee. At that period I little thought that it would fall to my lot to communicate to those most interested in the noble animal anything new on the subject which I wished should be discussed.

In page 225 of your Magazine, No. 5, for July, I detailed a plan I had pursued in a Burzauttee case, with the milky juice of the Muddar plant, and said that, from the promise of success which I had met with, I should be induced to try it on a future occasion.

In a letter dated the 7th of June, sent for publication in your October number, I stated the result of my subsequent trial, and being satisfied that some effectual cure for this disease might be obtained from the Muddar plant (all others having failed), I brought the result of my practice (which I then considered quite novel) to the notice of the Calcutta Board of Superintendence for the im-

provement of the breed of Cattle, suggesting that some information might be gained from the Medical Board regarding the virtues of the Muddar plant.

I have now received a reply from the Board of Superintendence, which is highly satisfactory. It appears, however, that I have no claim to the original discovery of the use of the Muddar plant in cases of Burzauttee — that honour belongs to Dr. Playfair, of the Bengal service, who wrote on the subject of the properties of Muddar; his treatise was published in the Transactions of the Medical and Physical Society; but it was not otherwise promulgated, nor was the practice persisted in until I brought it into notice. The letter from the Medical Board and another from Dr. Playfair are too long to give verbatim, but it will be such a desideratum to sporting men to learn all that is known on this interesting subject, that I shall venture to make use of the information received from these high authorities in medical practice, and glean for your pages the pith of their communications.

Dr. Playfair writes, that ever since 1811 his attention has been devoted to the properties of Muddar, the effects of which he has tried in a great many of the diseases to which the human frame is subject; that, in 1823, a paper was sent by him to the Medical Board, which will be found in the 1st Volume of the Transactions of the Medical and Physical Society. In the 25th page is the following observation:—"In the horse it appears effectually to cure the Burzauttee, a disease common to and destructive in this country, but I am possessed of too little veterinary knowledge to say whether it is a species of Farcy or a disease peculiar to the climate."

Mr. Playfair proceeds to say that the above remark was made in consequence of its effects when exhibited in two bad cases of Burzauttee, which occurred in the regiment he belonged to, but Mr. Playfair does not state decidedly that a cure was effected, though he adds that it appeared to have the effect of eradicating the disease.

Mr. Playfair notes an error I had fallen into in having the whole of the root sliced down, and reduced to powder; the entire virtue is concentrated in the milky juice with which the bark of the root is filled.

The Medical Board, after having perused my letter, addressed the Board of Superintendence, upon the use of the Muddar in the treatment of Burzauttee, observe that upon the general principle of the known and acknowledged qualities of this plant, they have no hesitation in recommending its employment in Burzauttee, and all other cutaneous and glandular affections of the horse partaking of the same character.

The Medical Board are not of opinion that it can prove very efficacious as an *external* application, but given internally, where the circumstances of the case render it eligible, there is a fair chance of its eventual success.

They proceed to say that to be useful Muddar must be exhibited where there is a deficiency rather than an ordinary degree of activity in a sore, as it should never be administered where this action is in excess.

Again the Board remark that during the employment of Muddar applications of a stimulating escharotic nature should be used to the indolent sores, the best of which they consider (founded upon a certain experience of its application to the horse) to be the Patassa fusa (Kalipurum), the

strong fixed alkali, a caustic of all others possessing active properties, the most manageable and efficacious, and that after a sore has been freely touched once or twice, a slough will form which on separation leaves a clean surface, from which sprout healthy granulations that with a little care increase and speedily cicatrize; when an application of the sulphate of copper may be useful in repressing their too rapid growth; that the effects of the Muddar must be watched, and if the patient be feverish or excited by the remedy, which occasionally happens in the human subject, intermit its use, and give a cooling purge.

The Medical Board consider it a matter of essential importance to attend to the diet. Bran and water and hay alone to be allowed, or a little barley, but no gram or oats; regular exercise with good grooming. In addition to the Muddar and the external application of the caustic remedies enumerated, the Medical Board believe it would be found of use to administer the mercurial preparations in small doses, of which they consider the blue pill to be the best, and during its administration the use of the Muddar must of course be intermitted, and the occasional intervention of a mild purge will tend to insure the full benefit expected from the other.

I shall now venture to remark where there is any difference in any mode of treatment, and that suggested by the Medical Board.

The Board doubt its efficiency as an *external* remedy, and that it should not be administered when the action of the sore is in excess. My first experiment was solely confined to *external* application, and the success was so great as to induce the further experiment, and which led to this discussion.

I think no fear should be entertained in using the Muddar powder internally, and the juice externally, in the most active state of the sores, as I have proved in a late extreme case; a colt of two-and-a-half year's old with bad and old sores on all four legs, sheath and shoulder; the latter 12 inches broad, from all of which there was a foul discharge, and which kept him in a constant state of irritation. Both the irritation and discharge ceased after a week's application of the milky juice to the sores, and the powder given daily; many of the smaller sores have healed, and others are looking healthy.

I have found the milky juice of the Muddar sufficiently stimulating, and indeed possessing so powerful an escharotic property, that I have been obliged to regulate its strength by the admixture of sweet oil or ghee agreeably to the state of the sores. I think it greatly accelerates the cure; if there is much proud flesh when the patient is taken in hand, it must be got rid of.

In those cases which I have treated I have given the horse exercise, and he has been well groomed, but instead of being kept low with bran mashes, and no corn, he has been rather liberally fed with gram and oats when obtainable.

The juice of the Muddar should be taken from the plant early in the morning.

The following is Mr. Playfair's mode of preparing the powder:—

The roots are dug from a sandy soil in April or May, to be well washed in clear water until every particle of soil is removed; the moisture then carefully absorbed by wiping with a cloth.

Placed in the open air they are

allowed to dry so far that the milky juice shall in some degree become inspissated, so as not to flow during the subsequent operation.

The outside brown crust is then to be scraped off, and the rind left pure and white, which is to be sliced off or separated from the woody part and dried for use; reduce it to a powder, and preserve it in bottles well corked, as it is apt to attract moisture.

My present mode of treating Burzauttee cases is very simple.

1st. Give the horse a good purge agreeably to his age.

2nd. When the physic has set commence the Muddar powder, giving 20 grains every morning; after an interval of every 15 or 20 days a *mild* dose of physic; during its operation intermit the powder; if no irritation or loss of appetite appears increase the dose of powder 13 grains in the morning and 13 grains in the evening.

3rd. Wash the sores clean with soap and water morning and evening, and then rub upon them the milky juice of the plant mixed with ghee or sweet oil, to reduce its escharotic quality; cover the sores with some cotton to keep off the flies where you cannot tie a linen bandage over them. Should any of your readers be so unfortunate as to have a Burzauttee horse, and be disposed to try the remedy here stated, I hope they will give the result of their experiment in your magazine.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
O. K.

29*th August*, 1829.

GREYHOUNDS—BREEDING.

SIR,

As I may conclude, from the insertion of my last letter, that you do not consider my scribbling unworthy the O. S. M., I proceed to fulfil my promise. Allow me though to try the patience of my readers a little more with my favourite theme, *breeding*, before I remark on other subjects. I have mentioned what I consider the best dogs to employ, I mean as to caste, and I shall now state by what means their progeny may be likely to turn out trumps.

In choosing your bitch observe that she be what breeders term *roomy*, that is, broad in the couples with well placed hind quarters, deep chested and round barrelled. Her age is not of great moment, but from two to five years old is the best period; the dog should always be young, that is, under five years of age; if older he is useless as stock. I have known many sportsmen think the number of pups depends on the number of times a bitch is warded, but this I am convinced is perfectly erroneous; three times are ample. I would always recommend maiden *bitches* being lined twice, as I have sometimes known them not to stand to the first; dogs are in this respect very different from gramniverous animals. A bitch for the first month after being warded may be put to any work, but at the expiration of that period should be laid up, and when heavy in pup kept in such a place as to prevent her being in any way excited; greyhound bitches are more apt to throw their pups before the proper time than those of any other kind; the smallest excitement often causes premature labour. Always remember this;

a bitch of a bad constitution will never throw healthy pups. Dogs, like many other animals, generally get pups like their own fathers; therefore, though a dog should be himself ugly but of an unblemished pedigree, fear not to employ him.

I cannot mention a greater instance of this than in the case of a dog well known at Surat called Lary, the property of S. F., Esq., and brought into this country by the late Colonel P—e H. M. This dog in appearance is certainly quite second rate, but his pups are always beautiful. I forget what Lary's pedigree exactly is, but I remember, when I heard it, remarking on its excellence.

The end of December or beginning of January is, I think, the best season for a bitch to bring forth; pups when young require warmth, and by being born at this time they gain strength before the rains commence, a season of all others the most prejudicial to the canine race in India. To men who prefer as I do having one good dog to five tolerable ones, I recommend feeding pups rather high than otherwise; a stinted pup can never make a good dog: bear in mind, kind reader, I merely speak as to *greyhounds*; other dogs you may feed on green tea and toast if you like, but where size is an object, no such diet can be good. I could here insert some hundred receipts, all *different* yet all *certain cures* for that terrible disease *distemper*, but as more experienced men than I have as yet thrown little or no light on that subject, I shall treat it as the Irishman did the donkey which kicked him, "with silent contempt," excepting thus far; that I consider the disease entirely febrile and treat it as such in every way, save the application of the lancet, which I have rarely found successful.

Yours truly,

A Friend to the Long Dogs.

PERFORMANCES OF CHAMPION AND BAREFOOT.

Sir,

If you think the following account of the performances of two horses, Champion and Barefoot, who certainly rank as high as Arab Racers, will afford interest, it is much at your service.

Champion is a large horse, standing 14 h. 3 in. without shoes; colour, dark grey, and curiously mottled about his quarters, with dusky white spots; has a very fine pair of shoulders, and, without any exception, the largest and most powerful hind quarters I ever saw on an Arab; his temper is perfect, and, in all his training, I never knew him to fret, or refuse his corn. He is gentle as a lamb in his exercise, but in running requires a strong rider to hold him together properly, in consequence of his enormous stride, which was frequently measured, when in training at Meerut last season, and found to exceed 21 feet, when going nearly at speed. As the fact of an Arab taking such a stride is somewhat extraordinary, I should not venture to record it on my own authority, but as the same measurement above alluded to was made, in the presence of several gentlemen, by Mr. O'Keefe, and Capt. M—n—e of Nagpore racing celebrity, I have no hesitation in committing it to paper. The horse is now rising seven years old.

I am, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,

His Owner.

CHAMPION'S first appearance on a Race-course in public was at Poonah, in December, 1826, where he started for a Maiden Sweepstakes of 500 Rupees with ten others, which was won by Capt. Mansfield's Gr. A. H. "Elfin," Champion 5th; he was then rising 4 years old. He was sold shortly afterwards, and went to Calcutta, where, under the able management of Capt. H—, his performances in December, 1827, were as follows:—

In the Calcutta 1st December Meeting 1827, Champion won the third year of the Calcutta Great Welter Sweepstakes for Arabs that never won, carrying 11st. 7lbs. R. C. Gentlemen Riders (25 Subscribers), beating Premium, Intruder, and Saladin, 2 to 1 and 3 to 2 against Champion, won cleverly in 3m. 42s.

Third day Champion 8st. 7lbs. received 60 Gold Mohurs compromise from "Mariner," 8st. 2 miles, 100 Gold Mohurs P. P.

1st Day Calcutta 2nd December Meeting, Champion, 8st. 10lbs. won the Union Handicap Plate, R. C. and a distance, at two heats, beating Gr. A. Twist 8st. 5lbs. Br. Ca. H. Emigrant 8st. 10lbs., B. E. M. Constance 9st. 3 to 1 the field against Champion; 1st heat won cleverly, 2nd won easy.

At the Barrackpore Meeting, January, 1828, Champion walked over for the Hay Loft Stakes of 100 Gold Mohurs each for all Arabs, five Subscribers, two miles. On the same day, he also walked over for a Sweepstakes of 25 Gold Mohurs each, for Arabs that never won before the Calcutta December Meeting, 8st. 7lbs. R. C. five Subscribers. He was then sold to his present owner, and went to Cawnpore, where he was entered for the Cup, but was drawn, that race being left to the management of the old Bombay horse Creeper, who won it easily.

At Meerut, in February, 1829, on the second day of the meeting, Champion won the Gold Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 Gold Mohurs each, for all Arabs, 8st. 7lbs., three miles (13 Subscribers), beating Barefoot, Creeper, and Bombardier, in 6m. 4s.; won very cleverly.

On the third day he beat B. C. H. Remembrancer, by Benedick, out of Montrose, in a Match for 100 Gold Mohurs P. P. three miles, 9st. each, won very easy. He afterwards walked over for the five following Races at that meeting; and I believe this to be a correct statement of all his performances up to the present date. He has never as yet been beaten but once, and that was when he was a colt at Poonah, and carrying even weight against aged horses. Sweepstakes of 50 Gold Mohurs, h. ft. for all Arabs, 8st. 7lbs. each, R. C. (two Subscribers). Sweepstakes of 25 Gold Mohurs, h. ft., Craven weights and distances, Arabs allowed 1st. R. C. (two Subscribers).

Sweepstakes of 10 Gold Mohurs each, 20 Gold Mohurs from the fund, for all Arabs 8s. 7lbs. each, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile (two Subscribers).

Purse of 50 Gold Mohurs for all Arabs, heats two miles, 8st. 7lbs. Entrance 10 Gold Mohurs.

Sweepstakes of 15 Gold Mohurs each P. P. with 20 added from the fund, for all horses 10st. each. Arabs allowed 1st. R. C. (two Subscribers).

BAREFOOT is a beautiful silver grey, about 14 h. 3 in. and shows the highest blood. He first started at Bombay, on the 3rd February, 1826, for a cup, value 100 Guineas, for Maiden Arabs. Heats $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, won by Slyboots, Barefoot third; the first beat; and drawn the second. On the last

day same meeting, Barefoot, 9st., received forfeit from Emilius, 7st. 12lbs., two miles. At the Guzerat Races, second day, 8th February, 1827, Barefoot was entered for the Surat Cup, for Arabs that never won, carrying 9st., heats two miles, but was distanced in consequence of a false start. On the third, same meeting, Barefoot won the Ladies' Purse, carrying 8st. 7lbs. at two one-mile heats, beating Firefly, 8st. 11lbs., and Marske, 8st. 11lbs. Time 2m. 2s.; second heat, 2m.

On the seventh day, Barefoot was beaten at two heats for the Guzerat Turf Plate, by Harlequin. Heats 1½ mile, time 2m. 2s., 3m. 4s. He was then sold to Mr. O'Keefe, and on the first day of the Meerut December Meeting, 1827, he won a Post Match 100 Gold Mohurs, 8st. 7lbs. each, two miles, beating Pyramus, time 4m. 6s., won handsomely. On the second day he won the Gold Cup for all Arabs 9st. each, three miles; beating Siroces, and Knaaf; time 6m. 22s., won by a length. Third day, he won a match at 8st. 4lbs. against Creeper 8st. 7lbs. One mile, won by a length; time 1m. 55s. On the fifth day Barefoot won a 50 Gold Mohur purse for all Arabs 9st. each, heats two miles, beating Knaaf, Silverheels, and Bombardier, both heats won easy. On the first day, Cawnpore February Meeting, 1828, Barefoot won a Post Match of 100 Gold Mohurs, three miles, 8st. 7lbs. each, beating Gaslight very easily in 6m. 14s.; and on the same day he won another Post Match of 100 Gold Mohurs, two miles, 8st. 10lbs. each, against Cornet; won very easy in 4m. 9s. On the third day, Barefoot won the Gold Cup for all Arabs, 8st. 4lbs. each, heats three miles, beating Cornet, Creeper, and Dominie Sampson, first heat 6m. 14s. Second heat 6m. 7s., won cleverly at last. On the fourth day, Barefoot won a Sweepstakes of 50 Gold Mohurs, h. ft. for all Arabs, three miles, 8st. 7lbs. each, beating Gaslight, won easy in 6m. 12s. On the sixth day he won the Ladies' Purse at two 2 mile heats, carrying 9st. 3lbs. against Redgauntlet 9st., and Silverheels 9st. Time first heat 4m. 5s., won clearly.

At the Meerut February Meeting 1829, Barefoot was beaten by Champion for the Gold Cup, three miles, 8st. 7lbs. each, but beat, in the same race, Creeper and Bombardier, time 6m. 14s. At the same meeting he was also beaten by the Bl. C. H. Scorpion, in a match twice round the course and a distance, even weights, Barefoot giving a distance start to the black horse. He has not started since, and is, I believe, still in the possession of Mr. O'Keefe.

G. B.

Western Provinces, August, 1829.

POETRY.

Parody on "*The Curfew Tolls.*"

The trumpet sounds the death of yon huge Boar,
The panting nag, exhausted, hangs his head,
The weary Huntsman, now his sport is o'er,
Sinks with fatigue upon his downy bed.

The Jungle's shadow glimmering fades away,
And silence holds her sceptre o'er the night,
Save the fierce Tiger's growl in search of prey,
Or the disturb'd slumbers of the kite;

Save that from yonder Bere the Jackal's cry,
Sounds like an infant's to a mother's breast,
Who views her darling with an anxious eye,
And all her fears are by a *hug* confess'd.

Upon these neembs, whose beauteous branches yield,
From the sun's rays, a cool refreshing shade,
Hung up in rows, their fate for ever seal'd,
The bristly monsters of the jungle slay'd.

The tempting Kate, at morning's early dawn,
The sugar cane, most sweet delicious fare,
The beater's clamour, or the hunter's horn,
No more shall rouse them from their *lofty lair.*

For them no more the blazing grass shall burn,
Or cautious Wagree ply his daily care,
No hunter his swift Arab nag will spurn,
Or for the maiden spear, rocks, holes, nullahs dare.

* * * * * *

EPITAPH.

Here boils his head, his chawdrons there are strew'd,
A pig, to Wagrees and to me, well known;
A Goa Bobberjee his limbs has hew'd,
And bagg'd the rubic liver as his own.

Large were his tushes, and his vengeful glare,
Now closed in death's embrace, no more will fright
The timid beater, in the well-known lair;
Gone is his strength, for ever gone his might.

No further seek his speed or strength to praise,
But draw his tushes from his bristly head,
These in succeeding years will be the bays
That round your temples brightest glories shed.

Camp, Deesa.

FLINTS AND DETONATORS.

MR. EDITOR,

In looking over the first volume of the Oriental Sporting Magazine, which I have just received from the Bookbinder's hands, and again reading the letters of PERCUSSION and DETONATOR, on a subject in which I have always been much interested, you will, I am sure, excuse my troubling you with a few lines upon the same topic.

In the first place, then, let me say how cordially I agree with the opinions expressed in those letters, respecting the superiority of detonating over flint guns, in so much as this, that the advantages of the former (such as their shooting quicker, or appearing to do so, not being affected by damp, or even a downright shower, their almost certainty of never missing fire, and the flash from the pan

being dispensed with) are certainly greater than those of the flint system; but at the same time I must candidly confess that I am in some degree a convert to Col. Hawker's opinion, and in this much, that I think the flint guns, generally speaking, shoot stronger and make the longest shots. Let it not appear, however, that the Colonel's book alone has been the means of bringing me to this way of thinking, for I never saw it until lately. I have now shot with the detonator upwards of five years, and although nothing should induce me to return to the flint and steel, I have, from that period, had so many convincing proofs under my own eye of the actual advantages the latter have in carrying the shot steady, well divided, and strong, as leads me thus far to side with the old *Flintites;* nor can I imagine for one moment that any good sportsman would start such objections to the percussion principle as are mentioned by DETONATOR, in the third number. We must all, however, acknowledge ourselves much indebted to D. for the trouble he appears to have taken to give the thing a fair trial, and to communicate it *pro bono*. But let this one thing be considered, when we are comparing a detonator with a flint gun, that much depends (and I suspect the greatest part) on the goodness of the barrel, and not all on the manner in which the powder is ignited. For instance, a barrel of good substance, with its metal properly disposed of, and well bored, if a detonator, would undoubtedly beat a flint gun, with which less pains had been taken; and *vice versa*, the flint would shoot better than percussion. But were a barrel first to be tried with a flint lock, and, after cleaning, with a percussion, the average then to be taken, as DETONATOR has laid down in his letter, I have little doubt that the result would be in favour of the old system.

The following incident gave me first an idea of the goodness of flint and steel. A few years ago, when no gun was worth looking at that was not a detonator, I got a capital single one altered to that principle, promising myself every advantage over the dirty flint locks, but was soon convinced, by the trials I made with it, both before and after the alteration, that I had gained nothing by it in its shooting, but in other respects was satisfied with what more than counterbalanced its trivial loss of strength. I shall here take the liberty of quoting a paragraph from Col. Hawker's Work, pointing out to "DETONATOR," and all those to whom his opinions may appear unaccountable, the grounds upon which they are founded.

"It seems," says Col. H., "a paradox, that a percussion gun should fire *quicker*, and yet *not stronger* than a flint gun; but most assuredly this is the case. It may, perhaps, in some measure be accounted for thus: gas flies instantaneously through the whole charge of powder, and puts it in motion with such rapidity, that one half of the powder is not ignited till the other half and the shot have made some progress up the barrel, and consequently there takes place (owing, perhaps, to the vacuum which is thus occasioned) a violent concussion or reaction, which, so far from giving strength to the shot, is rather inimical to projectile force, though it causes a severe strain on the barrel, and therefore shakes every other part of the gun."

Before I conclude, I cannot help again saying that upon the whole I think detonators have such a decided advantage over the old flint

and steel plan, that it is wonderful how any one, having once shot with the former, can revert to the latter. Such cases (as I hear from the best authority) are becoming very common now in England, which is still more surprising in such a land of mists, where there is the greatest difficulty in keeping the powder dry in the pan, particularly in trying the pheasant coverts in the morning.

Yours,
RAMROD.

Sept. 27th.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.

SIR,

Perhaps you can afford a few lines in your Magazine, in propagation of the following match against time, which, however unimportant in itself, or unmarked by weighty betting, yet deserves to live in the memory of those for whom the performances of the horse in particular has a never failing interest. The match originated, as is often the case, in a fit of boasting, for although, as the owner of Major-General Scrub, 13½ hands high, I never failed to praise his "vartues," I must confess I felt somewhat dubious when starting as to the result. I staked 100 rupees, against a good judge of cattle, that on any appointed day I would ride from Col. R.'s Bungalow at Mahabulishwar to Dr. Y.'s Compound at Sattarah, a distance of thirty miles, in three hours. The Ghaut that leads to the valley of the Yennah was to be traversed on horseback, so that in fact the distance, although short comparatively speaking, was considerably lengthened by the delay here occasioned shortening the duration of the time.

I had the option of training up to the period of starting one month from the day on which our final preliminaries were adjusted, but my horses seldom require such labour to be bestowed upon them, more especially as at the time I speak of the Major-General held undisputed sway in my stables, having no rival either there or in his master's affections. He was in tiptop trim, lots of bone, clean sinews, and unencumbered with too much flesh. In fact, he was just in such condition as a judge would like to buy a horse in.

On the morning of the 11th April, 1829, weighing with saddle 12 stone and a half, I mounted the Major-General, and at the word "off," started at six o'clock to accomplish the most fatiguing ridé I ever undertook. There are many who read your Sporting Collectanæ that may have seen the road between Mahabulishwar and Sattarah, and I feel assured they will not say I have taken undue advantage of the traveller's licence, in stating that it is replete with distressing dips, at least in number 100, some very deep, and either bank steep in the extreme. The Ghaut also, from its numerous angular turnings and steep descents, was a formidable antagonist, yet, with all these impediments, the Major-General Scrub accomplished the distance in two hours and three-quarters without being peculiarly distressed.

There can be no mistake in the time, as it was taken and corrected by two watches, a friend starting two hours before myself with one, whilst I carried the other; about half way I picked up my friend, and we continued

our way together until the termination of the task, when the two watches were exactly one quarter to nine.

This trip has taught me how necessary it is to consider the nature of the road to be traversed in a bet of this nature, as I am convinced that there are few, if any, such small cattle as mine to be found on whose accomplishing such a task as mine I should be willing to stake my blunt. I am, however, open to a bet with any one who deems the Major-General's a common performance, or who would wish to pluck his honours from his noble brow.

Yours sincerely,

FEARLESS.

Malcolm Peth, 5th Dec., 1829.

TRIAL OF TURBITH'S MINERAL IN DISTEMPER.

SIR,

I took an opportunity a few months ago of trying, on an Arab bitch, the *Turbith's mineral*, so strongly recommended by F. H. in one of the numbers of your Magazine as a cure for the above disorder, and if you think this short account will be acceptable to any of your readers you are at liberty to publish it.

The case was not a desperate one, but I adhered, nevertheless, to the instructions laid down in the book, and dosed her as for a full-grown dog, she being about eighteen months old. In less than one hour from the time the physic was taken, a violent purging and vomiting of a bright greenish colour commenced, which continued the greater part of the day, reducing her to a dreadful state of weakness. The other doses were given in due order without producing the latter effect, her secretions in appearance much the same. The cure was certainly decisive, but judging from the state of debility in which she remained for two months after, caused, I am convinced, solely by the power of the medicine, I am of opinion that the quantity of Turbiths is too great, and therefore beg to caution those who may be tempted to try this remedy to recollect that our little Arabs have not the stamina of English greyhounds; that the mineral should therefore be used according to the inveteracy of the case, the age, constitution, and size of the dog.

Yours, &c.,

CANIS AMICUS.

September 29th.

HUZZA! FOR A HUNTING MORNING.

Awake! up, up, and away to the wood,
Where the grizzly sounder's sleeping,
Where the panther prowls, and the wild wolf howls,
And the dun deer watch is keeping;
Yes, awake, and away; all your dreamings dismiss,
And away with all snobbish adorning,
There never was ground of such promise as this,
Then Huzza! for a hunting morning.

Oh, who'd the glorious chase forsake,
When the grey boar's track we follow,
O'er the mountain top, thro' the thorny brake,
Or down the steepy hollow?
Then awake and away, all your dreamings dismiss,
And away with all snobbish adorning,
There never was ground of such promise as this,
Then Huzza! for a hunting morning.

Tho' the Bowl may yield some joy to the heart,
Of rapture too partaking,
Yet it never can rival the sounder's *start*,
Or the *crash* of the grey boar *breaking*.
Then awake and away, all your dreamings dismiss,
And away with all snobbish adorning,
There never was ground of such promise as this,
Then Huzza! for a hunting morning.

Tho' some still swear no charm can vie
With beauty's *glance* and *tone*,
Yet give ME *the flash of the Boar's brown eye,*
And the roar of his dying groan!
Then awake and away, all your dreamings dismiss,
And away with all snobbish adorning,
There *never was* ground of such promise as this,
Then Huzza! for a hunting morning.

LIST OF GAME KILLED IN THE DECCAN BY A PARTY VARYING FROM TWO TO FIVE GENTLEMEN, DURING TWELVE MONTHS.

		Hogs.	Foxes.	Jackals	Hyænas	Fawns.	Hares.
1818.	In December	5	60	0	0	1	0
1819.	,, January	24	76	1	0	1	0
,,	,, February	6	70	0	0	0	5
,,	,, March	16	67	1	0	0	9
,,	,, April	21	98	3	0	11	17
,,	,, May	8	82	1	1	3	20
,,	,, June	1	14	0	0	1	0
,,	,, July	1	6	0	0	0	0
,,	,, August	8	30	0	0	0	0
,,	,, September	0	8	0	1	0	0
,,	,, October	0	6	0	0	0	0
,,	,, November	1	5	0	0	0	0
		91	522	6	2	17	51

SONEPORE RACES, NOV., 1829.

MR. EDITOR,

I have the pleasure to send you an account of the Sonepore Races. Some screws loose prevented as full a meeting, or such a field of horses, as was expected. The next year's meeting will be held at Hadjeepore, when the *Union Stakes* will be run for, and little doubt is entertained from

the arrangements made that the amusements will be in the very first style.

From the wording of the Whim Purse, difference of opinion arose as to the way the weights were to be arranged. It had been given out that each horse was first to be weighed according to his height, then according to his age, both to be added together, and divided by two; and as the terms of the race placed the weight for age first, it was so decided by the stewards; but I contend that such a mode is not a correct Whim, which is weight for age, and weight for inches; that is to say, a horse is to carry weight for age, agreeably to a fixed standard, and either adds or takes off 7lbs. for every inch either above or below the standard for height.

To prove the incorrectness of the other plan, let us take two horses, one a three-year-old, the other aged, and both exactly 14 hands high.

The three-year-old's weight for age would be	7st. 4lbs.	15st. 11lbs. divided by 2
His weight for inches ..... ,,	8st. 7lbs.	makes 7st. 12lbs. 8oz.
The aged horse's weight for age..... ,,	9st. 5lbs.	17st. 12lbs. divided by 2
His weight for inches ..... ,,	8st. 7lbs.	makes 8st. 13lbs.

Thus there would only be a difference of 1st. 0lbs. 8oz. between the three-year-old and the aged horse.

A Whim is, I fancy, exploded in England; the Racing Calendar for the last four years having even omitted the explanation of the term, and it is a race very rarely run on this side of India; but as it is still kept up at some courses on your side, I should be glad if any of your sporting readers can throw some light on the subject.

There is another point that I should like to see argued by those who can decide the question. I have heard it asserted, and that by old sportsmen, that when there is a race, the terms of which specify that the winner is to be sold for a certain sum, the purchaser has nothing to do with his subsequent engagements. I have always maintained that the purchaser takes the horse with *all* his engagements, and I think the rule published at page 221 of the Racing Calendar for 1828 bears me fully out.

At page 221, Sporting Magazine for January, 1828,* is the following paragraph: "The Duke of Grafton's Turcoman, winning the £50 plate the last three. M. of the B. C. proved that he had stoutness in him, by which he has won all his races, and that had he been well all the year he would have had a better day than he had for the Derby. The claimer at 300 gs. with his engagements, has got a very cheap horse, for the stake he is in next Craven Meeting of one hundred each; all the money he, if well on the day, is, I should think, sure of winning."

Whilst on racing subjects, I would notice one, upon which I have heard various opinions, and many bets laid, though not decided. It is, suppose two horses belonging to the same owner start for a sweepstakes or subscription, is the owner *obliged* to declare which he intends winning with *if he can?* There is no rule of the Jockey Club of this kind, even in their new code; but I have observed so many instances, when races have been described in the public papers, and in the Sporting Magazine, where two horses started belonging to one person, in which the horse was so specified, that I am inclined to

* The English Sporting Magazine is here alluded to.—Ed.

think there must be some rule, and that the owner stating which horse he means to win with, if he can, is not merely an act of courtesy.

To men on the Turf it is a desideratum that all the rules and regulations of racing should be well known to produce a uniform system for betters, and the opinion will, I trust, be a sufficient excuse for my troubling your readers with the points which form the subject of this letter.

I am, Sir,
Yours truly,
O. K.

BURZAUTTEE.

SIR,

The following remedy as a cure for Burzauttee was strongly recommended to me a few years ago by a very old sportsman, and I should have sent it to you sooner, but had mislaid the paper on which it was written, and did not recollect the exact proportions of the different ingredients. However, on reading O. K.'s letter in your 5th number, I made another, and I am glad to say, successful search, as I really think it worth your notice, insomuch as it supports the character of the remedy recommended by O. K.; for, although I have not had an opportunity of trying it myself, the gentleman who gave it to me stated that he had used it with success.

"Take opium 2oz., camphor 1oz., sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) ½oz., powdered ginger 3oz. Make into a mass with syrup or mucilage, and divide into twelve balls. One to be given every night and morning for three days, and on the fourth day the following ball only to be given. Yellow resin 1oz., Venice turpentine sufficient to form a ball. The vitriol balls are to be given again on the fifth day, and continued as before, giving the resin every fourth day until about two or three dozen of the former and six or ten of the latter have been given, which will generally be found sufficient. The Burzauttee fungus should be cut even with the skin, and afterwards seared with a hot iron, and, if necessary, dressed with the following digestive ointment.

"Take of beeswax ½oz., Venice turpentine 1½oz., hog's lard 2oz., red precipitate 1oz. In case there is not any fungus, but merely a swelling about the edges of the sores, the dressing to be of the above ointment, only omitting the red precipitate, and adding oil of turpentine 1oz., until the swelling is abated."

Whenever this treatment has proved successful, I am inclined to think more is to be attributed to the effects of the blue vitriol on the constitution than to any of the other ingredients, and, indeed, I am a little at a loss to guess why opium and camphor are ordered; perhaps they are intended to allay any irritation which the disease may sometimes occasion, or possibly they may have the effect of determining to the surface of the body and increasing the insensible perspiration, but the dose of opium is certainly much too large and must produce considerable constipation of the bowels. The dose of blue vitriol is equal to that which O. K. commences with, but I should prefer giving the medicine twice a day to once, for this reason. In prescribing, the inter-

vals between doses ought always to be so regulated that the effects of the first be not effaced before the following dose be taken. The practitioner should always attend to this, for if he does not the cure, if effected, will certainly take more time, and indeed may be said to be always beginning, but making no progress.

When I first thought of sending you this paper, it was with the view of recommending a trial of blue vitriol in Burzauttee cases. O. K. has, however, been beforehand with me; but I am not sorry, for he writes well, and I feel very confident he is an old hand in the veterinary art, and understands the thing well; besides he has cited a case which is worth pages of theory. I only hope others who may have an opportunity will follow his example, and try a remedy which I really think holds out good prospect of success. I am not at all acquainted with the properties of the milky juice of the Muddar plant, but it appears useful. A medical friend of mine to whom I mentioned the subject last night told me that he had cured ringworms of a very inveterate nature with it; one instance he stated was that of a medical man during the Burmese war, who told him he had applied everything he could think of without the least success.

O. K. has made a small mistake where he says the *root* of the Muddar plant is what Dr. Playfair recommended as a cure for leprosy. It is only the *bark of the root*. I have witnessed its good effects given in conjunction with calomel and antimonial powder in recent cases of leprosy. By-the-by, might it not possibly be of use in Burzauttee? Should any of your readers be inclined to try it, I would recommend their uniting calomel and antimony with it in the first instance; discontinuing them after they had been given for what might, according to circumstances, be thought a sufficient length of time, but giving the Muddar powder for some time after; I cannot say how much, but I think one dram or one and a half dram would not be found too large a dose of Muddar powder to commence with, and to be gradually and carefully increased every three or four days until it produces some sensible effect. (Its peculiar effect in the human subject is that of producing a considerable glow or heat over the whole surface of the body.) At the same time topical stimulants must be applied—say the milky juice as used by O. K.

The Muddar plant ought to be gathered in March, April, or May. The root is to be carefully cleared, which is best done by washing, when just dug up; the bark is then to be taken off, and when dried in the sun is easily beaten into a fine powder.

Now, Mr. Editor, I will just congratulate you on the addition to your subscribers, which I see noticed, and also on the improvement made in the manner of printing. I like the double column exceedingly, and with best wishes,

I remain,

Yours truly,

F. S.

Barripore, August 20th, 1829.

DEATH OF THE TIGER.

A RYGHTE MERRIE AND WELL CONCEITED STORIE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

Muse of the comic strain, assist, I pray,
And give thy succour to my humble lay,
Teach me in lines, harmonious to relate,
A sporting anecdote of recent date.

In Khunner's distant glades the tigers prowl,
And far and wide is heard their nightly howl,
The villagers from dread can't sleep in quiet,
For now a bullock's missing—now a riot;
Whilst peace and joy have fled the peasant's cot,
And all around bewail their hapless lot.
Not long ago, four rattle-pated boys
(Aspiring in the world to make a noise)
Left Hyderabad to seek a sporting name
By killing tigers, hogs, and other game,
And hearing of these tigers' depredations,
Who eat up men, as soldiers eat up rations,
Started for Khunner, all full speed together,
To kill the monsters, spite of wind and weather:
All that they wished for, was but once to find 'em,
Their names were Thompson, Jackson, Wilson, Bindham,
Who armed with guns, long swords, and longer spears,
Mounted on elephants and devoid of fears,
Beat up the jungles, knocked about the bushes,
Kicked up the grass, and much disturbed the rushes,
When on a sudden, coming to a check,
Thompson's mahout called out, "Dekh, Sahib, Dekh,
In yonder bush, a royal tiger couches,
See how the monster on his belly crouches."
Up started Thompson, gayest of the gay,
The trigger pulled, the bullet winged its way;
The tiger moved not, tail, nor foot, nor head;
"Huzza!" cried Thompson, "See, I've killed him dead."
"Stop, stop," says Jackson, "let me have a fire."
"Be quiet, Jack, sit still I do desire;
Why, what's the use of firing now, you ninny,
I killed him dead, you fool, I'll bet a guinea."
"No, no," said Jackson, "I must take a shot,
Tigers sometimes sham dead when they are not."
So pulled his trigger, and with like success,
For the poor beast lay still and motionless.
Wilson and Bindham, then not far behind,
Hearing the firing and for sport inclined,
Pushed on their elephants with utmost speed,
To share the honour of the glorious deed;
And when they saw in bushes couched the beast,
In their eyes, six feet high, to say the least,

They, too, both fired—pull triggers left and right—
(Their second triggers both were pulled through fright)
Then pushed across the intervening plain,
To see the animal so bravely slain;
Whilst Thompson roared, "I put the first shot in,
And so by Jove, my lads, I'll have the skin."
On they all rushed, elate with joy and glee,
And saw——why, what the devil did they see?
They saw much swelled, of worms and maggots full,
The putrid carcase of a Village Bull! ! ! !

MORAL.

Ye sporting youths, who wish to gain, by killing Tigers, glory,
Attend to this, my humble strain, and ponder o'er my story;
When from the jungles you return, ne'er boast of waging battle
With royal tigers, when you've seen, no beast but village cattle,
For thus these boys, as I have shown, gained nought but jeers and laughter,
And bullock killers they were called, from that day ever after.
So prosper long all sporting men, who tigers meet and fight them,
And when they meet with scenes like these, may I be there to write them.

E. R.

P. S.—It has been asserted that these four heroes did subsequently kill several *real royal tigers*, but as I did not see them I can only say, *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est reti.*

NOVICE ON SHOOTING.

SIR,

Having at length found a real friend, who has kindly assisted me with his advice, I left off my Turf pursuits, sold all my stud, among which was a fresh thoroughbred Maiden, recommended not so much for his speed as for his uncommon "*maintaining powers*," for the seller told me he could keep up a certain pace for ever, and being also supplied by him with a name terminating in my sporting letter Z, I called him "Rum-is-riz," which I think peculiarly happy. Well, Sir, him I sold also, and by my friend's counsel, I took to shooting; he recommended a flint lock, in preference to a detonator, as they make less noise, and go off much slower, which allows plenty of time for correcting the aim after the trigger is pulled, an advantage which all the boasted superiority of caps and tubes can never rival, at least so said my friend, and so I bought his own Joe Manton flint; while he, being a more experienced sportsman, and therefore careless about trifles, contented himself with a detonator, the tube from which, by-the-by, at the first shot, hit me as we stood side by side, when we fired, smack on my cheek, and singed my hair to ashes. I was forced to leave the ground, and have not seen my friend since.

The next time I went out alone, and after walking about the flats and the beach only from seven till five, I made up a considerable bag of game. Four skylarks, two sandpipers, six lilywhites, and a peewit, making a summary of

thirteen full-grown birds. I should have bagged more, only the sandpipers run so very fast there's no getting within good killing distance except by hard fagging, but they well reward a sportsman for his trouble, because their flesh is so firm and their trail (though bitterish) is remarkably large and full.

And now permit me to ask a few questions of your Shooting Correspondents. What is the best killing distance with No. 2? it's the number I always intend to use. What advantage is derived from not keeping your gun on the full cock?

Which are considered the best, white or dark flints, and what is the meaning of the word "Mark" shouted out the instant a bird rises up?

If a person's shot strike you over the legs and arms, are you justified in returning the compliment?

As different kinds of birds fly in as many different kinds of flights, can any of your correspondents explain how aim should be taken at them, for surely if the quail and partridge fly, as I am told, straight before you and the snipe dodges about in zigzags, the manner of aiming at the straight fliers would not answer with the dodgers?

How the devil do you shoot a hare?

I've had at least fifteen shots, some pretty close too, at my Malfee's grey cat, but can't touch a feather.

I hope that fellow Jasper Gambado has been burked.

Yours obediently,

NOVICE.

P.S.—Just heard from my shooting friend; he recommends me to buy a cavalry cast horse, as they are used to stand fire, and sell cheap, to use as a shooting pony, and to beat Old Woman's Island for "golden plover" and "silver-bellies."

Query. Where is Old Woman's Island?—does it mean Bombay? and what sort of bird is the silver-belly?

N.

FOX HUNTING—BREEDING.

SIR,

I little thought when I was bewailing the harassing up-hill work which breeding in the Deccan from English foxhounds undoubtedly is, that scarce a month would elapse before I should be doomed once more to see the hopes of a year and a half cleared by one fell swoop from the land of the living; yet scarce had that period passed when the most ravaging distemper I have yet seen broke out in the kennel I have before spoken of, not only carrying off the flower of the half-bred southern hounds, but attacking indiscriminately young and old of every size and breed with such violence, that at one time I really believed scarce a dog would have remained to have mourned his companions. Fortunately, with much care and attention, combined with other remedies, the enemy was at last overcome, and some ten couples of dogs once more held up their heads.

As is invariably the case, those which a man is particularly desirous of saving are the first to go off; the best bred dogs accordingly suffered most, and the whole of the puppies, including the only remaining tokens of foxhounds having once been inhabitants of the kennel, were laid under

ground. Such is the enemy a breeder has to contend with. Not only do young and old fall victims alike, but even those who have *had* the disease not only *once, but two and three times*; thus leaving but small ground for supposing vaccination to be of much service, seeing that even an attack of the disease itself is by no means a certain preservative for the future.

Let no one, I repeat, that cannot command patience to a very, very great degree attempt to breed. A certainty of losing a large portion of every litter, the constant worry, vexations, and annoyances that are inseparable from the rearing of those which do live, together with the chance of an almost general clearance every three or four years, are contingencies a breeder must not only be prepared to *endure*, but to look on as a matter of course. If this does not try his temper, what in God's name will?

Of the futility of all endeavours to keep alive thoroughbred foxhounds in these parts, more and more examples during even the short period that has elapsed since my last letter on this subject have been witnessed. In the kennel at this place of two couples that were commissioned for breeding only and received in perfect health, the half are already dead; and of the two dogs remaining, one was so floored that I had but little hope of seeing him on his legs again; thanks to 10 grain doses of calomel pitched in every day till his mouth was touched, he is once more allright; how long to continue so remains to be proved.

At Poonah, of 7 couples of fine *young* hounds (the most likely dogs to have got inured to the climate, at least if they at all resemble in this point the human race) but one couple remains. These hounds were brought out by a sporting character, both as regards the turf and the field, who selected them from a pack he himself hunted in England, and arrived in the Deccan in rude health; he has hunted them but *three times*, and but *two dogs* remain.

In Bombay, the only climate on this side of India which appears to agree with them, some couples have been purchased from a ship lately arrived; and although they have done no wonders as yet, still afford sport, which as the cold season advances may be reasonably expected to be increased. Let them but be laid on the scents of a jackal in *Salsette*, and if they don't put every man in raptures, I shall never believe my eyes again.

Poets are ever invoking the muses to afford them assistance; would to heaven I, as a foxhunter, could hit upon some charm to inspire the good people of Bombay with energy sufficient to keep going, even on its present small scale, the pack a few high-spirited sportsmen have already got up. Madras and Calcutta have each their hounds, and is Bombay alone, with a climate too which warrants every hope of success, to be the only Presidency where the raptures of the chase are to remain unfelt and unknown? There is a degree of selfishness no doubt in my anxiety that the capital of this side of India should not be behind the others in this sport; but at the same time, it's a desire not only to benefit myself but every one who is desirous of enjoying fox-hunting; for if once a pack was fairly established at Bombay, it would prove a fund, from which those who look to breeding only, the sole method of any use above the Ghauts, could at all times draw on for valuable assistance. Now or never, then, is the time; the number of hounds

brought out this year on speculation warrants the belief that if a hunt was established by which a certain market and liberal prices could be insured, hounds would be forthcoming out of every ship—good fellowship would be promoted, and Bombay itself, now looked on almost as a place of punishment to any man who knows and can feel the joys of the chase, would afford one of the highest gratifications that human nature is capable of enjoying!

The Deccan appears unfitted by nature for first-rate hunting. Thoroughbred hounds cannot be kept alive, and even if they could, jackals are so scarce, and when found the scent so far from strong, that there are not twenty days throughout the year in which there would be a chance of a kill. To hunt foxes it is necessary they should be bagged and turned out over a country unknown to them, or five minutes in any direction will be sufficient to earth them. Even with this precaution the earths are so numerous that in a run of five and six miles, as many at least are passed! and if Reynard has time to spare to look about him, the sport is damned.

Unsportsmanlike as bagging foxes *in England* is very properly considered, though even there it is occasionally necessary, and consequently pardonable in this country, there is no help for it. Necessity breaks through all laws. We in a hog-hunting country read with disgust at first of splendid boars being *shot* in France and Germany, the spear being with us the only lawful weapon; but when we come to consider that it may be the only method of killing—a point, though, on which I have strong doubts—the disgust gradually becomes less, and dwindles into pity, that it should be necessary such an overpowering advantage should be taken of so noble an animal.

Hunting bagged foxes as they are here hunted is much more objectionable in sound than in reality, and the more we look into the matter the clearer this will appear. The fox is caught one afternoon and turned out the next morning at daybreak; he is slipped into a box when caught, and let out in the same way without being touched by the hand, and it is not likely—nor does it so happen—that one night in a roomy box can do him much harm. By this means 20 minutes' law can be allowed, and the only advantages taken is the adding a little artificial scent the moment before he is turned out, and taking the precaution of avoiding his own country. *These are absolutely necessary.* In the one case his natural scent is not sufficient to admit of his being followed for five minutes, and in the other, that time would be sufficient to earth him.

With regard to one objection which would immediately strike a person ignorant of the country and manner in which foxes are found—and that is, that one of the chief beauties of fox-hunting—the unkennelling and break from covert—is entirely lost, it is only necessary to observe that there is no such thing as covert hunting here with any animal but a jackal; foxes are found on as bare country as Exmoor or Salisbury plains! and are hid only by lying at the bottom of small nullahs; so that, supposing a man had to "find," he would roam about the nullahs until a fox jumps up in the middle of the pack, when away he goes in view, and unless quickly gains some broken ground is probably run into at once. So much for finding your fox, and when it is recollected that the

chances of a blank morning are extremely great, owing to being obliged to hunt over and over the same country—that when found, either the scent is sure to fail or Reynard betake himself to mother earth, it will readily be allowed, that the only possible way of hunting foxes is by bagging and providing what nature has denied —scent.

It is needless to look at the other side of the question at any length: any one who is desirous of knowing what sport can be expected with bagmen, may see by turning to the latest fox-hunting intelligence in some of the last numbers the duration of each run, *timed by the watch*, and as to the pace it is quite sufficient, when over a difficult country, to floor all but those who really can go. If the breed now raising should partake—as I hope and trust it may, for I can't bear crawling—of the speed of the bitches, ten minutes will be more than enough to turn over the best fox in the country. To give a more correct idea of the pace the pack *could* go in its quickest days, I have only to state that I have seen a fair found fox jump up about a hundred yards ahead, ran up to, turned and killed in five or six hundred more, without ever being able to make the smallest head. In one season ten fair found foxes were killed by this pack, some in the manner just mentioned, and others with some little hunting and much view, the consequence of which was, the rise of the nose soon became superseded by that of the eyes, and had not an abrupt stop been put to this half greyhound, half hound work, the pack would have been totally spoiled. That this is not loose random talking, or an occurrence not likely to happen, I will just mention that I was informed a very short time ago, by a friend who hunts a pack at Poonah, that his dogs have lately refused *to touch* an artificial scent, and that the only way in which he could account for it was his having—owing to a scarcity of foxes — taken to hunting fair found jackals; the result of which is, as might have been expected, he has killed very few indeed, and ruined his pack! There appears to me, indeed, but a slight shade of difference between running at times a natural scent with a pack intended for an artificial one, and entering *foxhounds at hares*; both are founded on erroneous principles, and *must be* productive of mischief.

On fox-hunting I have but little more to say—if any one expects that it can ever be brought to perfection *in the Deccan*, he indulges in a hope which can never be realized: nature has—one may almost say—set her face against it; the foxes are diminutive, have scarce any scent, and, though speedy, have but little bottom compared with their brethren of England; the country is dry, rocky, and bare, without coverts, and abounding with earths; the mornings cold at first and hot soon after, the changes of course acting on what little scent might otherwise lie. These *trifling* impediments, added to the certainty of death to all thoroughbred hounds, are, I think, nearly sufficient to prove the truth of my assertion; but true as this is, equally true is it that capital sport may still be obtained if a few prejudices against appearance and want of blood as regards the pack, and bagging and artificial scenting as relates to the foxes, be got over; and I repeat, that the pack I have been speaking of gives as good sport during eight or nine months in

each year as a man out of the land of fox-hunting can reasonably expect to enjoy.

Of the jackal and antelope there yet remains a word to be said. The former I do not think runs as well by a great deal as the fox; besides, his natural scent, except in wet mornings during the rainy season, or heavy dew in the cold weather, is not sufficient to give a fair chance of a kill; in addition to this, they are so scarce, that the blank days would be beyond bearing numerous, an event at all times annoying enough, but doubly so to a person roused out of a comfortable sleep *at daybreak.*

Antelopes might easily be caught, and as all this tribe lose much of their natural powers after once being "carted," they would probably be not too much for a quick pack: but *they also* must undergo a wash of artificial scent; all kinds of deer are supposed to have a strong natural scent, but I do not think such is the case with antelopes. Certainly not to an extent sufficient to do away the necessity of a splash of assafœtida.

If, as is the case with the fox, the antelope must be bagged and anointed, what then, may be asked, will be gained by the change? *I fear, nothing.* Quicker and better runs are expected, but I think the difficulties cannot be surmounted. As for myself, give me the fox; I can easily stop my dogs from antelopes, and therefore care little whether I come upon herds after herds; but it will not be so easy a matter to keep a pack settled to the hunted antelope, when dozens are bounding about in view in every direction. I apprehend nothing but first-rate blood would be brought to stick to the hunted deer in such cases—and a thoroughbred pack would be underground in a month; but even if the pack was steady to its game, the country is so flat and bare, that nearly the whole run would be in view, and a very little of that work, unless the hounds are extraordinarily well matched as to *bottom and speed*—a thing which not very many packs *in England* can boast of in a high degree, and much less likely to be attained here—would soon scatter them so as to require *rather a large sheet* to cover them, and one of the greatest treats in hunting—the pack well together—be entirely lost.

The experiment, however, has still to be tried and *may* succeed. The sportsman who is determined to try it *will* succeed if any one *can*—and much as I fear it must end in disappointment, I know nothing that would give me more sincere pleasure than to see the efforts of my friend in introducing this novel and interesting sport crowned with complete success.

NIMROD IN THE EAST.

LATEST FOX HUNTING INTELLIGENCE FROM AHMEDNUGGUR.

October 2nd, 1829.—Met at the village of Sarvedi; turned out a fine fox, who went away at a great pace to Nepti, leaving that village a little on the right, and thence by Keirgaum in the river, along the banks to Boorudgaum, where he was viewed and shortly after ran into between that village and Arungaum, after a splendid

run of 45 minutes, in the course of which one of the horses in the field broke clean down.

5th.—Met at the Bhesht Bagh; went off for Nagapoor, passing it and running along the banks of the river till near Wargaum, when the fox took a turn to the right and was ultimately viewed and run into in the Mangoe tope at Peempulgaum. A capital run —time not taken.

9th.—Threw off at the Flower Garden; ran by Keirgaum and back to the Nepti nullah; killed after a very pretty burst of 30 minutes.

12th.—Met at the same place, went away from Nepti, at a great pace to the hills, ran along the back of them till we gained the high ground, when the pack came suddenly to a check; after some delay the scent was again hit off and after slow hunting nearly to the village of Charss, got a view and killed—time one hour.

16th.—Met at the Flower Garden, the ground deep, killed after a ploughing run of 25 minutes.

18th.—Threw off at the same place; went off with a good scent over the Nepti hills to Charss in 30 minutes—killed.

22nd.—Met at the Bhesht Bagh, a large field—run up to the Schendi nullah and thence turned away for the Brush hills, under which Reynard was turned up after 30 minutes' work.

26th.—Met on the opposite bank of the river, and ran to earth on the further side of the Nepti hills in 20 minutes.

28th.—Met at the Bhesht Bagh, a large field, went away for the Schendi nullah, crossed and on for Wurgaum, over the river for Nimblak, to within 200 yards of the walls; here the fox was viewed by the field going away for Hingingaum; he, however, shortly after took a turn to the left, made good the banks of the river, and finally got safe to ground at the Chunam tehkries with the pack at his heels—55 minutes without a check.

November 2nd.—Met at Sarvedi, ran to earth near Hingingaum in 29 minutes.

3rd.—At the Bhesht Bagh, ran by Brush hill past the hamlet and tank, killing at Coperwarree—35 minutes.

5th.—Met at Bingar, scent good—killed, after a sharp tilt, half way up the Yomb hill—20 minutes.

8th.—Met at the Bhesht Bagh, at a good pace to Nagapoor, and on to Nimblak, to earth—25 minutes.

12th.—The same fixture; had a good run to the Peempulgaum hills, killed—35 minutes.

14th.—Met at Sarvedi; no scent; lost.

17th.—At the Flower Garden, away for Nepti, and after nearly reaching the village made across the ravines at the bottom of the hills at a strong pace towards Keirgaum, and killed, half an hour's good pace throughout.

19th.—Met near same place and killed at Charp after a good split of 30 minutes.

21st.—Sarvedi, ran to earth at Nimblak.

24th.—At the Flower Garden, ran to earth after a beautiful burst of 25 minutes at Nimblak; put in an earthing terrier, bolted the fox and ran to earth again in less than ten minutes; bolted again, and again ran to ground.

26th.—The Bhesht Bagh, a pretty run of 23 minutes, killing close to home.

28th.—The same fixture; got into high grain, came suddenly on the fox and killed—no sport.

December 1st.—Same place,

made for the river, crossed and killed at Nepti—a good run—28 minutes.

4th.—The Bhesht Bagh, ran the fox into a pit after a sharp brush of 20 minutes; succeeded in getting him out and killed.

26th.—Met at the Risalu lines; scent bad—lost after a great deal of cold hunting.

29th.—Threw off at the same ground, run by Schendi to the Khind on the Joour road and killed after a very beautiful run through a large mass of grain in 50 minutes.

31st.—Near the same lines, overran the scent soon after going off, and did not recover it for a considerable time; hit it off at last, and, after a great deal of cold hunting, ran up to the fox in grain near Nimblak and killed; a long and harassing run—time not taken.

January 5th.—Met at Sarvedi, went straight away for Hingingaum, and when close to the grass lands turned to the right for Numblak, killing between that village and home—capital sport—time 40 minutes.

TO ONE OF THE OLD BRISTLER HUNT.

Parody on "*Come take the Harp, 'tis vain to muse.*"

Come take the spear, 'tis vain to count
On all the wavering tinkering crew;
Come take the spear, and let us mount,
And once more beat the jungle through;
Ride, let us ride—with hogs in sight,
Sharp spurs will make our Arabs fly,
Oh! for the glorious, proud delight
Of "One more chase at Casselsye."

Let me but see that long bright spear
Once more in boar-blood bathe its blade,
And I would blush to feel a fear,
Would even funk to be afraid,
Give him, old boy, that dexterous touch
We used to try long, long ago,
Before the snobs had known as much
As now they all pretend to know!

Bright days! of former fun and freak,
Of all that looked so joyous then,
Now gone and past! fie, fie! let's seek
The jungle ground and try again!
Art thou a snob too? no! the glow
Of tuskied triumphs fires thine eye;
Mount, mount at once and off we go,
For "one more chase at Casselsye."

ON PERCUSSION POWDER.

MR. EDITOR,

As the flint and steel system is now quite out of date and so discordant with the ideas of the sportsmen of the present day, it would perhaps be better to leave this matter in the hands of those few who are still its supporters. With regard, however, to the subject of this epistle, and those who have been the upholders of percussion from the time of its invention, allow me to say that the gunmakers have undoubtedly had a great laugh at the expense of the latter, or rather

have been *chuckling in their sleeves* for some years past at finding how much the detonating system had improved their trade by knocking out the barrels in one half the time that the old flints did. Joyce's unlucky invention of the anti-corrosion powder has now nearly destroyed their harvest; it was indeed a *damper* to them one and all, and any man who has been much in the habit of using the common powder (made of oxymuriate, nitrate, or neutral carbonate of potash*) will, on examining the state of his barrel, soon discover that they have suffered more or less according to the care that has been taken *in cleaning them immediately after use;* upon this circumstance much depends, and a gun would last at least half as long again where immediate cleaning is attended to, which effectually prevents the possibility of the corrosive particles eating into the iron by not giving it sufficient time. As a proof of this being the case, I have with one of my guns fired away nearly 4000 corrosive caps, and the interior of the barrels still have as fine a polish as the day they left the maker's hands; this, however, has not been the case with one barrel out of ten that I have taken the pains to examine in order to satisfy myself on this point, and some, apparently new guns, shockingly damaged from the nitrate of potash. To those who are unwilling to throw away their stock of caps, although they be of the last-mentioned description, the following plan is recommended as nearly counteracting their bad effects. In the first place, a thorough cleansing of the barrels immediately after returning from the field, not by a mere washing, but in such a manner as to take out a considerable quantity of lead, which assists the nitrate of potash in corroding; and secondly to grease the insides of the barrel slightly with mercurial ointment, which is another antidote to its poisonous effects, and will at all times protect iron from rust longer than oil possibly can.

There are two or three ways of making the common percussion powder, viz.—

	oz.
Oxymuriate of Potash ...	1
Superfine Charcoal.....	$\frac{1}{8}$
Sulphur.....	$\frac{1}{16}$

Mixed with gum Arabic water and then dried.

Another:—

5 Parts of Oxymuriate.
2 „ of Sulphur.
1 „ of Charcoal.

We also read in a certain publication of a German chemist having discovered a fulminating powder of great strength, and what is considered more remarkable is the force of the explosion being directed below. The ingredients are—

Nitrate of Potash...	2 Parts.
Neutral Carbonate of Potash	2 „

* The percussion powder for caps (says Col. Maceroni in the 2nd Vol. of the Naval and Military Magazine) should by all means be composed of the nitrate of mercury, first brought into use by Mr. F. Joyce, of Old Compton-street. This, instead of having the slightest tendency to corrode the piece, would appear rather to possess an anti-oxidating property; for I have repeatedly found that having fired 20 rounds with this percussion powder, and laid the piece by for a month without the least cleaning, it has been at the expiration of that time as perfectly free from the least speck of rust as the day it came new from the maker's shop.

Col. M. is also of opinion that the superoxigenated muriate of potash corrodes the parts of a gun as much as a drop of nitric acid itself, and leaves upon combustion a residuum of that active fluid upon the iron.

Sulphur.....	1 Part.
Sea Salt.....	6 „ *

To be finely pulverized.

These are all destructive to fowling-pieces, and should never be used when the anticorrosion can be obtained, which is made by substituting nitrate of mercury for nitrate of potash.

I remain, Mr. Editor,
Yours faithfully,
RAMROD.

Mahabuleshwa, Feb. 10th.

* The German chemist's receipt needs only the glance of a short-sighted man to discover its destructive qualities.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

SIR,

In spite of your editorial remarks upon the wholesale criticism which I ventured to send to your Sporting Magazine for publication in No. 5—in spite, I say, of your flippant observations and not-to-be-laughed-at jocularity—in spite of the mawling you wish me to experience from the literary lashes of those whose productions I pronounced upon—in spite of all this, my object has been triumphantly attained, and your Sporting Magazine will I trust be no longer stained with the indelicacy of your correspondents' too prurient emanations. That I am right in supposing my criticism has effected thus much good, the contents of your last number fully establishes.

Guzerattee has taken my hint, and is on his guard about his grammar. Then *John Dockery* has gone to the Tomb of all the Capulets, that's one good riddance; S. Y. S. has declared his correspondence at an end—that's another; *The Tinkers* have ceased their pot and kettle business—that's another; and *Andropais* has dropped his Three Macs,*—and that's another.

Under this impression, therefore, and in the expectation that similar success will attend my present labours, I shall take the liberty to make a few desultory remarks on the contents of No. 6. So first come, first served. *Gruntgaily's death* is inimitable, though the sentiment contained in the two lines—

"And where is Squeakilla, the sow that I sighed for,
And where's my friend Tiggy, who sighed for her too?"

conveys an immoral impression, which it would have been as well to have avoided. His anticipation of his fate so exquisitely expressed in the words—

"*I can feel my chops fry*"

is really in the genuine spirit of poetical pig-prophecy.

"*Centaur*" seems to think that the Belgaum Antelopes are Wild Gazelles. He is quite wrong; and what in the name of common sense does he mean by a "Wolf's *inhumanly smelling tail?*"—did he expect it to be redolent of Beer and Brandy, or esprit de rose? This comes of a misapplication of epithets, unless, indeed, he suspected the wolf to be like a *Centaur*, half *man*, half *beast*; I mean his signature, not himself. "*Rifle*" has made a vile attempt to copy the celebrated Geoffry Gambado. "*A Lover of all sports*" must be a lover of humbug with his thousand Bustards, and his one day *tailing* a Bullock to kill his bird, and the next day actually ploughing up to the game! He says his shot is B. B. I should say as a query Y. Y. Does he expect

* STEPHEN will find his triumph on this score is rather premature.—ED.

people will swallow all this? I need not animadvert on the highly immoral tendency of the "Kitten's catastrophe;" fie, fie! "Wine and woman"—worse and worse—almost filthy. "Spear" certainly requires brightening, for he is as dull as cold iron and as blunt as a sledge-hammer, or, as a witty friend of mine observed, "Spear" must be only a *handle*, for he evidently wants a *head*.

Nimrod is incorrigibly lengthy—24 desperate columns—but the glorious party and the noble sport he describes so well are certainly a fair excuse in this instance for prosing—he, too, like "Guzerattee," has taken my advice, and left off a good deal of his low slang, and shows his good sense and good nature in so doing.

Stirrup's tour, though fanciful and whimsical enough, possesses much merit, and Dragsman is a very useful writer. I was sorry to see so little from O. K. Your readers who read for real information were disappointed. The rest, or, as I before called them, "the mob of your contributors," are harmless and unpretending, and therefore not legitimate objects of criticism, so I shall let them pass.

And now a word to yourself. I am not much obliged to you for pointing me out as a fit object for burking, though how a *half-starved* critic as you call me can have that *obesity* about him which you say "constitutes Stephen a fair subject for dissection," I must leave to your sagacity to explain; but let me tell you that here we have not yet had one instance of that dreadful practice, whatsoever you may have experienced at the Presidency.

Your most obedient Servant,

STEPHEN.

Malligaum, Nov. 9, 1829.

THE THREE MACS.

Continued from Page 236.

Oh! wreathe the lyre with cypress—let the strain
Be sad and solemn, as the lengthen'd face
Of a pluck'd Hertford student, who in vain
Has screw'd his courage to the sticking place,
And duly stuff'd his pockets and his brain
With every help that might befit his case—
To paint the unpleasant feelings that absorb us,
When our insides are racked by Cholera Morbus.

McCleod was one day lecturing on full batta,
And all the questions that therefrom arise—
I cannot state his arguments—no matter—
But all allowed them to be wondrous wise,
When, in the midst of his rhetoric clatter,
With outstretch'd arms, and volume-speaking eyes,
He felt, alas! most inauspicious omen,
A sort of all-no-how in the abdomen.

Still stood his tongue, and soon his audience saw
His long lank face grow awfully pathetic,
As the keen teeth of pain his bowels gnaw,
And sick he feels as from some cursed emetic.

At first his hearers laughed, but soon with awe,
As if he'd swallowed a strong diuretic,
They saw exemplified in each particular,
The motion peristaltic or vermicular.

He rests unmourn'd upon a foreign bier,
For him there heaves not man's heart-rending sigh,
For him there flows not gentler woman's tear—
He pass'd unwept for, and unheeded by,
Doom'd, like the slight ephemeron, to appear
And sport his day of happiness—then die!
He rests in peace, for here no resurrection
Men can dig up his body for dissection.

(I think the Scotch should watch, 'twill do no harm,
The actions of each surgical practitioner,
Who has brought to him bodies yet half warm,
And youthful maids in very good condition, or
Still should they feel no just cause for alarm,
And I in this my hasty proposition err,
It might be well just now and then to send 'em
A Habeas Corpus ad subjiciendum.)

The two last Macs once started to shoot bustard,
And as McHutchins near'd the noble bird,
In circles narrowing—his head grew fluster'd
(Heroes and kings from the same cause have err'd,)
And being, too, by nature hot as mustard,
The other's warning voice was all unheard;
The moment came, he pointed, pull'd the trigger,
Swift flew the bullet and down fell McGregor.

On the red ground the youth lay low, and painting
With his life, blood the grass that sprung beneath—
The horrible hues of dissolution tainting
The bloomy freshness of his youthful cheek,
And with the last long gasp and chilly fainting,
As the soul flutters from th' embrace of death,
The thoughts came o'er him of his native Scotland,
As his eyes closed for ever on this hot land.

Like Niobe, though not so lovely quite,
McHutchins stood as stiff as alabaster,
His legs, erst bow'd, became knock-kneed with fright,
And his red cheeks grew white as Paris plaster,
But still, although he felt, as well he might,
Uneasy at so awkward a disaster,
His heart was guiltless—though the world might slang him,
His conscience cared not so they didn't hang him.

He was not hung, and oft as memory threw
Her backward glance upon the scenes of old,
McGregor's spectre rose upon his view,
And his blood ran unnaturally cold,
And his round eyes stared wildly; sometimes, too,
He'd soar upon the muse's pinion bold,
And pour like this some elegiac strain,
To consecrate the memory of the slain—

He is far from the land where his fathers sleep,
And musquitoes around him are flying,
No friends but a few black niggers weep
O'er the bier where McGregor is lying.

The nautch-girl no more is clasp'd in his arms,
Each light thought of love awaking,
For death, though it may have its own hidden charms,
Is a serious undertaking.

He had lived *for* his pay, though not *on* it, and died—
As the shackles of conscience entwined him,
Lamenting his past career, and sigh'd,
For the bills left unpaid behind him.

Oh! bury him deep where the sun shines bright,
Nor let any rubbish be shot there,
The place of his rest won't be cold if I'm right,
For he'll find it sufficiently hot there.

ANDROPAIS.

NEW RULES OF THE POONAH TURF.

At a meeting of the Stewards, held at the Race Bungalow, at Poonah, the Rules as published in the 5th Number Oriental Sporting Magazine were repealed, and the following substituted.

That the Newmarket Rules, as published in the 5th Number Oriental Sporting Magazine (page 282) be, as far as applicable, adopted, and commence and remain in force from January 1st, 1830.

That the stewards decide how far these rules may be applicable to any point at issue.

Rules in addition to the above for the Poonah Course.

I. Every horse must be entered between eleven o'clock and one o'clock p.m. on the day previous to the race, unless it happens on Monday, when the horse must be entered on Saturday. Horses entered after that hour to pay 150 Rupees to the fund, but no horse can be entered after six o'clock p.m. of that day, and no post entrance admitted. Sealed notifications to be given to the Secretary, who will open them at one o'clock p.m. on the day previous to running.

II. All handicaps to be made by the Stewards.

III. Two Stewards to take the time *i.e.*, the whole time, and the Secretary mark it down: such time only is authentic and all bets must be paid by it. One Steward starts the horses and one judges the race. No Steward to

refuse to take the half miles if personally requested to do so by an owner of a horse about to start.

IV. Half an hour allowed between heats, and one quarter between races; the Stewards, however, can, if they please, direct private matches to be run between heats; all races and matches being settled the day before.

V. A. horse walking over receives but half the amount, and can walk over but once during the meeting: he must show himself at the winning post to the Stewards, who may, if they please, order him back to his stables or make him go round.

VI. None but subscribers can run horses on the Poonah Course. Any horse running on the Poonah Course under one name, having ever run under any other without such notification, together with all horses belonging to the same owner or his confederate, shall be distanced, and such person shall not start another horse during the meeting.

VII. All horses intended to run on the Poonah Course must be aged and measured by the names they are intended to run under on a day which will be notified by the Secretary. No horse can be aged or measured afterwards without paying 50 Rupees to the fund; this rule does not extend to strangers who arrive from out-stations with their horses after the day of measuring, but applies to all horses, whether the property of residents or absentees, who are in Poonah or within ten miles of it on the day of measuring.

VIII. In extraordinary cases a horse may be aged by any two Stewards at any time of the year, upon paying three Gold Mohurs to the fund. The Stewards have the power to call upon a veterinary surgeon or any experienced person for an opinion to aid his own. The applicant is entitled to a certificate from the Secretary.

IX. All horses are measured without shoes and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch allowed for plates.

X. Colts must have a colt's tooth on the 1st of October, and be shown to a Steward, who will give a written document to that effect; in case the horse be not in Poonah, a document to be produced, signed by three gentlemen, either owners or part owners of the horse; all extraordinary cases to be considered by the Stewards.

XI. Galloway height $13\frac{3}{4}$ hands and under, and pony height 13 hands and under.

XII. In weight for age races.

	st.	lb.
1 year old carries	6	5
2 ditto	6	12
3 ditto	7	5
4 ditto	7	12
5 ditto	8	5
6 ditto	8	12
7 and aged	9	0

XIII. In races, weight for inches, 14 hands, carries 9 st., with 11b. added for every eighth of an inch above, and deducted for every eighth below that height.

XIV. By Arab horses is meant any horse imported from Arabia or Persia, and is generally called a Gulf horse.

XV. By a country horse is meant a horse, bred in India, of whatever breed, except his sire and dam are thoroughbred English imported horses. These horses are qualified for all races, but if the sire and dam are thoroughbred English imported, they come under the term of English horses. The produce of a thoroughbred English horse or mare bred in India is qualified.

XVI. All horses imported from any other part of the world are

termed English, and must be excluded from races under that term.

XVII. All horses of whatever breed may run for country plates, cups, or sweepstakes, provided they are bred within the space contemplated in the terms of the race. A certificate of the birth by two persons, not owners or partners, must be produced; if the mare belongs to a native, the testimony of two natives is quite sufficient. All colts will be aged from May 1st, but this rule is not retrospective, and commences from January 1st, 1830.

XVIII. A maiden horse is one that has never started on any course for plate, cup, purse, match, or sweepstakes. Walking over, provided he walks over on the Poonah Course, does not exclude him; paying or receiving profit does not exclude him; but a Match against time does.

XIX. Mares and geldings in all cases allowed 3lbs.

XX. No persons, except the Stewards, the Secretary, and the owners of horses about to start, can be in the Judge's stand, and this rule is on no account to be deviated from.

XXI. All horses running for cups and public money to pay three Gold Mohurs entrance, and one Gold Mohur for every other race.

XXII. To prevent mistakes about English imported horses starting, it would be presumption to dictate to Regiments, &c., &c., giving plates, what horses were or were not to start for them; they are therefore requested to exclude them or not, as they think proper; for public money the Stewards, in making races, have the same power; when they are not excluded it is to be clearly understood they carry 2lbs. extra. If, therefore, a race is made for all horses, it must be understood to mean English included.

XXIII. All persons who leave the station permanently on duty, or the country (which is intended to mean the whole of India; a voyage to sea, unless the vessel is bound to some part out of India, not included) from sickness, may withdraw their subscriptions to all sweepstakes. They must in writing state their reasons at full length to the Secretary, who will consult the Stewards, without whose permission he cannot withdraw.

XXIV. The Stewards may, upon the suggestion of any person, pass a rule hereafter, the same being published by the first opportunity; but such rule is in force from the time it is made, as any person may on application get a copy from the Secretary; catch bets on the same not being payable.

XXV. The word "off" once given by the Steward appointed to start the horses is decisive, and all horses must start or be distanced; no horse once distanced can start again during the meeting except for the Beaten Plate, for which no horse can walk over, unless he has saved his distance throughout a race; no horse distanced for misconduct can start again.

XXVI. A race once judged cannot be run over again.

XXVII. Any jockey who dismounts without being ordered to do so by a Steward distances his horse, and it shall be the duty of every jockey to acquaint himself with the Steward, as no mistakes will be considered; the jockey shall unsaddle his horse himself, and no person except the jockey the owner, and one horse-keeper, shall be admitted into the weighing stand.

XXVIII. All subscriptions to Sweepstakes must be paid before

the race is run, or no horse will be entitled to the stakes, though he come in first; neither will any horse receive the stakes unless his entrance be paid before he starts, and no application will be attended to unless the money accompanies it.

XXIX. A person will be kept expressly to destroy all dogs found on the course from the beginning of training until the end of the races.

R. D. LUARD, *Secretary.*
J. MARTIN, *Steward.*

A HUNTING SONG.

SUNG AT THE ELLICHPOOR PICNIC PARTIES BY A MEMBER.

Tune—"*A Southerly wind and a cloudy sky.*"

Hark away to the Jungles, for, see in the East,
A beam ushers in the bright morning,
Let us catch the old boar ere he comes from his feast,
Nor wait while the morning is dawning.
Our horses neigh—haste, haste away!
Our spears are sharp—make no delay!
Hark forward, my boys, hark forward!
Hark forward, dash onward, my boys, dash onward!
See there to the right a wide plain meets the eye,
If we've luck in that Jungle a Stinker shall die,
Tallyho! Tallyho! hark across the wide plain,
Talliho! Talliho! beat the Jungle again!

By the side of a Jeel where the Paddy is ripe
We quickly encounter a Grunter;
A Tallyho sounds from some emulous pipe,
And thrills through the heart of each hunter.
Which way? which way? each voice demands,
See there he takes the sloping lands;
Dash onward, my boys, dash onward, dash onward!
Hark forward, my boys, hark forward, hark forward, &c.
Ride up, for he's off with an antelope's speed,
Have a care, for he's off to that Jungle of reed,
Tallyho! Tallyho! how we gain on his track,
Tallyho! Tallyho! O! ride up, my dear Jack.

Thus we gallop along for a mile on the plain,
Our horses and riders all panting;
Each step that we take on Old Grunter does gain,
And the boar in his speed is found wanting.
He turns about with sudden ire,
Rage sparkles from his eyes like fire!
He charges, he charges [*here grunt like a hog*], he'll cut me, &c.
I have tickled him up on one side of the bristle,
My spear is gone through him as clean as a whistle,
Whoop hoo! Whoop hoo! how he sinks on the ground;
Whoop hoo! Whoop hoo! how the Jungles resound!

Now round the old boar all the hunters do ply,
To settle the hash of Old Grunter,
With joy they see their enemy lie,
And welcome each jolly Hog Hunter;

Whilst he who quickest rode the race,
Is hailed the Champion of the chase.
Well hunted, my boys, well hunted, well hunted, my boys, well hunted,
We all give you joy, much joy, no hunter in England can surely compare.
To this, their dull chase of the Fox or the Hare,
Tallyho, Tallyho, hark away, for more fun,
Tallyho, Tallyho, for another good run!

ON COURSING MEETINGS.

SIR,

How should it become a matter of wonder, as it appears to some people, that our greyhounds do not improve, or even that they degenerate in a country like this, where distemper is generally as much more destructive, and when in other respects so little encouragement is held forth to improve the breed?

I am happy to observe, however, that even under these great disadvantages, the breed is far from degenerating, but your correspondent (A Friend to Long Dogs) has in my opinion hit the mark exactly, by recommending a more frequent competition of one kennel against another; the forming of regular meetings * for that purpose at stated periods, and also favouring us, through the medium of your valuable magazine, with the result of those meetings. All this might easily be effected in some countries, and would stimulate the sportsman to pay stricter attention to the breeding of his greyhounds, in the first place, by *judiciously* crossing the Arab with the English, and, secondly, by the numerous trials, would soon put him in possession of the most expedient method of conditioning them for the field. These and no other circumstances have been the means of the British possessing a superiority of stock, to the horses and dogs, over all other nations. It might be said that racing and coursing are sports (comparatively speaking) nearly allied to each other, and it therefore seems almost inexplicable why the one should so completely outstrip the other in its progress, unless for the want of a stronger competition among the coursers, for surely the simple gratification a man can receive from merely trying how many hares or foxes his greyhounds can murder in a morning's excursion must be trifling indeed? If, then, one good coursing club be well established with suitable rules, &c., I am convinced they would soon become general all over the country, and many of your readers would refer to the pages of the O. S. M. for the result of those meetings, together with the performances of celebrated hounds, as others now do to its racing calendar. As I am but a spectator in the business at present, I shall, therefore, until I become a more active member, subscribe myself

Yours faithfully,
A LOOKER-ON.

December 9th.

* We hear it is in contemplation to establish a sweepstakes for greyhound puppies under the patronage of a certain distinguished personage and sportsman. If this be carried into effect, and with such support it cannot fail of success, it may fairly be said to be the first thing of the kind we have been treated with, or at all events that we have ever heard of in India.

RUN AGAINST TIME.

The bet of 1000 Rupees a side, between the Hon. F. Cavendish and Mr. Bacon (the Hon. Mr. C. to produce a man who would run round the race-course at Poonah in nine minutes), came off on the 7th of December, and was given in favour of the former. The person selected for this performance was a private in the Queen's Royals, and the distance $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, which was done with great ease in 22 seconds under the stipulated time.

BILLIARDS.

On Monday, 12th Oct. last, a grand match of billiards was played at the Bombay Billiard rooms, by E. Chamier, Esq., and Lieut. Burnet, *versus* Captain Dodgin and Lieut. Croad, H. M. 20th, which was decided in favour of the former. The parties had agreed first to play a double match of 11 games. Won by the former. Capt. Dodgin then played Mr. Chamier best out of 15 games; won by the latter. Lieut. Croad and Lieut. Burnet then played the same number of games; the latter winning. The rooms were crowded to excess on the occasion, and betting extremely high.

RETURN MATCH.

The return matches were played out on Friday, 23rd Oct. at the Billiard table of H. M. 20th Regt. Colaba, in the same order as before, which terminated in favour of Capt. Dodgin and Lieut. Croad, who won all three matches cleverly. The spectators were equally numerous upon this occasion, and there is some reason to believe that the knowing ones were somewhat taken in by the result of the day.

SURAT RACES.

MR. EDITOR,

Not long ago you published in the Courier (although I have reason to suppose not a very correct one) a prospectus of the Surat Races. To show you we are on the *qui vive* here, I send you an account of the sport this morning; one of the best races I ever witnessed; it was made up about a week back, although most of the horses were then in actual training.

It will give you some idea that there are some *good ones* among us, and consequently great sport may be anticipated at the ensuing meeting from the well-known speed and bottom of some of the horses. The most intense interest had been excited, and this morning at sunrise the Stand was crowded with the greater part of the society, and the course scattered over with an immense concourse of natives of every description and caste, from the Commander-in-chief of all the Forces of His Excellency the Nawab, down to the humble Dog Boy. Parsees, Borahs, Mussulmen, and a variety of other castes were collected to witness the first recorded race that has been run on the Surat Course since the year 1810.

Don Pedro and Treacle had run a private match last Thursday, the

former beating, though Treacle had been backed heavily at 5 to 1; this brought on the following—

Sweepstakes of 50 Rupees each, P. P. 1 mile.

Mr. Wyndham's b h Teapot, 8st. ...	1
Mr. Barney's c h Treacle, 9st.....	2
Mr. Watts's b g Twist, 8st. 7lbs.....	3
Mr. Snook's b h Tippoo, 9st. 4lbs. ...	0
Mr. Billy's g h Don Pedro, 9st.	0
Mr. Novice's g h The Post, 8st. 7lbs.	0

The last three were not placed.

Odds before starting.

The Lottery.

Twist.....	125
Tippoo	47
Treacle	37
Teapot	15
The Post	9
Don Pedro	7

Betting.

3 to 1 on Twist
3 to 1 against Treacle.
3 to 1 against Tippoo.
4 to 1 against Don Pedro.
Teapot never thought of.

Half an hour after sunrise the horses came to the Post, when, the word "off" being given, there was a capital start, all the horses keeping close together for half a mile, Teapot and Treacle rather in front. At the mile post Don Pedro, Tippoo, and Twist made a capital push to come up, and you might then have covered all five with a sheet. Teapot and Treacle, together with Twist, crept gradually ahead of the others, and made a tremendous rush and challenged for the lead. At this time one of the knowing ones in the stand offered 100 to 50 on Twist, but no takers. The little one here fell off, after a gallant effort to collar his gigantic antagonists.

Teapot and Treacle were now neck and neck, and rated it at an awful rate (with the little one close at their heels, leaving the Sultaun and haughty Don to come in at their leisure), and remained so till near home, when this very interesting race was decided by Teapot making a desperate push and winning by a length in 2m. 2s.

The uproar and shouts that took place on the horses nearing the winning post was beyond all conception, the result of the race was such as had never been anticipated, and the *knowing ones* consequently completely *floored.*

After the race some of the wits were highly entertained by hearing a smart jockey observe to one of his companions, that there was a great deal of *Jadoo ke Bat*, as he well knew that some one had burnt blue lights all night, at the very place where the winning horse headed him.

Yours faithfully,

MOOSAFER.

Surat, 8th October, 1829.

ENGLISH SPORTING.

ARCHERY.

The West Essex Archers held their second meeting on Thursday week, on the Archery Ground at Harlow Bush Common. The company began to assemble at one o'clock, and by about half-past two this delightful spot boasted of an assemblage of rank, beauty, and fashion never before witnessed in that part of the county. The amusements commenced soon after two, upon the spacious lawn; and the weather being particularly favourable, the *coup-d'œil* was beautiful and picturesque. The number of fashionable and elegantly-dressed ladies, being all in the same costume, green and white satin dresses, and green feathers, shoes, &c., were dispersed over the lawn, some in the act of shooting at the different targets, others promenad-

ing from one station to another, and many were seated under the shade of the trees, surrounded by a scenery of thriving plantations, belted by fine woods; the whole presenting a picture beyond description. The ladies, as usual, took unerring aims, and frequently pierced the golden or bull's eye, which was immediately announced to the company by the sound of bugles. The gentlemen were also eminently successful, and the shooting altogether was of the most superior description, the arrow flying from the bow without any seeming exertion. In the skill of archery Miss Palmer and Miss F. Lennard proved themselves the heroines of the day.—*Life in London, August* 23.

EPSOM AND ASCOT.

Although the races of Epsom and Ascot are themes on which the pen has been almost exhausted, a few more particulars, which have not as yet met the public eye, may not be altogether uninteresting.

Epsom Craven Stakes.—Can any correspondent inform us why Robinson waited so long with Fleur de Lis, so as to make it doubtful whether herself or Conrad won the race? This is not the way in which Nelson used to jockey her in the north. Again Dockeray, who protests the race was his with Conrad, declares he could have won by a clear length, if he had liked; and Robinson says the same. Query, Why did they cut it so fine? Wrangles should *always* be avoided, if jockeys would win by a clear length *when they can.*

The Derby.—The winning of this race was somewhat of the miraculous order, as old Forth's riding and winning either the Derby or Oakes was become a sort of standing joke. To say he won the former with a horse equal to Patron would be to talk nonsense. Patron can beat Frederick at 5lbs. any day in the year, when he is right; but it was the injudicious step of sweating him, with his queer feet, on Epsom Downs instead of Nickleham or Leatherhead Common, that lost him the Derby. However, we must give Forth all the honour due to him for performing the promise at last. He has been heard to swear he would ride for and win the Derby before he goes home and is no more seen.

The history of the winner of the Derby is as follows:—Her dam was in the hunting-stud of a very light hard-riding Clergyman (Rev. Mr. Harrison), residing at Lewes, and hunting with the Lewes and Brighton Harriers, where galloping upon wind is the only requisite to lying well with hounds. This mare, got by Phantom, signalized herself in the field; and, though quite a pony, was sold by Mr. Gratwicke, a Sussex Squire, but a tyro on the turf, for £30 after she broke down in a chase, and then, after breeding two foals, was put to Lord Egremont's Little John—good Derby blood.

Forth's winnings amount to £23,000, but Mr Gratwicke pocketed nothing but the stakes, save and except one bet of £600 to £20, which he took before starting. Crockford, though he is said to have been a winner by the meeting, made one unlucky hit. He betted Forth a thousand pounds to ten, five times over, that he did not ride *and win with his stable*, naming his horse then. Forth accepted the bet, and named Exquisite, when Crocky gave him £20 to name the other horse (Frederick), which he did, and, of course, won the bet. Old

Helenus was, we conclude, his schoolmaster, and we rejoiced to see him looking and running so well, after having beaten all the swell horses of the Continent. We think Mr. Gully should have claimed the second to him (Gameboy) for 250gs. when he won the gold cup.

Lord Exeter, with his usual caution, stood well upon the Derby. He began making his book at 25 to 1, so that, in consequence of the very trifling odds against his horse at starting, only 7 to 4, he stood the winning (as is the term) of £10,000 to the losing of nothing. His lordship, however, was much disappointed at not winning this grand stake, which he had previously considered a certainty. On the Oakes the Marquis won £10,000 in addition to the stake.

The race between the two-year-olds for the Woodcot was one of the finest ever seen over a course. Report says the colt that ran second to Acts had not been broke in above six weeks, and consequently was not fit to start. Conolly had the greatest difficulty to keep his head straight, declaring he had never so unpleasant a ride before. He was bred by Mr. Holbrook, of Bruce Castle, near Tottenham. On the whole the sport at Epsom was far from good, but the assemblage of people quite as numerous as ever, and more so than was expected from the generally depressed state of affairs.

The first meeting at Ascot eclipses everything that has hitherto preceded it on that ground, though, taken in the aggregate, the running was not very good. Neither was the sport during the entire of the Meeting by any means satisfactory; but the first was the best day. The circumstance of Zinganee winning the Oatlands, in addition to Chifney's beautiful jockeyship, gave it great eclat. We are sorry to hear this unrivalled jockey has declined riding for any public stable; for it is a pity such talent should be lost. His father was a fine jockey, but he was only a jockey; on all other subjects he was extremely deficient; but this man has a head, and such an one as few people are honoured with. He is also a remarkably well behaved man in private life, and the public seemed gratified at seeing him walking on the course in company with his two sons, very interesting youths. His success afterwards with Zinganee for the Cup was warmly shared by his friends.

The match between Maria and Souvenir having been made at a dinner given by his Majesty to a number of sporting characters, rendered it of more than ordinary interest—particularly so, as had it not been for the confidence the King felt in his mare, it would not have been made, Mr. Delme Radcliffe being afraid of the weight which was handicapped. It is supposed few events in his Majesty's life afforded him more pleasure. It was a good race between Mr. Paine's Privateer and Mr. Thornhill's Merchant. Mr. Paine's horse has recovered itself, and was well up to his work. Mr. Thornhill does not appear to have bettered himself by losing Mr. Wm. Chifney's training.

The approach of the King to the Course on this day was perfectly in keeping with the character and splendour of the British Crown. A wonderful improvement was evident in the appearance of the coach horses, by the circumstance of their tails being squared—nothing being more unsightly than the ragged switch, unless it be to a well-bred galloway.

We have nothing very particular to notice in the racing of Wednesday. Green Mantle's race, of course, attracted much notice, and plebeians had a treat in seeing three such eminent jockeys as Dockeray, Goodison, and Robinson, pitted against each other. Dockeray's fine temper, in his management of Green Mantle, who is very bad at a start, gained universal admiration from all who witnessed it. We are sorry to hear this rising jockey got a fall on the last day but one of the meeting, but fortunately without much injury.

Thursday, Varna won her race with ease, but she is not that true-formed, elegant racing-like animal that Green Mantle is. The latter is perfect, wanting only a little more substance; for substance look at Day's two-year-old. The Mummer, who won the two-year-old stakes in the canter, is a strapper, but old Charley Day knows how to nurse a four-legged baby better than any man in England. Our friends must not stand against the Mummer for the Derby next year.

Mr. Gully being second for the Cup, confirmed his opinion of his horse. To the inquiries of his friends before starting, he answered, "Mameluke is well, but he is rather lighter than I could wish. He will, however, run a good horse."

Chifney on Zinganee was another *chef d'œuvre*, but we trust it will not be the last. If punishment of whip and spur could have brought Green Mantle in front, Tommy Lye did not spare it. She was spurred most severely.

The Colonel was brought to post a fine specimen of the art of training, and consequently was very freely backed. There was whisper of a trial he had had a few days before with Fleur de Lis, rode by Mr. Delme Radcliffe, but not much transpired from it. He ran a good horse, but Zinganee is the best in England, or anywhere else, although he only beat Fleur de Lis at Newmarket by a head, at 19lbs. He is the finest formed animal in his breast, shoulders, and fore-quarters altogether, we ever remember to have seen, and his being ridden in a snaffle bridle, unencumbered by any other trappings, proved his fine temper.

The assemblage of persons on Ascot Heath this day was quite unprecedented. There were all descriptions of carriages on the move by four o'clock in the morning, and some of them of a novel nature. One called *Omnibus*, containing 20 inside passengers, as also a sociable on four wheels, two *outside* and two *under the centre of the body*, created much observation, as something novel in these parts. The former, we believe, is becoming common in France. Several four-in-hand were down the road from town, changing their sets of horses as regularly as the coaches do, namely, at Hounslow and Staines, and then on to the course. The horses of Mr. Hanbury Tracy and Mr. Payne were particularly admired, as were those of Lord Southampton, which were driven by the Earl of Clonmel. Mr. Dolphin also displayed two sets of good cattle of his own; but prudently availed himself of positions on the course. There was, as usual, a good deal of "flooring the drags;" one gentleman's coach and a Reading stage among the number. Nothing, however, for the Coroner; although it was alarming to weak nerves to see Captain Brydges, in his lofty tandem, with his lady sitting beside him, galloping through the crowd at the rate of 20 miles an hour. The Captain is said to

be the best driver of tandem horses that has ever appeared on the road. It is quite true that upwards of 40,000 guineas have been either offered, refused, or given for the 16 horses entered for the Ascot Cup, the greatest part of the money having been tendered through Messrs. Tattersall. We may never see the like again.

The display of female beauty on the course between the heats is said not to have been equal to former occasions; at least, so say those who have a sharp look out for that precious article. Miss Chester, arm in arm with her brother, and very tastefully dressed, attracted much notice.

The last day was very flat, although the racing was good. Dr. Hague, for the Hunters' Race, reminded us of the man who pleads his own cause in a Court of Law, with her full of barristers at his back; though we will not more minutely entitle the client. It is, however, amusing to see a tyro contending against half the talent of Newmarket; but we can assure the Doctor that his horse would have won his Majesty's guineas with a jockey on his back, and perhaps he will take our hint on future occasions.

It was a fine race for the Workingham; and Lord Mountcharles's Coronet, very slow but very sure, with John Day on his back, made an excellent finish, in the fourth heat, for the £50 Plate. The excellent health of the King, and the encouragement he gives to racing, increased the interest of this meeting, and we trust the second, which commences this day, will conclude under equally favourable circumstances.—*Morning Herald, June* 30.

BOXING.

Grand Fight Between Simon Byrne, "The Emerald Gem," and Phil Sampson, "The Brum," for Two Hundred Sovereigns a Side—on a Stage.

In our last we had reason to apprehend that this fight would not come off, and that, as in the case of Jem Ward and Byrne, at Leicester, the public would be again disappointed. Happily these apprehensions have proved groundless—the battle has been fought, and terminated gloriously for Simon Byrne, who now wears the laurels of victory, and has obtained for himself the proud title of "The Emerald Gem."

It will be recollected that Simon Byrne (or rather Tom Reynolds) claimed forfeit of Sampson upon the ground that he had not strictly complied with the terms of the articles, which specified that Sampson was to give fourteen days' notice of a spot within 25 miles of the place of fighting, and seven days' notice of the precise spot on which the battle was to take place, subject, of course, to a provision against Magisterial interference, and that Tom Reynolds had gone down to Newmarket to the stakeholder to make his claim. Reynolds returned to town on Sunday morning, with a letter stating that the stakeholder had examined the articles and correspondence published in our last; but that he did not consider that he was the proper person to decide on Byrne's claims, nor would he under any circumstances give such a decision unless both parties agreed to abide by it. He added, however, that his own decided *opinion* was that the claims to forfeit on the ground which Reynolds had stated were not sufficient.

In this state of things, after

due consideration, it was determined that Byrne and Reynolds, late as it was, should set out for Wolverhampton, so that, as far as they were concerned at least, no omission should take place; and on the same evening they started, arriving at Daventry, on the road towards Birmingham, at an early hour on Monday evening. Here they slept, and after a few hours' rest resumed their journey on foot; reached the Black Horse, near Birmingham, the same night at eleven o'clock, having got a lift during part of their travels. Never did a man about to fight for such a stake, and with such an antagonist, approach the scratch under greater difficulties than Byrne. In fact, but for the generous assistance of some of the officers of the 15th Hussars, at Brighton, he would not have had the means of carrying himself to the scene of action.

In the interim the circulation of the sporting papers excited considerable commotion among the fistic amateurs, and as a forfeit according to the strict reading of the articles was considered inevitable, thousands who had resolved to be present at the fight abandoned their intention, taking it for granted there would be "no go," or at least thinking the chance of disappointment was such as to render the expense and inconvenience of a long trot imprudent. The *Brums* were particularly down in the mouth, and looked as blue as indigo. Monday evening, however, produced a favourable change in the *mugs* of the despairing hardwaremen. The streets of Birmingham were crowded by hundreds of amateurs, who were anxiously looking out for the arrival of "The Wonder" coach, expecting some arrivals to afford more certain intelligence. In this they were not disappointed. Among the passengers was Tom Spring, who, being perched on the roof, became a conspicuous object. The moment his good-humoured phiz was recognized, he was received with a simultaneous shout; and the coach was in an instant preceded, followed, and flanked by the flying multitude, who, dashing through the streets, and flinging their heels and the mud into the air at the same moment, presented a most *affecting* spectacle. At last the coach stopped at the Albion, when Mr. Beardsworth, one of Sampson's backers, Arthur Mathewson, and others of the Brummagem boys, came gasping for information, but fully anticipating that Spring and his companions would not have come down unless there was a chance of a *mill*. Spring stated the facts of the case, and the doubts which still existed; but, as he did not give a positive interdiction to the hope of sport, it was assumed that all would be right, and on the same night Mr. Beardsworth put forth an official written notice that the fight would certainly take place. A scramble to engage horses, gigs, flies, carriages, and post-chaises forthwith took place, and in a short time every movable nag was bespoken. Spring and his party proceeded to Wolverhampton. Here he was received with equal rapture, and as he passed the Peacock Inn he was welcomed by the shouts of a large party of dingy muzzled coves, who hung their black nobs out of the inn windows, and who pitched, not their caps, but their pipes, in the air for joy. On the arrival of the coach at the Hotel, the confusion was equally great, and poor Spring was glad to make his lucky for the Peacock, where he fixed his head-quarters for the night, and where his levee was as numerously

attended as that of his Majesty on a birthday. Still doubts prevailed, as Spring could himself come to no decision and as all rested on the pertinacity with which Byrne might persist in his claim. The thing, however, looked more like fight, and general good humour was diffused throughout the town.

On the same night Spring waited on Captain White, one of Sampson's backers, and his principal trainer. This gentleman, who lives somewhere about Buxton, and who behaved very liberally to Sampson, was luxuriating over his glass at the hotel, and received Spring in no very courteous manner. He was very indignant at the claim of forfeit at all, and contended that the circumstance of his having called upon Spring three weeks before, and told him that the fight would certainly take place at Wolverhampton, or Bishop's Wood, was quite sufficient. Spring, with manners pleasing by contrast, assured the gallant Captain that he had nothing to do with the claim which had been made on the part of Bryne, and that it was his own anxious wish that the fight should come off without quibble, although he by no means considered the general notice given to him was meant by the Captain as a strict compliance with the terms of the articles—terms which had been subsequently acknowledged by Sampson in his letter of the 17th of June, and again confirmed by the letter of the Captain, which did not arrive till three days after the time agreed upon. Captains and pugilists do not always agree on points of argument, and so it was in this instance. Captain White was confident in his own opinion, and, what was more, he knew the *opinion* of the stakeholder, who, by-the-by, was chosen by himself, and thus he felt he was on the right side of the hedge. A fight he would have, or Sampson should have the money, for he persisted that he had done all that was necessary in giving notice, and Byrne had no right whatever to claim forfeit. On this hint he stood, and then informed Spring he should, on the morrow morning, at two o'clock, be prepared to pay Byrne the fifty pounds which Sampson had undertaken to give for the privilege of naming the place of fighting, and so ended the conference for the night.

Spring then returned to the Peacock, and hopes were still more strongly revived that the fight would take place.

Sampson, in the interval, had taken up his quarters at Ivetsea Bank, at no great distance from which the stage was in progress; upon the same spot on which he had fought Brown. In the course of the evening, however, Mr. Monckton, a magistrate, testified his disapprobation at this operation by having the carpenter taken into custody. Still it was thought this worthy *beak* might be softened, and the work was proceeded with.

In the morning the editor of this paper had the honour of an interview with the Captain, having called upon him for the purpose of submitting to him the letter of the stakeholder, in which he stated his grounds for refusing to decide Byrne's claims, and distinctly gave his *opinion* as to what he thought Byrne ought to do; but the manner of the Captain was so utterly unlike what might have been expected from a Captain, who, of course, is presumed to rank as a gentleman, that the interview ended in an acknowledgment of the Captain's politeness and a determination to abstain in future from obtruding upon his

mightiness. It may be as well here to hint, for the benefit of all Captains, present or to come, that gentlemanly deportment, whether to an humble individual like an editor of a newspaper, a pugilist, or a peer, is alike becoming, and not in the least derogatory to the dignity of a great man.

At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, Captain White condescended to wait upon Spring, at his hotel, and, with manners considerably softened, said he was ready to pay to Byrne the fifty pounds already alluded to. Spring said that Byrne had not yet arrived. Upon which, at the suggestion of a gentleman present, it was agreed that the money should be paid to Spring on Byrne's account, on the understanding that if Byrne persisted in his claim to forfeit, and did not fight, that it should be returned. The money having been then placed in Spring's hands, with the deduction of five pounds, which Byrne was to give to Sampson towards erecting the stage, the Captain and his friends retired.

In a short time afterwards, a post-chaise arrived from Birmingham, bringing Byrne and Reynolds, who were joyously received.

A short explanation was then given to them of what had taken place, when Reynolds persisted that Byrne's claim of forfeit was well grounded; but added that his man should fight, provided his claim should be taken into consideration, if he lost the fight, before the stakes were given up. Both he and Byrne were anxious that the public should not be disappointed; but still they thought they were fairly entitled to the honourable consideration of the objection which they had made. When men fought to articles, these articles ought to be strictly abided by, or it was absurd to sign them. It was now clear that a fight was inevitable, and Byrne cheerfully commenced preparations, by having his hair cut, and preparing his shoes and drawers. For his own part, he said, he had much rather get the money by a fair fight than by any blunder of his antagonist. This sentiment was warmly applauded and the simultaneous bustle of departure among the crowd, which had been collected from all quarters of the country, evinced the strong interest which had been felt on the subject. Carriages of every description were in requisition, and the roads leading to Bishop's Wood presented the customary scene of confusion; equestrians, pedestrians, and charioteers all vied with each other to reach the appointed spot with the utmost speed. The throng, notwithstanding the doubts which kept so many at a distance, was immense; and the warmth of the day, and the wretched state of the roads, rendered the journey doubly harassing. There was yet, however, much of mortification, labour, and vexation to endure. On reaching Bishop's Wood, where the stage was completed, and the ring formed, it was discovered that the magistrate, Mr. Monckton, was pertinacious in his opposition to the amusements of the Fancy in his jurisdiction. The necessity of a move, in consequence, became indispensable; and directions for conveying the stage forthwith to the field of a gentleman named Jones, in the parish of Tong, in the adjoining county of Shropshire, were forthwith given. This was a distance of about three miles, and the celerity with which the work was performed was highly creditable to the parties engaged. The stage, in fact, had been judiciously framed, so as to be screwed together and taken down at pleasure; each portion

being regularly numbered, and the nails covered with canvas and stuffed with straw, so as to prevent accident from collision.

Before one o'clock the new ground had been occupied, the stage again completed, and all in readiness for action; the outer ring, formed an immense number of carriages and waggons, and the assemblage of pedestrians almost countless. All were now on the tiptoe of expectation for the arrival of the men. The weather was favourable, and, although rain had fallen heavily elsewhere, the sun was oppressively hot.

While the carpenters were giving the finishing touch to their labours, a new cause of inquietude arose. The Rev. Mr. Bridgeman, the clergyman of Tong, hearing of the compliment intended for his parish, set out in search of a magistrate to prevent it, and at the important hour of one arrived with a Mr. Cameron on horseback. These gentlemen having entered the outer ring, were soon recognized, and met with no welcome reception. They were bent, however, on their object, and after some difficulty reached the stage, which, with equal difficulty, they mounted. Shouts of indignation now burst from all quarters. "Throw them over!" "Knock out their brains!" "Smother them!" were among the *gentle* hints given by the incensed multitude, and in an instant the stage was covered by hundreds, who seemed perfectly willing to make these worthy individuals repent their temerity—in fact, violence was committed on their person. The Rev. Mr. Bridgeman, who is remarkable for a deficiency of nose, was deprived of his spectacles, the skirt of his coat, and, we heard, his watch, while he was repeatedly struck, and at last escaped with no small difficulty from greater violence, for which he generously gave his preserver a sovereign. Mr. Cameron was treated with equal roughness, and both having been unceremoniously tumbled off the stage, were glad to escape with whole bones. They ultimately retired in dismay, leaving a message for Mr. Jones, the owner of the field, that if he permitted the fight to take place on his premises, it would be at his own peril. The parson's *skirts* were subsequently purchased by a Birmingham butcher, as a trophy of the day's proceedings, to hang up in his tripe-shop.

During this bustle, and amidst the exultations of the throng, Sampson, in a carriage and six, under the auspices of Captain White; and Byrne, in a chaise and pair, accompanied by Spring and Reynolds, approached the ground. The "office" was of course given of what had occurred, and off they went at a spanking pace to the borough of Albrighton, about four miles distant, in the same county, where they came to a halt at the Harp Inn, each party being accommodated with separate apartments.

A consultation now took place on what was to be done, when it being discovered that Albrighton was an independent borough, not subject to the jurisdiction of the county magistrate, and that the only magistrate who had power was at Ludlow Races, it was at once resolved that the stage should be removed thither. Notice to this effect was sent to the parties in charge of the stage at Tong, but it was not till three o'clock that it was distinctly understood. The scene of confusion which followed beggars description. All got on the move at once, and rushed towards the road leading in the new direction. The hedges were

borne down by horse and foot, as well as by carriages, and innumerable casualties occurred, although none, we believe, of a serious nature. The village of Albrighton was, of course, taken by storm—every public-house was crowded to excess, and we believe there was not a morsel of food or a drop of drink which was not greedily purchased by the famishing visitors. Horses and men alike shared in the hardships of the day, alike were exposed to painful privations and fatigue.

The workmen, who had but just completed their task, were again for the second time forced to destroy their labours, and, with a promptness and activity scarcely conceivable, transported the timber in waggons to the new scene of action—a meadow at the back of Albrighton. Here, from the admirable manner in which they had made their arrangements, they arrived at five o'clock. A new ring was formed, and by seven o'clock the structure once more assumed its intended form. The platform, four feet from the ground, was composed of three-inch deals, and was placed on a strong frame. Upon this double rails, forming a square of twenty-four feet, were erected; a space of nearly three feet being left without the rails—so as, in the event of either of the men being thrown over, their fall to the ground might be prevented. The whole was completed in the most masterly manner; and all being in readiness, the ring was beaten out, while the waggons and carriages around were covered with spectators. Upon a moderate computation, there could not have been less than ten thousand persons present.

A messenger was then dispatched to the men, to apprise them that the arena was ready to receive them. They were soon brought to the ground in their respective carriages — Sampson under the guidance of Captain White, Byrne accompanied by Spring and Reynolds, and a few friends.

On entering the outer ring each was loudly cheered; Byrne wore the Scotch bonnet, by which he was distinguished when he entered the ring to fight Jem Ward, and which he also wore in both his Scotch fights; he looked the picture of good humour, and approaching the stage, he sat upon the rail, to prepare for action. Sampson first mounted the stage; his countenance looked anything but pleasant, and formed a perfect contrast to the comic character of that of his antagonist's. Having shaken hands, both stripped, when the fine muscular, as well as symmetrical, form of Byrne excited general admiration. He stood about 5ft. 9in. in height, and his weight about 13st. 3lbs. Sampson looked well in health, and was said never to have been in better condition—he was, however, thin, and weighed but 12st. His height was five feet ten inches and a half, so that he had the advantage in height, but his "pipe-stopper shanks" and puny arms were low in the scale of strength, when compared with the substantial understanding and well-fleshed shoulders of the Irishman. Indeed, Pat and his countrymen had reason to be proud of the superiority of his manufacture, and must have made the *Brums* blush, notwithstanding the well-known celebrity of their handiworks. Byrne sported as usual his *emerald fogle*, while Sampson displayed the crimson. The seconds and bottle-holders, for Sampson, were Harry Holt and Young Dutch Sam; and those for Byrne, Tom Spring and

Tom Reynolds. The umpires having been chosen, an Irish gentleman for Byrne, and an English gentleman for Sampson, they each named a referee, but neither agreeing to the choice, a toss took place, which was won by Byrne, who named a Mr. White, of Bridgnorth, no relative to Sampson's backer. Everything being then adjusted, all retired from the stage excepting the men and their seconds and bottle-holders. Spring, in allusion to Sampson's conduct in Brown's fight, said all they wanted was a clear stage and fair play, and forewarned Sampson that if he attempted to act towards him as he had in his fight with Brown, he would instantly knock him down. The umpires and referee took their station on a space outside of the rails. The outer ring at this time was admirable, and the multitude, notwithstanding their numbers, preserved their stations with great regularity—the front ranks kneeling and sitting. The odds at this moment were 6 to 4 on Sampson; and Byrne himself took two bets of 30 to 20 and 15 to 10, which were staked. At twenty-one minutes and a half after seven o'clock hostilities commenced.

The Fight.

Round 1. On coming to the scratch Byrne had a pleasant smile on his countenance, and looked all confidence. Sampson looked serious; and after shaking hands, both threw themselves into position. The attitudes good. Sampson's hands low but ready for a spring. Byrne made one or two feints with his left to draw his man; but Sampson was steady and well on his guard. A long pause—Byrne evidently waiting for Sampson to commence; Sampson drew himself up for the purpose, but was cautious, and Byrne stepped back. At last Byrne hit left and right, but was stopped. Sampson now came in winding himself up for mischief—crept in with his toe—Byrne steadily waited for him, till he at length broke ground to hit. Byrne stopped him beautifully, and, getting to in-fighting, gave him a nasty one on the nose with his left, and then broke away (shouts of applause and cries of "Well done, Byrne;" and in a second after the claret was seen trickling from Sampson's nose—cries of "First blood;" and the event was acknowledged). Sampson looked surprised, but returned to his position, Byrne popped in his left slightly (another shout). Byrne then walked away, but again going to his man, they stood as if both were ready to hit, but after some time Byrne dropped his hands and walked away laughing. This he did several times, while Sampson stood in the middle of the stage; his intention was evidently to annoy his antagonist, and Sampson's countenance showed displeasure. Sampson again wound himself up for mischief, but just as he was about to make play, Byrne again stepped back, laughed, and exclaimed, "It's not so easy, my boy—wait till I'm agreeable." This he repeated two or three times, and walked round his man. Sampson became impatient, till at last Byrne made his stand as firm as a rock—his person well up, his eye fixed, and his arms ready for attack or defence. At last Sampson let loose left and right, and was beautifully stopped, and Byrne, as quick as lightning, while in, delivered a terrific hit with his left under Sampson's left eye, which laid his cheek open; Sampson staggered back, when Byrne hit up, but missed. Sampson slipped down. On getting to

his second's knee, his left eye was nearly closed, and his cheek bled profusely. This round lasted fourteen minutes. The astonishment which was produced by this round was immense, and the odds instantly veered round on Byrne—5 to 4 being offered, but not taken.

2. Sampson came up steady. Byrne smiled, and met him on his guard. Sampson crept in, as if to hit with his right, but Byrne seemed aware of his intention, and kept his left well up. They stood in this way for some time, when Byrne, pursuing the tantalizing system, stepped back and exclaimed, "Don't be in a hurry!" Again to the scratch—Sampson closing on Byrne; Byrne retreating to the corner of the stage. At last he was so placed as to lead to a conviction that something desperate would be done; but when expectation was at its highest, Byrne hit out with his left, Sampson stepped back, and Byrne got to the middle of the stage. Again did they approach for action, and after a long pause, Sampson afraid to commence, Byrne hit out desperately with his right and left, but was beautifully stopped, and Sampson stepped back. Sampson approached to hit Byrne, but he again gradually retreated to the corner, when hitting out with his right, Sampson stopped the blow, but Byrne cleverly got from the corner. In the next come-together Sampson hit out with his right, but found his opponent ready, and was stopped. Byrne now walked round him, and laughed at him. After manœuvring for some time together, Sampson let go his left, but was stopped prettily, and Byrne countered slightly; Sampson again tried to hit, but was stopped right and left; Byrne then stepped up to return, but Sampson jumped away; some pretty generalship followed, in which Sampson showed most anxiety to go to work, but Byrne stepped back when he liked, and increased his aggravation, while the spectators became more impatient for something decisive. At last Byrne, as if inclined to show play, planted himself firmly on his pins, and waited for his man; Sampson crept up as before, gradually getting within reach; Byrne did not flinch a hair's-breadth, waiting steadily for the attack; it came—Sampson let fly right and left; Byrne was prepared, stopped both hits, and returned with equal rapidity, catching Sampson another nasty one on the nose (more blood). A rally followed, when Sampson had it on the jaw from Byrne's right; Sampson retreated, stopping, but Byrne had made up his mind, closed, and fibbed him in the body.—Sampson was going down, when Byrne fell heavily on him (more shouts for Byrne, and two to one offered, but no takers). This round lasted thirteen minutes.

3. Byrne, on coming up, showed a slight flush on his cheek, as if it had been slightly hit; but it soon disappeared. The manœuvres of the former round were repeated—Sampson making himself up for mischief, and Byrne walking away, or drawing back just as he was going to let loose. Sampson stopped a well-intended left-handed hit. At length they again came to business. Sampson crept up as usual—Byrne steady, and waiting for the assault. Sampson let fly right and left, and was stopped. Byrne then followed him to the corner, peppered right and left, and threw him, falling heavily upon him. Sampson got up open-mouthed. This round lasted ten minutes, and Byrne had not a mark.

4. Byrne, pursuing his aggra-

vating system of drawing and retreating. ("Don't be in a hurry my boy!" he exclaimed.) Sampson stopped his right in good style, ("Well done, Sampson.") Byrne planted his right well on the old cut on the cheek, and popped his left on Sampson's right eye. (Byrne laughing—Sampson anything but in a merry mood.) Sampson hit over with his left, and caught it on the nob in the counter. Byrne walked round his man, laughing, and saying he would take his time; Sampson, standing in the middle of the stage, looking at him. Byrne put up his left arm, after Ned Neal's fashion, and asked him if he remembered the barber's pole. Sampson made no reply, but looked sulky. The spectators were again impatient, and cries of "go to work" were heard from all quarters, with sundry hisses. On coming to close quarters, Byrne planted his right in good style on the now-closed eye, and again walked round his man. ("Don't be in a hurry, my boy," he exclaimed, "you kept me dancing about all day to plase yourself, and now you must wait to plase me." Laughter.) Byrne planted his left over Sampson's right eye, drawing blood from the corner. "There, now you are equal in the eyes," said he; but neglected Reynolds's advice to rush in, as Sampson's eye was full of blood, and he put up his hand to wipe it away. A stream of blood now flowed on both sides of Sampson's face. Byrne again played round him, and laughed. "Go to work, Sampson," cried his partisans, who were now very noisy. "Be asy, now," cried Byrne, "don't let us make a toil of a pleasure." Byrne now put in a right-handed facer, but had it in the mouth in return from a pretty counter hit (shouts for Sampson—and Byrne laughed—the blow was slight.) Sam stopped right and left, and got away. The stopping and hitting which followed on both sides were good, but no mischief was done (odds, 10 to 2 on Byrne). Good counters beautifully stopped, and Sampson steady. Byrne popped in his left at the nob; but, in following up, was stopped right and left, and Sampson got away. A short rally—slight interchanges—and both hit up; Sampson had it on the nose, but missed his own hit. Fair stand-up milling on both sides. Byrne jobbed with his left on Sampson's kissing-trap, which hung most woefully. (A little more impatience, when Byrne laughingly exclaimed, "I'm sure we're doing very well! —ar'n't we, Phil?") Sampson put in a slight blow from his right, when Byrne rushed to a rally; but Sampson retreated, and turned round to avoid. Counter-hits with the left, but no impression. Some pretty scientific manœuvres followed, in which stopping and hitting were well displayed; at length Byrne, tired of play, rushed to work, drove Sampson to the corner, hit right and left, closed, fibbed, and then threw him a bursting fall on the stage, "his head and the boards at nut-crack playing." Byrne jumped up and smiled, while Sampsom was a good deal stunned. This round lasted no less than forty minutes, neither being disposed to go to close quarters, and each anxious to fight in an upright, scientific manner.

5. The round was fought more quickly; counter hits with the right, and Sampson's friends round the stage chaffing in all directions—some accusing Young Dutch Sam of giving Byrne the office where to hit. Sam was indignant, and threatened to nob them. After a few exchanges,

decidedly in favour of Byrne, he rushed to hit heavily right and left, and catching Sampson in his arms, gave him a heavy fall on his back, his legs flying in the air from the force of the concussion (shouts for Byrne—odds, 4 to 1).

6. Good stopping on both sides, right and left; counter hitting, but very slight, on Sampson's part, whose blows did not tell. The scientific manner of both was excellent. At last Byrne, seeing his man a little abroad, rushed in, forced him to the corner, and hit him heavily on the body and head right and left. He then seized him in his iron grasp, and threw him a heavy cross buttock, which must have proved conclusive, but Harry Holt, who saw there was something to apprehend, was close behind, and as he saw Sampson coming head-foremost to the floor, he slipped adroitly under him and thus broke the fall completely (cries of "Foul" burst from all quarters, and that it was foul nobody doubted; but Byrne's umpire said he should not win by a wrangle, and declined noticing it.)

7. In the confusion which followed, Sampson was brought to the scratch. Reynolds stood before his man, when Sam struck his hat off; Reynolds returned the compliment; but fortunately the *ruse*, if intended to create a general row, did not succeed. Byrne lost not a moment in going to work—he was irritated by Holt's conduct. He rushed to his man, planted his right heavily on his mouth and body, and was grappling him for another throw, but Sampson slipped from his arm like an eel; Byrne gave him a smack in the canister as he went down.

8. Byrne jobbed Sampson heavily on the mouth with his left, and his lips swelled enormously. He then rushed to a rally, Sampson hit up, and Byrne was preparing to return, when he slipped down from the wet state of the boards. He got up laughing, although Sampson's party cheered loudly.

9. Sampson stopped and got away; but Byrne had now made up his mind to go to work; and closing at once, he hit away right and left both in the body and head. In trying for the fall, Sampson again slipped down purposely.

10. Byrne planted his right over Sampson's left eye, which bled profusely. Sampson put in the first effective blow on Byrne's mouth, and drew blood from a slight scratch over his lip. The Brums were again alive, and shouted most gloriously; Byrne laughed, and exclaimed, "My soul, you caught me there, sure enough; but never heed, I'll be wid you by-and-by;" and in an instant Sampson had a muzzler in return, with interest. A spirited rally followed, in which heavy hits were delivered by Byrne; but although Sampson hit repeatedly, he made no impression. This out-fighting was evidently wearing Sampson out, and in the close he once more slipped down to avoid. He had it in the body as he went down.

11. Sampson made up his mind for a desperate effort. "Fight first," cried the Captain. "Why don't you do as the Captain bids you?" exclaimed Byrne, "sure, *that's what I just want.*" Sampson popped in his left, but had a smasher in the mouth in return. Another excellent rally followed, in which the interchanges were numerous; but it was mere tapping on Sampson's part—all his desperate hitting of former times seemed to be out of him. In the close Sampson was thrown.

12. Byrne closed on his man to

the corner, and hit away right and left; Sampson was all abroad and in getting way was hit down. ("Lie there," exclaimed Byrne, "till you're tired of it.")

13. The Brums again tried to cheer their man by shouts, and bantering Pat, but it would not do. Byrne was all alive; it was getting dark, and he made the most use he could of the light which was left. He rushed to his man, jobbed him severely right and left on the nose, and then broke away. He then got well to him; Sampson made his right slightly, but had it bang in the middle of the head in return; Byrne closing, he threw Sampson heavily on his back, falling upon him. This was a burster, and cries of "it's all up" were roared from all directions, while a crowd rushed to the sides of the stage.

14. Byrne now went in to put on the final polish; Sampson stood up gamely and gallantly, but his time was gone by. Byrne punished him as he liked, and then closing, threw him again heavily, with his head on the planks.

15. Sampson, on being taken up, was quite groggy, but was once more lifted to the scratch, and was hit down in slaughtering style. This was the last round; for, on being again lifted to the scratch, he dropped of his own accord, quite insensible.

Byrne was, of course, declared the victor. The battle lasted one hour and forty-three minutes and a half, and Byrne may be said to have won without a mark; for with the exception of a little blood from his nose, and a very slight scratch over his lip, there was no appearance of his having been fighting, and especially with such a man as Sampson. It was five minutes past nine before the fight was concluded.

Remarks.

This was the first appearance of Byrne among the London Fancy, and he has decidedly realized all the most sanguine of his friends could have anticipated.

He is the best two-handed scientific fighter we have ever seen from his country, and possesses a coolness and command of temper seldom witnessed in pugilists from the same quarter. He also possesses excellent science, and wears the nob of a good general—covers his points well, and where an advantage offers, seizes it with a masterly hand. That he is a game man, too, is beyond a doubt; where, then, are we to find his match? That he deserves, and will receive the highest patronage, is certain. When the fatigue which he had to encounter so shortly before the match was to come off is considered, the only surprise is that he should have done half so well. In the opinion of most of the judges who saw his prowess on Tuesday, he bids fair to get at the top of the tree. He has the great advantage, too, of being a well-behaved man, and never to have disgraced himself by the low broils in which some of his contemporaries have indulged. Sampson on this occasion fought well, and with great bravery, but he was clearly outfought, and is not the man he was. He boasted in Birmingham, when the match was made, that he would beat Simon without being unfitted for the ball-room. If he now appears in such a situation, it must be with an Irish beauty-spot, commonly called a black eye. We trust his friend, Captain White, will take as much care of him now that the fight is over as he did before, for he has certainly entitled himself to a good name, as far as this battle is concerned.

Byrne returned, after the fight, to Wolverhampton, and from thence to Birmingham, where he arrived at three o'clock in the morning. He did not retire to rest, but sat up to wait for the coach, and travelling outside, amidst the incessant rain of Wednesday, reached the Castle Tavern at seven in the evening. He was set down by the Eclipse at the door, the guard playing, "See the conquering hero comes." Brown, of Bridgnorth, accompanied him.

On the next evening, Sampson showed at the Woodman, Birmingham, bearing ample marks of the forcible arguments of his antagonist. We do not think the betting was heavy on the fight; but those who lost, of course could not be beaten, in their judgment, by *fair play*, and therefore it must be a *cross*. As far as we could judge, we were satisfied Sampson did his best to win; but, we repeat, he is not the man he was; and although, in his own opinion, he was never better, we should say, like Ned Neal, he trained too much. It should not be forgotten, too, that he has fought numerous prize battles, and has lived at the rate of twenty knots an hour. Although originally intended for a parson, he preferred *nob* thumping to *cushion* thumping. His age is twenty-eight years, and he commenced his career at fourteen, in the streets of Birmingham, when he thrashed a fellow called a pug. At seventeen he fought and beat, in Shoulder-of-Mutton Field, Birmingham, a chap called *Milling Camp*. He was next beaten by a man named Graves, at Hales Owen. His merits were first recognized by Bob Gregson, by whom he was advised to come to London. This was in 1819, and his first show-off was with Dolly Smith, on Moulsey Hurst, whom he beat. He was beaten by John Hudson twice—two desperate battles. He beat and was beaten by Aby Belasco, in two prize-fights, and won a third, independent of glove rencontres, with the same man. In 1821 he was beaten by Giblets; but while a militia-man in his own country, got the better of Tom Hickman, the gas-man, in three rounds. In his next effort, with Abbott, he was beaten, as he was with Birmingham Hall, although he afterwards recovered his laurels by beating Hall in turn! He was subsequently beaten twice by Jem Ward, and once by Ned Neal. With Jem Ward he was more successful. He defeated Paul Spencer, and Brown, of Bridgnorth, and was ultimately floored himself by Simon. So that, taking the whole of his services into consideration, in having to meet a fine fresh young man like Byrne, there is nothing extraordinary in the prostration of his glory. Byrne, we believe, has fought but five times in the Prize Ring—namely, with Larkins, Manning, Avery, M'Kay, and Sampson.

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 8.—MAY, 1830.

ONE DAY WITH THE NUGGUR HOUNDS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

John Dockery's humorous account of a day with the Nuggur Hounds set me cock-a-whoop for the pastime; and, on my return from the Presidency, the raw air of the Deccan bringing on my appetite for hunting in a ravenous degree, I determined, although much pushed for time, at once to become acquainted with the master of the hounds—(a man who as a first-rate workman holds a high place in the pages of your magazine)—and to form my own opinion of the performances of his kennel. To this end I provided myself with a bit of paper, and arrived in time to receive a hearty welcome to mine host's good cheer, for which he is as notorious as for his style across country.

But first, Mr. Editor, since I have the misfortune to be unknown either to yourself or to the bulk of your readers, I may be permitted to introduce myself as a quiet steady-going personage, so anxious to be considered a tip-top sportsman that I have actually succeeded in cajoling myself into a belief thereof; rather too long in the fork to distinguish myself as an equestrian, otherwise than by repeated quandaries and a lamentable seat; badly mounted and by no means addicted to the toilet; on this occasion, moreover, I had contrived to outstrip both my tits and best hunting suit. Now, I had been given to understand that mine host studied a correct style and appearance (in the field), and hated an ill-dressed man worse than a wall-eyed horse. To follow the Nuggur pack otherwise than on foot, and even then with mine host's consent, appeared therefore impossible.

Contrary to expectation, I soon propitiated the master, for I talked away of dogs, horses, and hunting, of which I knew but little, and of Nimrod and the Sporting Magazine, of which I knew still less, for they are both very unintelligible to any other than a tiptop sawyer (as will be plainly evinced, since so shrewd and clever a man as Stephen has been compelled to solicit definitions). It was not long ere my new acquaintance gave me to understand that he looked for my attendance at "Boxwood Cover" at six the next morning, when the Nuggur pack would throw off, and a certain find might be calculated upon.

This brought me to the point. I made several awkward apologies for my snobbish dress, and modestly hinted that my hunters

were still on the road and could not arrive in time; but all was in vain, for my host came down most handsomely with a pair of jack-boots, and his whipper-in generously insisted on mounting me.

If there be anything in this world more at variance with my general habits than another, it is the practice which obtains with the bang-up ones of the Nuggur Hunt of disjointing time and turning night into day, and I had barely time to jump into bed and bewail the limited period left for repose, when I was abruptly summoned by a blast of the horn,

"Proclaiming the hunting morn."

I confess my ardour for fox-hunting was somewhat damped, but I had been caught with my mouth open, and my credit as a sportsman was at stake; so up I got, drew on my double damnables, shook myself into a red waistcoat, nankeen shooting-coat, and my friend's jacks, topped by a steeple-crowned hat, which, like Toby's dog, had been for the last five years my inseparable companion on all sporting occasions, and surveyed myself with the greatest possible satisfaction. I had scarcely lit a cigar to keep out the cold, anticipating from my friend some kind term of approbation, when I was saluted by a view hollo! accompanied by certain witty allusions, which I had conceived my *tout ensemble* did not in the slightest degree authorize.

After pacing to and fro with considerable anxiety for some time, I was at last hailed by the whipper-in and other *élite* of the hunting men, whose swallow-tailed scarlets, oval-shaped waterproofs, correct tops, and white cords, did in no way tend to increase my self-confidence. Here, for the first time, I had an opportunity of surveying the tit selected for me, and which I was assured was just cut out for my work; he appeared to my eye a clipper of good size and bone, but I have since suspected that he was in the market, for I soon found out that he had an unhappy trick of what the knowing ones call "overreaching," of which they had said nothing.

A start was now made,

"And in the dark I followed groping,"

till we arrived at the fixture; here we were soon joined by my host and the huntsman (who, by-the-by, noticed me only by a sly and most knowing screw of the eye), surrounded by his pack, well brought together by a leather-breeched, thick, ugly-looking, short, hard groom, mounted on a razor-backed, snuff-coloured galloway, altogether approaching vastly near to Beckford's description of an "enraged whipper-in." The country appeared somewhat awkward, and there was a cruel show of Red Coats and patent Borradailes; my friend the huntsman was a most business-like looking man, mounted on a piece of blood, said to be a good one, known by the appellation of Mowbray; named, I believe, after a celebrated sporting character in Yorkshire. In a few minutes a tantivy from the master's horn set the whole cavalcade in motion; away we went, all of a lump, my commodity with his pimple well in the air, and I was soon brought up in a bog hobble. Having got my toddler out of trouble, I kept my goggles well about me, and had a right good screw to make up lee way. After cramming it full dig for upwards of 40 minutes, I felt much satisfaction in fixing my eyes upon the energetic emulation of the hounds, in "breaking their fox."

They were a set of silent, desperate devils, and during the whole run did not squeak a note for the information of a country lad upon a blower.

I expected to have had a rubbing down after this heat, from the master of Overreach, who had smoked my leg in the plug hole; but after taking breath, mine host approached with an air of satisfaction at so happy a result, and thus accosted me, "Pray, sir, what part of the run might you have considered most worthy of approbation?" to which I most innocently, and, as it subsequently turned out, unfortunately, replied "When they was a catching of him." This answer, it appears, was not by any means calculated to raise me in my friend's estimation, especially after the blunders I had committed regarding my faithful and well-beloved hat, &c. I had barely time to dismount my nag, who was piping all hands aloft, and looked rather thick winded or so, loosen the girths, and congratulate myself on the dangers I had surmounted, not by any means forgetting the good place I had held during the run, when the word "Home" was given.

Whilst returning at a slow pace, I had a splendid opportunity of minutely inspecting all those notorious characters of the Nuggur pack, whether riders, nags, or dogs, collectively and respectively; all so justly renowned in the sporting circles. The huntsman led the van, closely followed by the dogs, each of whom had a portion of the fox in his mouth, the shares of which I observed to be most unequally distributed; one had the fore quarters, a second the head, and a third the tail, and so on; then came two English foxhounds, whose slow pace during the run had precluded any previous acquaintance with them; last and least, came a little bow-wow of most remarkable breed, which I learned to be an earthen terrier, used when the fox goes to hole; an animal of the kind I had never before seen; his make was altogether most unique and ingenious, and far exceeds the power of my pen to describe, but I shrewdly suspect that his father is to be found not one hundred miles from the *Bandy*. In rear of all came leather breeches, on the three-cornered snuff-coloured, and on nearer examination a cruel ordinary man he was.

We soon got home, and the dogs were all flogged into the kennel, excepting two new hands returned N. E. I. We then sat down to an excellent breakfast, after which I mounted my steady one, and bid adieu to mine host under a firm conviction that I might ride very far before meeting so quick, decided, and excellent a sportsman as my new friend, or a better pack of tormentors than his little hounds.

Yours obediently,
NOSING TOM.

SHOLAPORE HUNT.

SIR,

With the view of contributing all the assistance in my power (small though it may be) towards your admirable Sporting Magazine, I beg to transmit to you the following account of the last month's proceedings of our Sholapore Hunt. On the 11th of January, 1830, a party of seven belonging to the Hunt, met at the Bosrah jungle, 40 miles from Sholapore; beat about half through it, when a sounder of four hog took

over the bad ground in rear of the jungle, breaking through the beaters. We were soon at their heels, and after a run all fell smart; while after these, a sounder of 12 were said to have stolen away unseen by any of the hunters. Beat the jungle a second time, when a boar sneaked off, and, before he was seen, made good the high ground, and owing to the quantity of grain we saw no more of him. Returned to a sugar-cane field close by the jungle, and had all the beaters ready to put in, when another sounder of four went away in beautiful style straight for the jungle, which they made good at an astonishing pace, and having gone right through it were soon waited on, and two of the four killed. After running through high grain for about a mile, one made good a sugar-cane field, which he would not leave, having been several times wounded, and, after a good deal of difficulty, he was killed in the field by the beaters; the fourth got off with one spear wound, so the day ended with seven killed, four of which were boar, and harder running hog I never saw.

January 12th.—Went three coss to Tandlewarry; beat a thin jungle without success. Put the beaters into a grain, when a hog took off, only seen by two or three of the beaters. The country here was so covered with grain for miles that we could not expect much luck. Went on beating for four or five miles; when we arrived at Lunee, where we were told that hog were in the sugar-cane, put in the beaters, and a sow soon took out, but she kept to the fields, and, after being speared three times, was lost in some high grain. After about two hours' work, found a boar in a high grain field; he was run singly and lost. Put the beaters in, and went afterwards to a fine plain, when a first boar started and soon made across it. All hands together at starting. "Devil take the hindmost!" was the cry, and such a devil for going and such ground as he went over I have never seen. After making some good turns for about a mile he was run into and killed. This run repaid us for all our day's work; it was now sunset, and we were ten miles from our tents, after having been out nine hours; not a bad day's work.

14th. — One of our party left us, and the rest having moved ground to Lunee, after breakfast we had the pleasing intelligence that a boar was hard by in a sugar-cane field. We were soon mounted and at the ground; beaters put in so thick that they were not a yard apart, besides eight matchlock men and two large rattles; but my friend was not inclined to stir so easily, for he charged three times through the beaters before he could be got to leave the field, and when he did come out, he went into a high grain field, where he remained within a yard of the edge till he was forced out, when, after a short and speedy run, he was killed without showing any fight. We expected to have had a little fun, but the second spear went through his shoulder blade, which prevented his doing anything.

This was all our day's sport.

15th. After breakfast heard of two hog in a plain; were soon mounted and there. The grain was near a mile from them, so thought there was no chance of their making it; but we were much deceived, for three hog instead of two being started, they went straight for the grain, and all made it good without being turned; however, after some very hard running, one was got out and killed, the other two got away:

after this we sent in the beaters and put up a young boar, but he could not be got to leave the grain, and after about an hour's work was killed, but not before he had knocked over one horse, rider and all. There was one other fall this day, but no great harm done in either.

Thus ended our four days' sport, with 11 hog killed, of which seven were boars, and not one small one among them. Had there been less grain, I have no doubt but we should have killed many more.

POINS.

FLINTS AND DETONATORS.

MR. EDITOR,

A word, if you please, to your correspondent Dragsman. He has gone away at a light slapping pace (like Emilius with Bundoola on his quarter), but is the pace so hollow a thing as he fancies? Detonators are, I allow, very pretty tools indeed, but notwithstanding the candid confession, why are Flints to be so studiously avoided? Fair play is the word with me, and after carefully observing all Dragsman's work, I don't see why such decided preference is to be given to Detonators. Let us look at the country over which your correspondent has travelled.—The first exclamation I made, was "What, in the name of the prophet, signifies the kind of weapon used at the Red House, Battersea? In a few months this club may think proper to patronize steam guns, whilst we in India find a different species of iron more convenient and suitable." To Dragsman's list of "objections to Detonators," allow me to add one or two, which appear to have entirely escaped his memory. I will put this question to him—"Have you ever seen a nipple which obstinately persisted in performing the duty of a Punch?" "Have you ever found after a pull at the trigger that the former cap still remained in the cock or hammer, or that the cap itself was unprimed?" Either of these misfortunes will ever cause a "misser," I guess. If he has not beheld such "ill luck," I can inform him that I have, and that, too, more than once. To continue, I have seen a friend try cap after cap, and out of 2000 not five would go off. All lovers of Detonators are subject, perhaps, to this incident also. I am, as you have no doubt, some time since discovered, one of that "honourable class" who, like my friend True Blue, use flints; but I have never as yet found my bag at the end of the day very light in weight and a heavy bag against me. True Blue can, I know, say the same. The little fable of the chopfallen, drenched, and bespattered sportsman with the empty bag, &c., &c., is very funny, but of what possible use are guns, whether Flints or Detonators, in the rains? I beg Dragsman's pardon—he has put Flints out of the question. Detonators should, therefore, only have been mentioned. What kind of sport, I ask, is to be had in that season? Tigers are not to be found, i. e. "all nowhere." It is vanity and vexation attempting to follow bears, and that man must have a happy indifference for the next season's sport who takes up his gun for small game. I was out with a friend to the Detonators some short time back; we had not much sport, I confess, but I, with my "Antiquated Tool," had not a single "snick," whilst he, in one day, had no less than

three; a most unaccountable manœuvre this all percussion men will say, but so it was. Dragsman talks of the "silk-haired setter who crosses the stubble tail on end with a greyhound's speed;" he appears to imagine that in pointers and setters speed is everything, all the same as pacing. Such great speed in setters is something new, but it is laid down as law; my only remark is "Doctors differ," &c. This reminds me (of what appears to me to be a most unaccountable practice) of a friend of mine, a Detonator one too, who invariably, when out shooting, walks some ten or twelve paces *behind* the line of beaters. The reason of such a proceeding my friend will not disclose; we should therefore conclude it is too good to be mentioned. Wishing you every success with the Sporting Magazine,

I am, yours obediently,
ANTI DETONATOR.

In haste.

TIGER SHOOTING.

MR. EDITOR,

I have much pleasure in sending you the following account of some Tiger Shooting, in the hope that it may afford amusement to some of your readers.

On the 1st of the month information was brought by a man of the name of Meerza (an Asswar well known on the Collector's Establishment) of three tigers having been seen in the neighbourhood of the village of Jullalpore. I had been in the Purgunna for many days without even the probability of a day's sport of any description; you may judge, then, of the joy with which I hailed this news; I vowed in gratitude to render his name immortal by giving it a place in your valuable Magazine, and I now redeem the pledge. The first step was to reconnoitre the ground, and to fix some plan of operation; this was soon done, as the distance was not two miles; a Dhera pointed it out, he had seen the tigers go there in the early part of the morning. The cover was a small thick baubul jungle, rather narrow, and extending about 200 yards in length, with a hedge on both sides and open at the ends or nearly so. The place was quiet and secluded, there being nothing but broken ground and low jungle in the neighbourhood; a single baubul tree stood at about 50 yards from one of the ends, and it was impossible to conceive a position better adapted for ensuring sport than was afforded by this tree; I therefore ordered a few of the smaller branches to be cut away, and took up my station in it about three o'clock in the afternoon. At the other end of the jungle I had collected about a hundred beaters with native music, horns, kettles, and in short every description of country noise, with a few peons to regulate and control them; these forming a pretty close line across the jungle beat up towards me. The mixed sensation of nervousness (not to say fear) and anxiety which I felt at this moment is beyond description; to say my heart was in my mouth comes nothing near it, for the instant that the shout commenced the tigress got on foot, and for a minute or two I watched her going up the side of the jungle, and when she came to the opening she hesitated, but it was then too late; the rifle ball had gone clean

through her heart, and she fell dead within 20 yards. In ten minutes from this time no less than three other tigers left this small jungle. I had two rifles, and two double-barrelled guns in the tree. The second shot wounded a tiger in the belly, and he returned into the jungle evidently in a bad way. The third knocked over a young one, about half grown or rather better, but he got up and went off in the opposite direction, and the fourth kept at such a respectable distance, that I missed him altogether. After the first shot the beaters ceased, but the tigers kept up a continual roar till they got clear away. It is impossible to describe the magnificence of this scene, and therefore I will not attempt it, but to witness such another I would any day ride a hundred miles. To proceed, however, the wounded tiger which returned to the jungle now occupied my attention; it was evidently not safe to allow the beaters to remain inside. I therefore ordered them to be withdrawn, and got down from the tree in order to consult upon what was next to be done, and while in this very unpleasant situation, and the people straggling about like sheep, a fifth tiger came out of the same jungle and went away without a single shot.

This, Mr. Editor, is so unusual an occurrence, that I write it with fear lest it should be doubted, but it was witnessed by one hundred and twenty people, and therefore is not to be disputed. There appeared now to be no end to them; the jungle had not been half beat, and the wounded one was still there. The people were afraid to go in, and I had no relish for anything of the kind myself, having made a resolution to keep always in a tree during the whole of these tumashas; and the present did not appear an occasion for violating so good a rule. We were, however, relieved from this dilemma by some people observing the wounded one creeping away from the other end; and we accordingly commenced a pursuit, as he was represented to be going very slowly and his bowels trailing on the ground. He was seen to go into some low khujaon trees, and I contrived with some difficulty to get up into one close by, in the hope of being able to overlook him, but after losing much time it was found that he had left the spot, and part of his entrails on the ground behind him; and it being now nearly dark, we returned home, and the next morning, by eight o'clock, the butcha which had been struck at the third shot was brought in dead. The tigress measured 8 ft. 4 in., and the young one 6 ft. 1 in. I had both opened with the view of ascertaining the truth of an opinion current here that the age of a tiger may be known by the number of the divisions or lobes in the liver; the tigress had seven distinct parts, the butcha only three.

S. W.

Surat.

SONNET OF THE DEATH OF A BOAR.

This mighty boar, the patriarch of the herd,
Roused from the field where oft in peace he fed,
Before the hunters' spears with swiftness fled,
Yet many times he charged them undeterr'd;
To shun him then their jaded steeds they spurr'd,

And he again the chase o'er nullahs led;
But naught could save him, doom'd by fate he bled.
The foremost foe, whose hand had seldom err'd,
With fatal thrust his panting heart pierced thro',
Then gush'd the life-stream from his gaping side,
Staining the grass around of bloody hue;
Now haste the hunters all his death to see,
And there exulting, with one voice agree,
He was as brave a boar as e'er from spear-wound died.

A SUPERNUMERARY.

SEA BATHING FOR HYDROCEPHALUS IN DOGS.

MR. EDITOR,

Notwithstanding all that has been said in favour of different remedies for distemper, I think most of your readers will agree with me in admitting it to be one of those disorders (among many others with which the canine race is afflicted) in *certain instances* incurable from its commencement.

I have seen a few cases where it has made its appearance so suddenly and with such virulence, as to defy all the skill and medicine in the world, and others where life was preserved, still leaving the animal in such a state as to render him totally unfit for the field ever afterwards.

I have had of late a very sickly kennel myself, and happening to be going to the coast at the time, took an opportunity of following the advice of a friend of mine whose dogs had in several instances derived the greatest benefit from sea bathing, especially in one severe case of Hydrocephalus, where the fits were extremely violent. Even in this case, and taking into consideration that fits of the above nature are incurable, and can only be alleviated by certain treatment, such was the benefit the animal obtained from sea bathing as to offer the greatest encouragement to adopt this simple and accessible method.

The case which I shall now mention occurred to a greyhound bitch of mine, and was a species of Hydrocephalus, but of a much milder nature than the foregoing one, and without fits; the symptoms were dulness about the head and eyes, partial blindness in one eye, and a difficulty in swallowing, causing at every mouthful a kind of spasm on the chest, evidently the remains of distemper. I had her bathed every morning about seven o'clock, making her swim a distance of 200 yards each time for the period of one month, since which I have taken her into the Deccan, where her constitution appears to have undergone a thorough change for the better. She is now in as fine condition and as full of life and vigour as I ever wish to see a dog.

This case, Mr. Editor, happened with the very bitch on which I tried Turbith's mineral some few months back, the account of which I see you obligingly published in No. 7.

Yours truly,

CANIS AMICUS.

April 2nd.

SATTARAH SPORT.

SIR,

I am very happy to see by P. Q.'s "Spurt from Sholapore," in the last number of the O. S. M., that, since the publication of your interesting work, people consider it incumbent on them to give you the particulars of their Hunting Exploits, which being the case, I fear you have long since put us, at Sattarah, down as a set of spoons, for, with the exception of A.'s letter in your fifth number, promising to send you a "Diary of the sport enjoyed here," which, by-the-by, he has never performed, nothing has appeared from this quarter; but allow me to assure you, Mr. Editor, that the want of *game alone* has been the cause of my silence, and that there are many amongst us who would rather receive the charge of the "mighty boar" than an invite to a city feast.

I have heard many old hog hunters say, that formerly they had had very good sport at this station, but at present hogs are only to be found in places where it would be impossible to hunt them, and from which 1000 beaters could not dislodge them. Luckily for us, hogs (like their betters) are fond of a little luxury, and sometimes an imprudent sounder is to be found revelling in sugar-cane. Such an one we got intelligence of, and on the 20th of last month a party of us met at the village of Wuszurdah, about sixteen miles from Sattarah, and twenty-four from Mahabuleshwur, from which place we received a strong reinforcement, mustering in all ten spears.

After an early breakfast on the 21st we took the field, and our beaters had scarcely commenced, when a hog broke, making straight for the hills, but before he had gone 300 yards a dozen spears had been through him; we then returned to the canes, and another was soon forced out, which met the same fate as its companion, and thus three more (making in all five) were killed; each hog having the politeness to wait in cover till we had killed the one we were after, and had breathed our nags by walking them back to the sugar-canes.

Should you think the above worthy of a place in No. 8, you may, perhaps, again hear from

Yours very truly,

A SPORTSMAN.

P.S.—Some of your readers may consider it curious to hear that in passing from one field to another the beaters killed a very fine otter.

HUNTING NEAR DEESA.

SIR,

If you think the following account of a sporting trip from Deesa in the month of March, 1830, worthy a page in your Sporting Magazine, I shall consider myself happy in the small contribution. Our party consisted of five, and we went out with the full determination of dealing death and destruction to game of all kinds, but it was easy to perceive from shining spears and a tolerable show of horses that the bristly tribe were to be the chief sufferers. Our first rendezvous was at Mehtan, about twenty-two miles from Deesa, on the 4th March, where we proposed beating a large tract of high

grass, or B'heer, as commonly called hereabouts. We were all punctual to the appointment, the Wagrees bringing in *khubur* of lots of *dantwalas;* we sallied forth about 11 o'clock with light hearts and awful forebodings. Our expectations at first were not realized, for the B'heer was so extensive and the grass so thick, that although we occasionally got a glimpse of some broad bristly backs, it was quite impossible to get better acquainted with them: latterly we were more fortunate, and by a deal of hallooing, screaming, &c., &c., and burning a small patch or two of the grass, we got some to break, and concluded the day with a *bag* of four boars, two sows, and three pigs. We considered this a pretty good beginning, and started on the morning of the

5th To the village of Oomra, about five koss, taking our guns, rifles, &c., with us. We saw a good many bustard on the road, and one was shot, which proved a good addition to our dinner. The Wagrees came in about breakfast time very sanguine of another good day's sport, but, as they said, our *Nuseeb* did not befriend us, for after much hard work and many fruitless alarms, our total this day was only one hog, one cheeta, and one neelgaee speared.

6th.—Moved to Bahminwarra, about six koss, one neelgaee and one bustard shot on the road. After breakfast we beat a large B'heer of grass, and certainly this day we could not complain. The hog ran about like goats on beautiful ground, and gave our horses a regular benefit. For about an hour there was one continued succession of alarms and galloping in every direction, but hog being so plentiful there was little or no competition in riding. It was, in fact, regular murder, and man and horse went home perfectly satisfied with the day's work. Total this day, fifteen of sorts and sizes.

7th.—Moved to Bundoo, where we had a day's rest, expecting great things on the murrow.

8th.—Beat a large B'heer—did not find a single hog, so we left it and beat across country; fell in with some neelgaee, which three of the party tilted to no purpose for a long way, and complained much of their horses' wind. Most unfortunately for them, a fine sounder of hogs started during their absence in pretty thick underwood, but of these a fine boar only was killed, and Mr. —— got a fall which prevented him killing his hog. Beat on, and a pig killed. There started a fine hunting leopard, which, after giving a good run in thick close country, squatted, and was killed, making no resistance whatever; she was remarkable for the height and length of body, and particularly slender for an animal of her size. Total this day, two hog and a cheeta.

9th.—Moved to Kausu, where we expected much sport. Mr. ——, who had hunted there before, assured us the B'heer swarmed with hog. After breakfast proceeded to business, and had not got three hundred yards from the tents when a man in advance gave the alarm, and we saw a fine boar making for the B'heer. Such a yell for horses and gorawallas I never heard, being then all on tattoos: two minutes more would have saved his bacon, but his *nuseeb* was truly bad, in getting speared before he could reach the grass, in which we had a little trouble to finish him; had he been fresh he would no doubt have got away.

This was a promising com-

mencement, and we wound up the day with a total of six large boars and two sows; one measuring nearly six feet from his nose to tail, another an immense bulky old grandfather, the largest of the whole, and all of them indeed large hogs. One of our party in the morning brought in the head of a fine black buck, such as are found in the Deccan, but quite uncommon in these parts; he found him near the roadside, making a meal to sundry vultures and kites; evidently he had been killed the night before, but how or by whom no one could tell, there being no marks of violence on the body, so that a coroner's inquest would doubtless have brought in a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God."

10th.—Marched to Aperra, six koss, horses done up, halted, and had a day's rest.

11.—Burnt a patch of grass; at first found nothing—latterly a fine sow started, and was speared twice, but, the jungle getting almost impenetrable, she made good her retreat to die at leisure, being very severely speared. Mr. —— killed a pig: many fine hog were started, but the jungle too thick to do anything.

12th.—A break-up of the party—some moving to camp, and others in another direction, our leave being nearly over. Two of the party went out at Paloosa and killed a fine sow—and a fawn shortly afterwards starting shared the same fate.

Total, 37 hog, two cheetas, two neelgaee, one deer, and two bustards, besides some others who got away to tell a tale of woe to their companions.

In conclusion, I must state that some of the party were very unfortunate throughout the trip in being everywhere but the lucky spot where the hog started, whilst many a day the whole brunt of the action fell upon a favoured few; this may account for the small number killed in comparison with those seen, for although 37 hog in six days' hunting is not at all bad work, still, had fortune dispensed her favours equally, we should doubtless have killed many more.

Believe me to be, Sir,

Your most obedient,

ONE OF THE PARTY.

PUGILISM EXTRAORDINARY.

SIR,

I having seen some time since in one of your numbers an account of a "Mill" which took place in the neighbourhood of Poonah, and which seems to have furnished so much amusement to all "Castes," that I am tempted to give you the account of a "Turn-up" which was brought about between two of our Camp followers in the line of march between —— and B—— by the officious *kindness* of some admirers of this *striking art*. The cause of this ferocious encounter appears to have been a difference of opinion as to the merits of the respective parties in that most popular science yclept the "culinary art," for they were both brethren of the "Soup Ladle;" but with the distinction that one breathed the ambient air in the pleasant village of Mahim, whilst the other gave to the ancient City of Goa the honour of being his birthplace. They were as yet but tyros in their mysterious occupation, having never aspired higher than providing for the victualling offices of certain worthy sons of

Mars, when called upon twice a day to replenish their gastric regions with "Irish stew" and other savoury viands. Notwithstanding their "lowly state," they lived in hope, and dreamt of times to come, when they should evince that portion of "*uql*" with which nature had gifted them in the more distingué articles of diet, and "Capon," "Patties," and "Curry," for the capacious tripe shop of some M—— of C——, or other big-wig, should emanate from their gentle mawleys. Who can bear to hear the profession (be it what it may) by which he earns his livelihood run down? So thought the gentle Josey;—he above all other points piqued himself on the inviting form in which he could exhibit "Bullocks' liver," when he heard Pedro declare that a Bombayite was totally unequal to present the above delicious morsel in its most attractive shape! No sooner was this base assertion uttered than an open-handed slap in the smeller, giving that interesting organ a considerable inclination to the dexter listener, discovered at once the little reliance to be placed in *craftie* friendship.

With what weapons the quarrel might have been decided it is not for me to attempt to determine, but a few *friends* and companions being on the spot, it was hinted that for the sake of seeing the matter settled in a *gentlemanly sort of way*, a few rupees should be the reward of him who would show the most graceful (greaseful?) manner of using his bunch of fives. Both being in a *light* costume, little time was lost in stripping, so to it they went—9 to 5 upon Josey.

1. Little time was taken up in attitude. Josey seemed alive to protect his flesh market, whilst Pedro evidently appeared unwilling that any liberties should be taken with his "os frontis." Josey at length became impatient, or perhaps, like Acres, he felt "his courage oosing"—he therefore extended rather than struck with his left mutton in the direction of Pedro's index, but instantly received such a visitation in his chaunter that caused him to assume the horizontal.

2. Josey came up indignant and bent on mischief, and having made a rush, he placed a poser on the top of Pedro's "cocoa-nut," which made his optics twinkle. This, together with a right-handed punch in his grubbery, placed him on his nether end.

3. By this time both piped, but a "toothful of raw" brought them both up, determined on the *basting* suit. An exchange of personalities;—in which Josey napt such a touch in his short ribs as set his midriff agoing, but he took liberties with Pedro's olfactory organ, and caused his *gravy* to fly—2 to 1 on Josey.

4. Both cautious—or to speak more to the point—afraid. Pedro having the office from a *Civil* cove, made a flourish with his left, as if he meant to spoil his adversary's beauty, and with his right made a desperate lunge at Josey's grub room. Josey, awake, avoided the hit, and, darting his pimple with much force forward, their attics met, and they rolled over together.

5. Both were now ready to cut, but a little handling of the *pewter* and a "squeeze full of Nantz" brought them again all right. Here the "lads of the gridiron" were terribly uproarious, and, as Paddy would say, "they were all men of an open countenance." Josey had never recovered the touch in his gasometer in the third round. He, however, went to work with *fire*. Counters—one caught it on his sausage trap, the other on his

snorter, and the *gravy* was again flying. Josey retreated rather currishly, which his adversary perceived, and made a desperate rush and placed two hits on his nozzle. Josey now fairly turned his back, no doubt bearing in mind the good old adage, "He that fights," &c. Pedro did then and there place his foot in a certain spot most unceremoniously, which ended this glorious mill.

Few remarks are necessary. Josey only wanted his heart in the right place to be the hero of the piece. He is a well put together cove for a descendant of "Loyæla." Both were much indebted to hints from some milling coves who were present, and that, with a drop of the cratur, made them do wonders.

B. O. S.

Belgaum.

A MHOW SONG IN THE YEAR 1827, FOR THE MALWA MELTONIANS.

TUNE—"*The 5th of November, the year* '92."

Mount, mount, ye Meltonians, our Huntsman's away
To the plain, with his dogs and his gallows old Grey,
And see o'er yon hill-top the whipper-in goes,
I know him right well by the tip of his nose.

Chorus.

Come along, come along, for the dogs are laid on,
May we find and we'll kill, I'll bet fifty to one;
Yet if foxes be wanting our fun need not flag,
If it comes to the worst we can *dig at a Drag.*

Chorus.

They've hit it, they have found, I was certain they would—
A gallant grey fox, can the scent be but good—
Breast high, by the gods! and I thought 'twould be so,
Yoicks to Tippoo and Vickee—my eyes! how they go.

Chorus.

Over rocks, over nullahs, thro' bramble and bush,
Delighted we ride with a pull and a push—
A *pull*, for the wind of your Nag, on the rein,
And a jolly gay *push* just to breathe him again.

Chorus.

See our Huntsman, how fearless he follows the pack,
With the boys of the Hermitage close at his back,
While the Tinkers seem careful of crowding each other
Down, down goes a Snob, and whack! there goes another.

Chorus.

Now the pack view the Varmint, and fleeter they rush,
While Reynard strives harder to save his grey brush;
But what *Spoon* is that, who so bellows and flogs?
Hold hard, and be d——d, don't ride over the dogs.

Chorus.

He turns and he doubles—but doubles in vain;
Not a yard, not a foot, on his foes can he gain;
Close on hand is his earth, and he'll gain it—he will,
Fling at him, dash at him, dogs, whoo-oop, *what a kill!*
Chorus.

Now off with your heeltaps and up on your feet,
May our sport be the better the oftener we meet,
And may Friendship its bonds of good-fellowship throw
Round the Malwa Meltonians, wherever they go!
Chorus.

NEW HUNTING CLUB AT AHMEDNUGGUR.

SIR,

Allow me to sport a remark or two on a club lately formed at this station for the purpose of indulging its members in an occasional poke at a pig. The club was formed in Sept., 1829, and at present consists of from 30 to 40 members, and though, perhaps, there are no regular *first flight* men among them, there are still a few who have a strong idea of how the trick ought to be done.

A Donation of five Rupees, and two Rupees as a monthly subscription, are the only contributions from the members. The donations are intended to form a fund for furnishing tents, tables, and other requisites for the picnics. The subscriptions defray the expense of beaters, and have always been found sufficient without having recourse to the collection of cap money.

The above, it will be seen, is even on a more economical plan than the Surat Hunt, but, as we only meet once a fortnight, of course the expenses are much less than if any three members had the privilege of going out at their pleasure.

The accompanying is a summary of our sport, and though there have been no days of brilliant slaughter, enough has been done to keep alive the interest which every one takes in this (as the Morning Post has it) *fashionable pastime.*

Date.	Place.	Number in the Field.	Hog killed.	Remarks
24th Sept.	Kailgaum.	11	0	Nothing but Ghaut.
8th Oct.	Peeplah.	10	3	
5th Nov.	,,	12	4	
19th ,,	Toua.	8	0	Nothing seen.
17th Dec.	Serrolgaum.	7	2	
3rd ,,	Peeplah.	7	4	
7th Jan.	Serrolgaum.	12	1	
21st ,,	Daddygaum.	8	3	
19th Feb.	,,	11	1	
4th Mar.	Peeplah.	7	1	
18th ,,	Kailgaum.	2	2	
4th Apr.	Daddygaum.	9	3	

We are unfortunate in only having two or three places within a moderate distance of Nuggur where the chances of a kill are at all equal. This was the case at the first meeting of the Hunt

at Kailgaum, where, though many were seen, and one speared, the ground precluded the possibility of any slaughter. The consequence is that the best covers have been rattled so often, that in a short time the hog will desert them for a more quiet habitation.

Peeplah at the first meeting afforded excellent sport, but the hog soon found that their quarters were getting much too hot, and I am afraid that they have now changed them for a more secure retreat. The last time we met there, it was near turning out a blank day, and afforded a lamentable proof of the correctness of what I have above stated.

The sight of a hog is at any time *vastly refreshing*, but much more so when all hopes have been given up of finding them for the day. This was the case the last time at Peeplah—when a hog, generously devoting his life, rescued the place from being voted slow, and all of us from having a strong go at blasphemy.

The country all round is a range of hills, and though most of them are accessible in time and by screwing, still this scrambling work had as well be let alone, if you have any sort of a decent hog in front. I perfectly agree with the Oxonian, who, on being asked his opinion of some beautiful Swiss scenery, replied, "It must be a very difficult country to ride well up to hounds in;" and I think with him ground ought to be made for use, and not show. The only form in which I can fancy a Deccan landscape passable, would be with a huge sounder in front, and the heads of eight or ten clippers just appearing above the brow of one of the infernal hills.

Daddygaum is at present a sure find—the ground fair and about 30 miles from camp. To show that distance is no object either to men or horses, when sport is in view, some gents the other day rode there in the morning, hunted, returned at night, and many of them performed the distance there and back on one nag.

This, I think, will throw Major-General Scrub's performance into the background.

The prospect of hunting will make a man do a great deal, and though the Yorkshire groom did not much admire the boar-hunting in France, when he described it on his return to his fellow-servants as being nought like hunting, he only *seed* a great boar every now and then running about in a *agony* (Anglice, *Avenue*). I hope he is the only spoon from that county who does not appreciate the sport. As to spears, poking is the method adopted here, but much I think may be said in favour of both ways of handling the steel—that throwing, when it takes effect, is more satisfactory to the *hunter* than the most deadly poke, and affords better sport where there is no great superfluity of hog, will, I think, be admitted. The only objections that I can see are the annoyance of dismounting after each delivery, and the probability of injuring the point of the spear if it should miss the hog and come in contact with stones on the ground. Throwing in this part of the world would be absurd, as more spear-heads would be destroyed in a day than a smith could make in a month.

Yours obediently,

A TYKE.

SONG.

YOU SOON MAY SEE THE LIKE AGAIN.

TUNE—"*Tis Merry in the Hall.*"

Of sport and all its healthful charms,
Its frolics and its freaks,
Its hopes, its fears, its joys, alarms,
And all the sportsman seeks—
I'll gaily sing, till fancy fling
Her sunshine on my brain,
And if you'll follow all, when the bugles call,
You soon may see the like again.

Away, away, with the dayspring's flush,
The fox sneaks down the vale,
Let slip the dogs, and on they rush
With a speed that mocks the gale;
While old and young have forward sprung
The trophy to obtain,
And if you'll follow all, when the bugles call,
You may soon see the like again.

With careless glee, with eager eyes,
The hunter views the field;
The cheeta's deadly charge defies,
With the spear he loves to wield!
Oh, the heart must bound, when the monster's found,
And his roar rings o'er the plain,
And if you'll follow all, when the bugles call,
You soon may see the like again.

Or, gayer still, see the wild boar dart
With a rush from the jungle side;
With stern delight now throbs each heart,
And exulting on they ride.
Oh! swift and secure, like falcons at the lure,
The nine-inch tusks to obtain;
And if you'll follow all, when the bugles call,
You soon may see the like again.

And hark! 'tis now the gun's report
Proclaims its mischief done,
Oh, who would change one hour of sport
For a thousand hours with none?
I would not give a fig to live,
If forced from sport to refrain;
Then follow, follow all, when the bugles call,
And you soon shall see the like again.

POONAH PIGEON SHOOTING.

On the 11th January, a Match for eight Gold Mohurs, at 12 birds, from a trap at 21 yards, came off as follows:—

Mr. Luard .... 111101110111—10
Capt. Morris ..... 000011111111— 8

Birds wild and weather windy.

On the 16th January, a Sweepstakes of 10 Gold Mohurs, at seven birds each, from a trap at 12 yards, was shot for and decided in the following manner:—

Capt. Morris ..... 1111101—6
Mr. Luard ..... 1101101—5
Mr. Probyn..... 0101110—4

RULES FOR COURSING.

MR. EDITOR,

Having frequently observed how very indefinite our coursing rules generally are in India, I am induced to trouble you with the enclosed few, which I have selected as most suitable to the circumstances of this country.

The point I have aimed at is concision, which I leave your readers to say whether or no I have carried to too high a pitch, the five first rules being sufficient whereby the umpire may decide upon the winner.

I have mentioned the duties of the umpire, for cases where large meetings and grand matches take place, but generally it occurs that every man is his own umpire.

I.—At all coursings, whether for hares, foxes, jackals, fawns, or antelopes, the dog which turns his game the greater number of times shall be declared the winner.

II.—Never more than two dogs to be slipped at one time.

III.—The dog that picks up the game shall count for it as for one turn.

IV.—The *first* turn that is given shall count for two (as for example)—The dog giving the *first* turn and his opponent does (without giving a turn) immediately pick up the game, the former be declared the winner.

V.—A turn and a pick up without any intermediate turns being given by the adverse dog, shall count as three. For example, the dog which gave the first turn would count two for it, but should his opponent give the second turn and pick up immediately, as above stated, then he (the former) shall be declared beaten.

VI.—At all regular meetings and grand trials an umpire is to be appointed to decide upon the winners.

VII.—The umpire is required to be perfectly disinterested as to the result of the trials, and in order that he may be the better able to decide upon the matches, should, if possible, be well mounted and a light weight, to enable him to ride up to the dogs.

VIII.—All persons riding over or otherwise intercepting the dogs during their running, whether intentionally or not, shall be responsible for such bets as may depend on the match.

SPORTING QUERY.

SIR,

If it would not be trespassing too much on your valuable pages, you would much oblige by inserting the following query, as the answer through the Magazine is to determine a bet on the subject.

A and B match their horses at catch weights. But in running A's jockey falls, his horse still goes on, and comes in first without his rider.

"Which horse wins the race?"

Yours truly,

NO TURFITE.

Kittoor, March 1st, 1830.

TO NOVICE.

SIR,

You seem in a promising way to exhibit yourself once more as a full-blown idiot to an admiring public, by playing the fool in the shooting line, as you did by the silly tricks you played in the racing department, into the filth and mud of which you recklessly plunged headlong in spite of the salutary advice and friendly warning I gave you.

Now that you are completely cleaned out with your stupid Z stud, you seem resolved to brighten up and show off as a shot, and with as little knowledge of your business in the field as you manifested in the stable; I once more step forward, since I find you are really a real and not a fictitious character to save you a second time from the ridicule and scorn which your miserable *gullibility* will infallibly draw down upon you. Attend to what I say.

1st. Load your piece with your ramrod, and take a cool but *rather distant* shot at the very *amiable friend* who so genteelly took you in by exchanging an old flint for a new percussion.

2nd. Tie up all your remaining powder and shot in a bag and blow up both together.

3rd. Sell your Brummagem gun, or, as flintlock instruments are somewhat rare, offer it for the inspection of the curious in antiques, at a powla per peep.

4th. Keep out of the Sporting Magazine.

5th. Stick to your office, and if you neglect my advice

6th. Go to h—ll.

Yours,

March 28. SAM SURLY.

AQUATIC SPORTS.

Our splendid harbour has at last become the scene of healthful and scientific recreation. Smart cutters, hitherto solely employed to to carry gallant Captains from ship to ship, or ship to shore—long boats which have scarcely ever known more honourable occupation than to furnish a habitation for sheep and pigs—and schooners, yachts, yawls, and gigs of all sizes and sorts, rigs, and builds, have been of late frequently assembled to contend for divers prizes, and manifest the skill, tact, and public spirit of their owners.

The first race took place on the 6th February, at half-past four in the afternoon, for a sweepstakes of one Gold Mohur each subscriber; the first boat to have half the stakes, the second and third the remainder between them.

The race came off as follows—

Mr. R.'s	cutter ...	Rob Roy	1
Capt. H.'s	,, ...	Hindoo	2
Mr. F.'s	,, ...	Red Rover.....	3
Capt. N.'s	,, ...	Meg Dodds.....	4
Capt. A. H.'s	scho.	Lady Castlereagh	5
Capt. W.'s	cutter	Spectator	6
Capt. D.'s	,,	Flying Fish	7
Capt. A.'s	,,	Lady Ann	—
Wm. G.'s	,,	Caroline	—
Capt. L.'s	,,	Filha de Goa	—

The unfurling of a large flag at the Bunder Head was the signal to ship; the start was magnificent, each boat bearing away before the wind under every stitch of canvas she could show. The Lady Castlereagh rounded the buoy first, closely followed by the Rob Roy and Hindoo, the Flying Fish, Filha de Goa, Spectator and Red Rover a little astern, the last bringing up the rear. The Rob Roy soon took the lead from the Lady Castlereagh when

brought upon the wind, and after a couple of tacks won the first prize, the Hindoo coming a few minutes after; the Red Rover weathered the rendezvous flag in one tack only, and just cut out the Lady Castlereagh, which was obliged to follow the track of the two first boats. The rest came in as marked above.

It was evident from the commencement that the Rob Roy was too large and had too many wings to allow the smaller craft much chance; had she been deprived of a few feathers she would have made a more interesting race; under equal canvas, with a dead beat for a mile or so, we think the first five boats would be well pitted. This, however, was the first brush the little squadron had, and the respective qualities of the yachts were consequently not well ascertained, most of them having been hastily rigged out for the occasion. A little attention to regularity was also requisite amongst the spectators, for many joined in the race against all rule, and the winning-post, which ought to be quite clear, was so thickly beset that the Red Rover, in attempting to reach it from an unexpected quarter, was actually obliged to push the boats from before her without much scruple about consequence.

On the 22nd Feb. a second regatta was held, when two races took place, the first of which was won by the Tam O'Shanter, and the second by the Helen.

Encouraged by the *eclat* which attended their first and second essays, the aquatic amateurs got up a third meeting on the 4th March, which came off in excellent style. There were two races—the first for ships' cutters, which was decided in the following manner:—

	At the Buoy.	At the Red Flag.	At the Beacon.	Winning Post.
Tam O'Shanter	—	—	1	1
Smoker	6	2	2	2
Black Bird	3	3	3	3
Lucifer	1	1	4	4
Black Joke	4	—	5	5
Norah	2	—	—	6
Dart	—	—	—	7
Blue Bell	—	—	—	8
Hag	Distanced.			

Gipsey—Distanced for using her oars. The Lucifer rounded the buoy in 19 minutes, and the Tam O'Shanter won the race in one hour and 36 minutes.

The second race, which began at half-past four p.m., was for ships' long boats, cutters, and schooners, and was thus contested:—

	At the Buoy.	At the Red Flag.	Winning Post.
Helen	4	2	1
Lady Castlereagh	2	1	2
Red Rover	5	4	3
Flying Fish	3	3	4
Erin	6	5	5
Meg Dodds	1	6	6

The Meg Dodds rounded the buoy in 23 minutes, and looked well to win, but one of the crew falling overboard some time was

lost in picking him up. The Helen bore away the prize in 1 hour 36½ minutes.

The stewards made the most excellent arrangements for keeping the course clear, and Captain Morgan had erected tents on the New Bunder Head for the accommodation of the ladies. The ships presented a most lively appearance from the crowded state of their decks, and even the rigging of some of them was not free from persons eager to observe from so elevated a station the lively scene. Every boat in the harbour was in requisition, not even a dingy was procurable for love or money.

After this there were two other meetings, one of which took place on the 3rd April, when a silver cup, presented by Dhackjee Dadajee, was contended for, but owing to a southerly wind and flood tide the race was spoiled, but came off on the 14th, the Flying Fish winning.

Two more meetings are in contemplation before the close of the fair season, when the whole fleet will be laid up in ordinary or sail away for various destinations. At the opening of the season, however, we hope to see this lively sport renewed, and it will be but due to its authors that the public should open its purse strings, and furnish prizes for the different contests.

The following rules have been established for future guidance:—

YACHT RACING RULES.

1. Any boat touching a boat, buoy, or beacon in rounding, or using oars, to be considered distanced.

2. Boats may round the marks either by tacking or wearing.

3. In beating to windward should two boats meet, that on the larboard tack to go about or give way to that on the starboard tack.

4. In racing for Sweepstakes, the first boat to have half, the second and third boats the remainder.

5. The Stakes to be deposited the day before the race, or the boat of a winner to forfeit claim to the prize, which will devolve on the next boat.

6. The decision of the Stewards to be final, and it will be their duty to clear the course, plant the flags, &c., and appoint a judge.

Course—From the Apollo Pier round the buoy of the sunken rock, and a boat with a red flag anchored off the Middle Ground —round the Apollo beacon to a boat, with the rendezvous flag hoisted, anchored off the Apollo Bunder.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER, 1829.

The bustle in the streets to-day sufficiently testified the interest which the great St. Leger excited in all ranks; the streets were lined by visitors of every grade, and large masses of the country people assembled in the roadway, insomuch that, long before the time of moving to the course, the obstructions were surmountable only by great personal exertions. At twelve o'clock there were several thousands congregated in the main street, the great point of attraction being the betting-rooms, which were so full that many were unable to gain admittance. About half an hour after a movement was visible—and at this moment nothing could be more

animated—a perfect sea of heads was seen in every direction, the crowd being so dense that it was a miracle no accident occurred. The majority contrived to reach the race-ground at half-past one, and no pen can give an idea of the grandeur of the scene at this moment. The Grand Stand was crammed in a very short space of time, the minor ones being also full to an overflow, and many hundreds unable to gain an entry.

The principal nobility began to arrive about this time, several of them in state. The most dashing equipages were those belonging to Lord Fitzwilliam, Duke of Devonshire, Lord Chesterfield (two sets), Lord Harewood, Mr. Petre, &c. His Grace the Duke of Wellington arrived this morning, and was present at the races. It is in contemplation to present his Grace with the freedom of the town.

From a comparative view of present with former meetings, there is an evident decline in the mere number of the visitors, although equal in point of rank; the falling off is attributed to the bad state of trade in the manufacturing districts, particularly in the great trading towns of Lancashire, which have hitherto sent thousands.

The first race appointed for decision was the Two Years Old Produce Stakes, which was run at the precise time fixed for it; and we here take an opportunity of stating, that in all things connected with the meeting there was a most praiseworthy attention to punctuality—even the St. Leger, which one would think was likely to give most trouble, was only ten minutes beyond the hour appointed for it. The superior importance of the last-named race must plead an excuse for giving it precedence to the Produce Stakes. The jockeys having weighed (19 in number), assembled in the weighing-house, and received the usual instruction as to saddling, parading from the Grand Stand, starting, &c.; after which Lord Wharncliffe explained to them the necessity of going off the first time, referring them to the St. Leger of 1828, as a proof of what might be done by attending to the regulation. It is right to add that these directions were obeyed to the letter, and that a better start could not have been desired. Having saddled, the horses were cantered up the course, and then paraded in line before the Grand Stand—a ceremony trivial in itself, but of considerable interest to the spectators—in fact, it created quite a sensation, particularly in the Grand Stand, where the most intense anxiety was manifested. Precisely at twenty minutes before three they were all at the post, and immediately after the race came off as follows:—

The *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovereigns each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 6lbs.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb. St. Leger Course, ninety-seven subscribers.

Hon. E. Petre's ch c Rowton, by Cisean, out of Katharina	1
Marquis of Cleveland's b c Voltaire, by Blacklock	2
Lord Longford's bl c Sir Hercules, by Whalebone	3

The following also started, but were not placed by the Judge:—Marquis of Worcester's b c Felt, by Langar; Mr. Ridsdale's b f Clotilde, by Tramp—Neva; Mr. Forth's b c Frederick, by Little John; ——— g c The Exquisite, by Whalebone; Lord Grosvenor's b c Parnassus, by Master Henry; Lord Cleveland's b c Stotforth, by Octavian; Lord Kelburne's c by Smolensko, out of Georgiana; Sir E. Dodsworth's b c Young Patrick, by Sir

Patrick; Duke of Leeds ch c by Sir Patrick, out of Rhodacantha; Mr. Riddle's ch c Lawn Sleeves, by Dr. Syntax; Lord Fitzwilliam's b f Sister to Mulatto; Mr. Chiton's Don Jose, by Don Juan; Mr. Robinson's ch c Bolivar, by Blacklock; Mr. Gibbeson's b f Lady Sarah, by Tramp; Mr. Athorne's b c Wandering Boy, by Oiseau; Mr. Earnshaw's br f Elastic, by Waverley.

In the course of the morning the odds changed repeatedly; Mr. Forth backed his horse freely. Of course this led others to do the same, and the consequence was, that before starting he was second favourite, Rowton, in the mean time, having taken precedence of Voltaire, leaving off first favourite.

Without anything like a false start, they went off nearly together, Parnassus having a decided advantage as to starting, without improving it, for he immediately fell back into the crowd; for the first fifty yards the jockeys had enough to do to pick their ground, which settled, the order of running was thus:—Frederick in front, Rowton close at his heels. Stotforth next, Sir Hercules and Clotilde immediately astern, well up, and the others in a body behind, with the exception of Voltaire, who was the hindmost horse. They went up the hill without any change, nor was there any change when they got into the dip, unless it was that Rowton was mending his pace, and evidently gaining on Frederick, whom he passed at the gravel road. He then made strong running—the places continuing as stated, till they were at the Red House, where the inferior horses invariably begin to drop off; accordingly, we found that between this point and the rails the following were beat off—The Exquisite, Parnassus, Lord Kelbourne's Lady Sarah, Wandering Boy, Don Jose, Sister to Mulatto, Elastic, and Stotforth. At the Red House Sir Hercules headed Stotforth and Clotilde, and was directly after followed by Felt, Voltaire all this time keeping in the background. As they approached the rails he began to run (Frederick here was beat off), but it was not till they had passed the distance post that Chifney made his push for the race. He then went by Clotilde, Felt, and Sir Hercules in succession, and at the Grand Stand was up with Rowton. A very severe race home terminated in favour of Rowton, by a clear neck, amidst deafening acclamations. Felt (who was sold to the Marquis of Worcester before the race, for one thousand guineas) was fourth, Clotilde fifth, Frederick sixth, Bolivar seventh, and Young Patrick eighth. Losers will always have some reason for their favourites not winning; accordingly we find many of Voltaire's backers attributing his defeat to Chifney's bad riding! They say he waited too long, and that if he had made play sooner he would have won; it appears to us, however, that Voltaire, like most of the Blacklock breed, has more speed then strength, and that making play sooner would have rendered his defeat more certain—he never could have lasted with Rowton, who is a horse of infinitely greater bottom, and of a sort that can run on. The fact is, that the Yorkshire jockeys do very well for everyday work, but cannot appreciate the vastly superior style of riding of those from Newmarket. This is the third year in succession that Mr. Petre has won this stakes, and, with the exception of the late Lord A. Hamilton, is the only gentleman who has had such extra-

ordinary good fortune—moreover, he has a remarkable fine lot (winners) for next year's race. The value of the stakes is £2425.

The running of the two horses proves what the party have asserted, viz. that Frederick is a stone better than The Exquisite; if, therefore, Mr. Theobald did give three thousand guineas for the latter (and which we very much doubt), we can only say that Forth has got well out of him.

THE DUM-DUM GOLFING CLUB.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following List of Subscribers to the Dum-Dum Golfing Club, and congratulate them on the prospect of seeing that noble and gentlemanlike game established in Bengal:—Brigadier Sir A. McLeod, C.B., Hon. C. R. Lindsay, Alex. Ross, Esq., Dr. Playfair, Lieut. Bennett, Lieut. Horsford, Lieut. Jarvis, Dr. Wood, Capt. Petrie, A. McLeod, Esq., Capt. Graham, Capt. Geddes, Lieut. Mackenzie, Lieut. Seppings, Lieut. Craig, Lieut. Macdonald, Lieut. Scott, Lieut. Austin, Lieut. Cooper, Lieut. Backhouse, Lieut. Kinliside, Capt. Cartwright, Capt. Tennant, Major H. L. Playfair, Dr. Montgomery, Dr. Storm, the Right Hon. Lord Ramsay, the Hon. Col. Ramsay, Capt. W. M. Ramsay, Capt. Morland, G. J. Gordon, Esq., J. Calder, Esq., J. Storm, Esq.

We understand that the clubs are in a considerable state of forwardness, nearly 300 being already ordered from Mr. Zeiter, and that Mr. Allan's well known zeal and talent is busily employed in making the balls. The clubs are supplied at two rupees each. The price of the balls will probably amount to 2-8 each. The dum-dum links are said to be very inviting; they consist of 15 holes, being a round of about two miles, and contain some very pretty and interesting hazards.

We learn that the game of golf is daily played by several parties, and the wickets for the manly game of cricket being pitched about the same time, with the background of a well attended racket court. The whole is said to present as lively a scene as ever has been seen in India.—*Ben. Hur., Dec.* 23.

PEA-FOWL SHOOTING.

THE DEEP JUNGLE.—Touching pea-fowl shooting—though I have seen seven on a table at once, I am convinced a man who does not find a repaying pleasure in merely following these birds, as they strut in all their splendour of plumage up their wildly picturesque haunts, ought to fire upon some other sport; he will find this tantalizing. Results may be much more surely calculated on amongst the jungle fowl by ascertaining, from successive cries, the way they walk, and hurrying through the cover by a circuitous route, so as to intercept them. But this requires a certain tact. The slightest stir, and often the keenness of the bird's sight—for they come slowly and look well around, as they strut and flap their wings and challenge—are enough to discover the sportsman, when the crowing ceases, and they are off at a hopeless rate. These birds are the aboriginal cock and hen, but neither their cry nor their plumage is exactly that of the domestic fowl. Whoever looks for them, will see black partridge and spur fowl running about the base of the rocks. The latter has double spurs, and is of

a dusty brown plumage, brightening in the breast to amber, and prettily picked out with white and black spots. A sportsman in thick jungle should have one to beat behind him, to strike a bush if necessary; but his plan is to walk on as quietly as possible, and keep ready to fire at the moment a turn or opening shows an object. This, and the poaching system of lying hid, are the only ways to secure game in thick jungle; and even with these he will often return empty-handed, and learn to consider a pea-fowl or a brace of jungle-fowl as a very satisfactory day's work. A man should make up his mind in the deep jungle whether he will fire ball or shot. Nothing is worse than a half-and-half system; it distracts the attention. Men leave the one object of their pursuit often at the very moment they are nearest success, and if surprised, hesitate which barrel they are to fire, and very generally whizz a ball at a hare, and distribute a charge of No. 6 among a whole sounder of hogs. A loose ball can be carried to drop on shot, for there is no doubt it is insufferably disgusting to hear a beast snarl and have no ball to fire at him. But to neutralize a barrel, as a security from danger, is quite wrong. If there be any peril a man will encounter in the jungle from which his own hand can guarantee him, it is the possible event of coming so hastily on a *cobra de capello*, or other deadly snake, that the reptile rises instinctively to face the danger it thinks inevitable; and in this case shot is safety. Unless it be the elephant or buffalo, or the tiger under peculiar circumstances, there is nothing in the jungle that will not willingly avoid collision with man if he will let it. Panthers and cheetas I have often met, and have wounded the latter without irritating them into resistance. One of them was killed by a fine young fellow I knew, who went in upon him with shot in his fowling-piece, and a hog spear. Their courage, like much in this world, depends greatly on that of their antagonist. Wolves and hyænas invariably retire as soon as the idea of danger strikes them; and bears (though I confess they growl crossly) have, in the few instances of our meeting, concealed themselves as soon as they could do so. Of tigers I speak conjecturarily: I think this beast has an instinctive dread of the human form, and avoid as much as possible coming into contact with it; but if he be hemmed round or wounded, or if the necessities of hunger, or a sudden encounter, hurry him into a disregard of his feelings and he finds how easy a prey man is, his idleness will make him prefer that to any other, and he becomes troublesome. I should as soon think of arming myself against sharks and alligators, when I bathe in the surf, or in a river, as of carrying a ball in my gun when I wished to fire shot in the jungle, under the idea of diminishing my danger. If a man wants to kill the beasts, he should think of nothing else; if he does not go prepared to do so he had better let them alone. A current anecdote will illustrate this. An officer came suddenly upon a bear, and fired a charge of shot at him; this salute proving most unacceptable to Bruin, he turned outrageously upon the gentleman, who fled before him (in his haste throwing down his gun with its undischarged barrel), till a re-entering angle of the rocks obliged him to face his pursuer. This he did in so energetic a manner, clenching his fists, grinning and advancing

towards him, threatening, cursing, swearing, and gesticulating so extravagantly, that the bear, after looking at first astonished, then aghast, scuttled away with a rapidity only exceeded by that with which his triumphant antagonist scudded in the opposite direction. —*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE PLEASURES OF SPORTING.

The consulter of Johnson's Dictionary, under the term of Sport or Sporting, would be led into a great mistake by the Doctor's definition. The word, with the great Lexicographer, signifies nothing but Diversion, Amusement, Play; but I shall submit to the reader, with a few facts, whether it has not a more serious connection, or, to speak technically, whether it should be Play or Pay.

When I was a young man, having a good deal of ready money and little wit, I went upon the Turf. I began cautiously, and as I thought, knowingly. I studied the Stud book, and learnt the pedigree of every new colt, yet, somehow, between sire and dam, continually losing "the pony." My first experiment was at Epsom. By way of securing a leading article, I backed the Duke of *Leeds*, but the race came off, and the Duke was not placed. I asked eagerly who was *first*, and was told *Forth*. The winner was a slow but strong horse, and, I was informed, had got in front by being a *laster*. This was a *puzzle*, but I paid for my Riddlesworth, and prepared for the Derby. By good luck I selected an excellent colt to stand upon—he had been tried—it was a booked thing—but the day before the Derby there was a family wash, and the Laundress hung her wet linen on his *lines*. I paid again. I took advice about the Oaks, and instead of backing a single horse, made my stand, like Ducrow, upon four at once. No luck. Terror did not start—Fury came roaring to the post—Belle was told out—and Comet was tailed off. I paid again, and dabbling in the Sweepstakes, and burning my fingers with the matches. Amongst others, a bet offered that I conceived was peculiarly tempting, 20,000 to 20 against Post Obit—a bad horse indeed, yet such odds seemed unjustifiable, even against "an outsider." But I soon found my mistake. The outsider was, in reality, an insider—filling the stomachs of somebody's hounds. Pay again. I resolved, however, to retaliate, and the opportunity presented itself. I had been confidently informed that Centipede had not a leg to stand on, and accordingly laid against him as thick as it would stick. The following was the report of the race:—"Centipede jumped off a tremendous pace, had it all his own way, and justified his name by coming in a hundred feet in front." Pay again. These "hollow" matters, however, fretted me little, save in pocket. They were won easy, and lost to match—but the "near things" were unbearable. To lose only by half a head!—a few inches of horseflesh. I remember two occasions when Giraffe won by "a neck," and Elephant by "a nose." I was almost tempted to blow out my brains by the nose, and to hang myself by the neck.

On one of those doubtful occasions, when it is difficult to name the winner, I thought I could determine the point from some peculiar advantage of situation, and offered to back my opinion. I laid that Cobbler had won, and it was taken; but a signal from a friend decided me that I was

wrong, and, by way of hedge, I offered to lay that Tinker was the first horse. This was taken like the other, and the Judges declared a dead rob—I meant to say a dead heat. Pay again!

A likelier chance next offered. There was a difference of opinion, whether Bohea would start for the Cup, and his noble owner had privately and positively assured me that he would. I, therefore, betted freely that he would *run* for the Plate, and he *walked* over. Pay again!

N.B.—I found, when it was too late, that I should not have paid in this case, but I did.

The Great St. Leger was still in reserve. Somewhat desperate, I betted round, in sums of the same shape, and my best winner became first favourite at the start. Never shall I forget the sight! I saw him come in ten lengths ahead of everything—hollow! I had no voice to shout with, and it was fortunate. Man and horse went, as usual, to be weighed, and were put into the scale. They rose a little in our eyes, and sunk proportionately in our estimation. Roguery was sniffed, the Jockey Club was appealed to, and it gave the stakes to the second horse. All bets went with the stake, and so—Pay again!

It was time to cut the Turf, and I was in a mood for burning it too. I was done by Heath, but the impression on my fortune was not in the finished style. I now turned my attention to aquatics, and having been unfortunate at the One Tun, tried my luck in a vessel of twenty. I became a member of a Yacht Club, made matches, which I lost, and sailed for a Cup, at the Cowes Regatta, but carried away nothing but my own bowsprit. Other boats showed more speed, but mine most bottom, for after the match it upset, and I was picked up by a party of fishermen, who spared my life and took all I had, by way of teaching me that a preserving is not a saving. Pay again!

It was time to dispose of the Lucky Lass. I left her to the mate, with peremptory orders to make a sale of her—an instruction he fulfilled by making all the sail on her he could, and disposing of her by contract to a rock, while he was threading the Needles. In the mean time I betook myself to the chase. Sir W. W. had just cut his pack, and I undertook to deal with the dogs; but I found dog's meat a dear item, though my friends killed my hunters for me, and I boiled my own horses. The subscribers, moreover, were not punctual, and whatever differences fell out, I was obliged to make them up. Pay again! At last I happened to have a dispute with a brother Nimrod as to the capability of his Brown and mine, and we agreed to decide their respective rates, as church rates, by a Steeple Chase. The wager was heavy. I rode for the wrong steeple, leapt a dozen gates, and succeeded in clearing my own pocket. Pay again!

It was now necessary to retrench. I gave up hunting the county, lest the county should repay it in kind, for I was now getting into its debt. I laid down my horses and took up a gun, leased a shooting box, and rented a manor, somewhat too far north for me, for, after a few moves, I ascertained that the game had been drawn before I took to it. It was useless, therefore, to try to beat the dogs; for want of birds, began to point at butterflies. My friends, however, looked for grouse, so I bought them, and paid the carriage. Pay again!

Other experiments I must abridge. I found Pugilistic Sport-

ing, as usual, good with both hands at receiving; at Cocking the "ingoes" were far exceeded by the "outgoes;" and at the gaming-table, that it was very difficult to pay my way, particularly in coming back. In short, I learned pages of meanings at school without trouble, but the signification of one word, Sporting, in manhood has been a long and an uncomfortable lesson, and I have still an unconquerable relish of its bitterness, in spite of the considerate attentions of my friends:—

"From sport to sport they hurry me
To banish my regret,
And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget."

—*From Hood's Comic Annual.*

THE PRINCE AND THE MONARCH; OR, ASCOT IN 1790 AND 1829.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this."—HAMLET.

So interesting is the Ascot Meeting of the present year likely to become—so bountiful are its promises—and, above all, so intimately connected with its events is our gracious King, that we have thought a short notice of it, as it was and is, may be neither inappropriate nor unacceptable: it may amuse—possibly it may instruct. Ascot Races used formerly to be held the Tuesday fortnight after the Guildford Meeting, and which, at that period, was, with respect to time, immovable. In 1792, however, the usual day of the commencement happening to fall on his then Majesty's birthday (June the 4th), it was postponed to June the 11th, that the Royal group should not be prevented gracing with their presence the scene they had so long delighted to patronize. Since that period, the Meeting has been held about the same date of the month, and generally been considered deserving the countenance of Royalty. It was, however, in 1791, that one of the greatest Races that were ever decided in this kingdom, and upon the result of which upwards of one hundred thousand pounds were depending, was run off: it was for the Oatlands Stakes, of one hundred guineas each, half forfeit, the original subscribers to which were forty-one: two declaring forfeit the preceding July, paid twenty-five guineas each only. Besides these, twenty paid half forfeit. Nineteen started; consequently the exact sum run for was two thousand nine hundred and fifty guineas, and it was won by the Prince of Wales's br. h. Baronet, though the odds were twenty to one, at the least, against him. His Royal Highness (of course, his present Majesty) had also another horse in the race, which was also one of the four placed, and which stood thus:—

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Baronet	1
Mr. Barfon's Express	2
Lord Barrymore's Chanticleer	3
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Escape	4

The betting 9 to 1 against Chanticleer; 100 to 3 against Express. Even betting—the field against three, and 20 to 1 against the winner. It was a beautiful race; for not only those which were placed, but four or five others, came in a ruck together, compact as a little cloud, hardly breaking into a perceptible head. It was considered that nearly fifty thousand persons were upon the Course—nay, so great was the anxiety and press, that many of the losers attributed to the crowd their preventing their horses getting up to the leaders when within the lines, and being thereby shut out from their fair chances of success. Nowadays, though

we have the same anxious thousands, the same spirited Prince to lead the sports—and he, too, has good horses—we have not, fortunately, the same complaints to make, for Ascot is a pattern to all Courses and all Course clearers. This accusation of shutting out the horses was the cause, however, of removing the Oatlands to Newmarket, where it was run on Wednesday, April 11, 1792 (56 subscribers), twenty starting, and won by Mr. Bullock's Toby (6 to 1 against him), reducing thereby three thousand seven hundred and twenty-five guineas, at one heat! These horses were to have been handicapped to have run over Ascot again in June, but certain circumstances *looking like* foul play occurring in the race, many of the subscribers declined, as they expressed it, "putting integrity into the scale, when dishonesty was also to be weighed against them." The "King's Hundred," as it was called, for horses regularly hunted with his Majesty's staghounds during the preceding season, used to be run for in a four-mile race the first day; it is now postponed to the last, and the distance shortened. We had there also the "Prince's Sweepstakes," of fifty guineas each, which Lord Egremont's b. f. by Mercury first won; we have now the Gold Cup instead, to the full as interesting, and, with its present entry, quite as distinguished a feature. In fact, the Royal and Noble patronage given to Ascot Heath at that time almost totally suppressed several surrounding Races, such as Maidenhead, Basingstoke, Odiham, Guildford, and Reading, as the same causes entirely surpass all competition *now*. We have only, therefore, to hope that nothing will occur of so sombre a nature as to mar that which has had so long and so triumphant a career; and, above all, that the day may be far distant which shall rob the Meeting of its most distinguished and Royal Patron.

PEDESTRIANISM.

T. West, the pedestrian, started from the Lion and Lamb public-house, Kingston, Surrey, on Wednesday last, at two o'clock, to perform the undermentioned task, viz.:—Run two miles, walk three miles forward and three miles backward, wheel a barrow two miles, trundle a hoop two miles, draw a cart one mile, and pick up 100 stones one yard apart; the whole distance, $18\frac{3}{4}$ miles, was to be performed in three successive hours. The day was very hazy and the road heavy. He performed his task in two hours fifty-six minutes, being four minutes within the given time.

PRESERVATION OF GAME.

TO THE EDITOR.—SIR,—I had no other motive in addressing you on the subject of the Game Laws, than the Preservation of Game, which is, I regret to observe, diminishing every year; and I am confident that any person, not a poacher, will agree with me, that there is not one-third of the quantity of game there was twenty years ago. To corroborate this, I will not go farther from Cape Town than Groene Kloof, Ganze Kraal, and the adjacent farms (Groote Post, and the farms formerly attached to it, excepted), where game abounded within the above period. The season in which game breed in this colony is so extremely mild, it seldom happens that it is destroyed by the severity of the winter; therefore it may be asked, what is the cause of the decrease? Some may attribute it to the increase of

population, and consequently a greater number of sportsmen; but any assertion of this kind I most strenuously deny, as game is generally preserved, and not destroyed, by a thoroughbred sportsman, who will, in his sporting ideas, view the increase of game during the breeding season, with as much pleasure as he would the young broods in his poultry yard; and it is a usual thing for a sportsman, when he falls in with a large covey of birds, to leave a couple of brace of old ones to breed for next season; whilst the pitiful poacher goes from bush to bush, in search of illegal pursuit, endeavouring to kill every head of game he can find.

Besides killing game out of season, there are many other means resorted to for its destruction, one of which I will attempt to describe, and, it is my opinion, unlike a sportsman in the extreme: it is a common practice, nor is it objected to, whether in or out of season, in this colony, for a slaughtering party, consisting of two to six in number, to go in an open eight-horse waggon, well armed and equipped for the purpose; after having taken coffee at the dawn of day, and perhaps a *sopie* into the bargain, they agree to proceed to a place where antelopes, chiefly duykers and steen bucks are to be found; and if a hare chance to put up its head on the way, it is dispatched in a moment by one or two of the party; or should a korhaan or a covey of partridges happen to make their appearance, they are fired at—mark ye, Mr. Editor—either setting or running on the ground.

Having arrived at the selected spot, the driver and his assistant, with the rest of the party, agree to keep a sharp look-out (something like Jack when sent aloft), and after traversing half a mile or more in cover, up jumps a buck, seldom very wild, sometimes near and occasionally far off; but, when at a distance or out of range of shot, the ingenuity of the drivers, &c., is brought into action, and every effort is made and stratagem used to get within shot; and if the driver does not play his part well, his ears are frequently assailed with "Stomme donder, waar zny uwe oogen naar too;" * and in this manner the chase is continued with the frequent exclamation to the driver, "hot, or haar;" † and when the buck runs behind the waggon, "hot weg," or "haar weg," is often the word of command to the driver by one or all the party; and thus the pursuit goes on at full speed, until the timid animal is overtaken or stops, turns round its head, and when looking at the enemy, with unsuspecting danger, a discharge of from two to six *Zealanders* ‡ is poured into its body, which leaves it lifeless on the ground. Then the party exulting exclaim, "wel gedaan," which is very different to the sentiment of a true sportsman, so beautifully depicted in that well-known hunting song—

"Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face,
The huntsman's pleasure is no more—
His joy was in the chase."

Thus the sport, as it is called, goes on, till a large supply for the pot is slain, which generally consists of from one to a leash of hares, from one to six antelopes, and from two to ten braces of

* You stupid fellow, where are your eyes directed to.

† *Hot and Haar*—has the same signification in directing the movements of the waggon—as starboard and larboard, in that of a ship.

‡ *Zealanders*—long guns, similar in length and size to those that were in use during the reign of Queen Anne.

korhaan and partridges. I will now appeal to any sportsman, whether killing game in this way should be tolerated in any civilized country? Any individual who is not acquainted with the practice of shooting from a waggon will naturally ask how it can be accounted for, that an eight-horse waggon can come up with an antelope, which is so remarkable for speed. It is supposed that the animal is not aware that there is any danger in allowing a vehicle to come near it with so many horses, which it is accustomed to see daily in the fields; while others suppose that the rotatory motion of the wheels attracts the attention of the buck, and from looking for some time on them with either fear or admiration, at least becomes, as it were, intoxicated. Be it as it may, numerous antelopes are destroyed in this unfair way, which is very different from the manly equestrian sportsman, who mounts his horse, enters the cover, where the buck has a chance of escaping, as it often happens, it gets up out of shot, at other times on the right and left sides; and frequently an antelope is so wily, that it lies quiet till a sportsman rides past, and then runs off. All these circumstances combined are favourable to the escape of these useful animals, which is not the case with a waggon, carrying numerous expert shots, armed with Zealanders.

In the course of my experience in this colony, I have heard individuals say that game laws are not necessary at the Cape; but I maintain they are absolutely so, and particularly now, otherwise game will be in a few years nearly extinct. He who will advocate the conduct of a poacher, who kills game out of season, should be aware that he displays great ignorance, and cannot be dubbed a sportsman, as every reflecting mind must be convinced that without the preservation of the feathered race, either in a state of hatching, or bringing up the young brood, game must necessarily decrease. I would strongly recommend to those who do not defend the game laws (to prevent exposure) to remain silent. I believe such persons know as little about shooting as the aldermen of London know about catching turtle, upon which they feast so luxuriously; and I have firmly made up my mind, that he who conceives the game laws should exist cannot be conversant with field sports, and that such person only satisfies the palate, or regales the appetite when game is placed before him!

It is my intention to address you again relative to sporting in this colony, and particularly shooting Overberg, that is on the banks of Bot and Palmiet Rivers, and their vicinity, where partridges are not fledged before the month of March, especially red wing birds.

I am, &c.,

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

—*From a Cape paper.*

THE CUMBERLAND HOUNDS.

A numerous field met at Broyton Hall, at eleven, owing to the frosty appearance of the day; and as soon as old Sol had taken to himself the rime, the hounds were thrown into covert. One challenge, soon backed and warranted good by old Latimer—then a grand crash—and away went puggy, and away went the pack, pointing west. After the first ten minutes, or the "struggle for a start," the field soon became select, many gentlemen at the wrong

end; some not quite disengaged from their minds and their hacks, and some preferring the road to the black-looking yawners, and the post and railers; some following the line; some got in and some got over. The old story of "what's on the other side, my Lord?" and "I am, thank God!" was often verified. But there was no stopping to pick up hats or catch horses, though ropes and spades had to do their duty. After three miles there was a short check, owing to the fox-hounds crossing the running of a pack of the pussy dogs, and the varmint turning south; but all was soon made snug, and a little breathing allowed for a fresh start. He crossed the Ellen, and went smack for Tellentire Earths, but from which he was pressed by the gallantry of the hounds. He then crossed Tallentire Hill and the open (the Leicestershire of Cumberland) at a slapping pace, the pack with a brilliant head, and not a hound wanting or tailing —heads up and sterns down—to the admiration of all those who had time to look or were able to see. "This is a regular Leicestershire," said one. "Ay, this is no day for the Siamese youths," said another. "Go it like blazes," and "My kingdom for a horse!" were the cries. Away they went for Isell coverts, where Reynard borrowed a friend for a few minutes; but the hounds were soon brought back to the "ould fox," and, after twice swimming the Derwent, he was run to ground, and his life spared for his gallantry. A sharper or better run was never seen in Cumberland; and one or two old fox-hunters declared, "nor anywhere else," and that it was as good a thing as ever was seen anywhere. The distance was computed from seventeen to twenty miles, and the time one hour and thirty-six minutes. Notwithstanding an overhanging frost, the scent was burning, and country extremely difficult. Where all ride as well as they can, to mention names is superfluous; it is sufficient to say the day required the best horses, the best of men, and the best condition. These hounds are now a good steady pack; and if our present worthy master is really obliged to give them up, we trust some gentleman of the hunt will speedily declare his intention of continuing a pack that has been the cause of fine sport, and much hospitality and unanimity.—*Sporting Magazine.*

IRISH FIELD SPORTS.

CHASE EXTRAORDINARY. — The good denizens of Mountrath, and a few of the minor gentry in the neighbourhood, have been long in possession of a pack of harriers, which, until lately, were *billeted*, like soldiers, in parties of two or three, amongst the subscribers. It was pleasant of a morning to see a couple of picturesque animals basking in the rays of the rising sun in front of each substantial tradesman's door, or to meet them in their peaceful rambles through the market-place, soliciting slices of liver; or running away with unguarded beef-steaks from the stalls of the butcher. They were a sort of licensed freebooters, whose ravages were tolerated in consideration of the amusement which they afforded. Their huntsman was and is a pedestrian—one John Phelan—as swift of foot as Achilles, and as vociferous as Stentor. In allusion to the latter accomplishment, he is known all over the barony by the cognomen of Bawley. It was his duty, on a hunting morning, to assemble the pack, and lead them to the field, to

run along with them throughout the day, and to flog them home to their respective quarters at the close of the evening. The whole process was well worth the inspection of the curious, but the concluding part was the most interesting. Then you might see *Bawley* and his *Babbies*, trotting along on the best possible terms with each other—*he* meditating upon all the halfpence he had collected in the field, and *they* licking their chops in remembrance of the good dinner they made on the previous market day—when, all of a sudden, they would come to a turn of the road, branching off towards a subscriber's dwelling. Then the two or three dogs which formed that gentleman's *quota* were detached from the rest by a smack of the *Maestro's* whip, and away they started, with a short yelp and a long trot, to their allotted habitation. In this manner two-thirds of the whole were subtracted before the pack arrived at head-quarters in the market square, and then one shout from Bawley was the signal for their final dispersion all over the town.

Of late days, the affairs of the Club have been conducted on a more reasonable footing, inasmuch as the dogs are lodged together in a kennel. Bawley, however, still continues to follow the game afoot. But in the times of which we now speak, and that is not very long ago, a memorable chase occurred, which has not yet found its way into the sporting annals of the age. One morning, that active and loud-shouting functionary, Bawley, came into town with the joyous intelligence that he had a fine big hare so-hoed on the far side of Clonan-hill. In a moment all was bustle and preparation: the shops were left to be looked after by the ladies, and every male who had a piece of horseflesh to brag of was soon discovered trotting up the main street, and

"Witching the world with noble horsemanship."

Those who had no quadruped to throw a leg over proceeded to the muster-place on *Irish tandems** in the train of the indefatigable Bawley. The hounds tripped gaily before them, and every one anticipated a glorious run after the big hare.

These movements were executed with celerity, but they were too complicated to be done *in no time;* and, long before the Grand Master of the Order of Killbuck had sung the first verse of "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky," on the near side of Clonan-hill, poor puss had been bagged, and sent off to be made into soup in Merrion-square. A Brunswicker had done this. Having wormed out of Bawley the secret of the animal's whereabout, he made directly for the spot, with a pair of murderous greyhounds, who snapped her in a twinkling. But, although a convicted poacher, this Brunswicker was no enemy to sport, and, being resolved that the Killbucks should not come out upon a sleeveless errand, he had taken the precaution to provide himself with a red herring and a ball of twine, in order to amuse the good people of Mountrath with a drag. No sooner then had he made poor puss secure than he stepped into a cabin, and gave the odorous fish a turn or two upon the coals, that there might be "no mistake." This done, he vaulted into his saddle, and away he went, switch and spur, across the country, with the herring impregnating the gale at the horse's heels.

* One foot before the other.

In less than a quarter of an hour the Killbucks entered the field, with a numerous retinue. There were no bloodhounds in the *meute*, nor many bloodhorses, but the bipeds and quadrupeds were all keen for the sport, and only waited for Bawley to start the game. That he undertook to do with much solemnity, making signs to the pedestrian hunters that they should hold in the dogs to give the poor creathur a little law, whilst he boldly thrust his foot into a tuft of furze, and out jumped — nothing! He tried another with similar success.

"Another and another after that—
But the last form was empty as the former."

Bawley began to scratch his head, and look sheepish—"Stole away?" said the Grand Master inquisitively. "I don't know what it mains at all," said Bawley, scratching away with redoubled vehemence, and leaping desperately up to his arm-pits in a brake of furze. "I don't know what it mains at all, barrin she's a witch." "By bad middlin'," said a Nimrod on a gray steed. "He's at *nanplish*," quoth another wag. "Ah whisht with your nonsense!" cried Bawley: "if you can't do anything to help a body, don't be sthriving to put me asthray. Boys, aghwid, let the dogs go, and trash the bushes well wid your alpeens. The boys

"Did as they were bid"

and something more, for in their overhaste to find the hare, they laid many an unlucky blow upon the hounds. "Ogh murther! murther!" ejaculated the disconcerted Bawley, "what luck I had that I didn't take and put her into a sack until the gentlemen—I main the dogs—id come up, and then shake her foreninst them like a bag-fox." "Hark to Grinder," cried the Killbuck General. "Whisht," said the enraptured Bawley— "he has her by the powers. Ogh, Grindther, my beauty was you. Folly the laid now boys, *aslhrue*, for Grindther never gave tongue yit but he had something to say." Now the gentlemen stood up in their stirrups, squared their elbows, turned out their toes, and set off in pursuit of the hounds, which were already half way down the hill. It was no time then for stopping to light a cigar or even take a bit of pigtail, for the pack ran breast high without turning to the right or left, insomuch that many were decidedly of opinion that it must have been a fox, and not a hare which Bawley had "so-hoed" in the grey of the morning. The course lay close to the right of a large bog which strikes the hill, and then crossed a mountain river much swollen by the rains. Nothing, however, could damp the ardour of the "great glorious and free." One and all they took the soil, not excepting Bawley, who splashed the water about him like a mermaid, whilst his voice, "shriller than all the music," might have been heard three miles at least to the leeward. Leaving the river behind them, they ran through the wood of Ressetdown, flushing the black birds at every side, and making the forest vocal with their rude harmony. Most of the pedestrians were "done up" in this leafy labyrinth, but Bawley still maintained his "pride of place," ready to catch the horse of any timid gentleman who might be disposed for a "turn over." The way now lay across a marshy plain, thickly studded with lumps like molehill; and symptoms of being blown soon began to manifest themselves in more than one matchless steed. The first who

gave up was the guager, who stopped most naturally when his horse came to a stand-*still*. A sixteen-stone attorney made marvellously merry at this defalcation in the Revenue. But he holloaed too soon after getting out of the wood, for his own bit of blood being a roarer, demurred in a very few minutes afterwards at the equity side of a potato-trench. "If I was you," said Bawley, as he helped the learned gentleman to emerge out of the mud, "I would sarve that baste with a process." "Clear the way there," said a young brewer who toddled up to the trench on the back of his flippant mare *Hops*. "I am going to make a show of you all." But, alas! *Hops was worked out* —she could neither hop, step, nor jump.

The time would fail were we to recount severally all the mishaps of this nature which befell. In a short time Bawley was alone within sight of a few of the Babbies, which, crossing the river again at another place, steered directly for the mountains. After a run of seven miles without a check, they at length came up to the flying fox which had yielded them such severe diversion. It was suspended from the branch of a stunted oak, and as Grinder had been the first to nose it, so had he, likewise, the good fortune to devour it before any of his brethren could come to his assistance.

INGLEWOOD HUNT.—A beautiful stag was turned off near Penrith on Thursday week, amidst a most numerous concourse of spectators, horses and pedestrians. He took a westerly direction for about three miles, then due south, crossing the river Eamont, at Yanwath Hall, over Yanwath Moor, through Lowther Wood, passing close by Lowther Castle, through the midst of the deer park, the dogs and horsemen following in grand style, and was at length, after a run of about eighteen miles, taken upon Whale Moor. The stag which was turned off on Saturday afforded a still finer run, at least, as far as distance is an object. He was taken near Skelton.— *Life in London, Oct.* 18.

ORIGIN OF TALLY-HO!

Tally-ho has long been substituted for Tan Io!—how long it is perhaps impossible to ascertain; but that *l* should be adopted for *n* will surprise no one who is disposed to examine the subject. The Attic dialect changes *ν* into λ, and the Doric λ into *ν*. This fact were alone sufficient; but the euphony of "Tally-ho!" when vociferated in the field from stentorian lungs, is far greater that "Tan Io!" to say nothing of the sudden jerk given to the tongue in pronouncing the *n*, which as modern Nimrods ride, might endanger a front tooth or two. Should any incredulous person, however, see fit to question the correctness of our derivation, let him be so good as to furnish us with a better. Some have endeavoured to prove the joyous cry is a corruption of Talio, signifying thereby that hunting is the exercise of a species of lex talionis, as though one would say, "Reynard, you have stolen my goose, and I will, in revenge, have your brush!" Revenge, indeed! Is there the most distant appearance of that vile spirit in the jolly, smiling, uproarious faces of a set of jolly fox-hunters? None but a cockney could have dreamed such a dream. Let him creep out from beneath the "sul-

phureous canopy" of smoke some fine morning, and waylay and shoot a fox when the hounds are in full cry, and truly he shall receive his reward for so kindly assisting the inveterate sportsmen in taking their REVENGE.

The character of a brave warrior and a bold hunter have ever been synonymous among rude and uncivilized nations; and, in our late encounters on the continent, we have had no small reason to be grateful that they are frequently still united in the same person. Tan was the God of War, and in the field, where sport was to be found and alacrity of body and mind acquired, his votaries fitted themselves to defend and fight for their country. They acquainted themselves with every pass and rising ground, bog, wood, and valley. What need of more, than stating that the DUKE is a foxhunter?

THE JOCKEY CLUB.

Rules or Laws relative to Posting the Horses in all Cases that can happen.—1. A distanced horse in any one of the heats is not to start again. 2. A distanced horse, though he had won a first or second heat, is not to be rated in any place. 3. At two heats the horses always rank as they come in the second heat. 4. When there happens a dead heat, a distanced horse may start again as well as the rest. 5. In case of three heats, any horse that beats another twice is reckoned the better horse, though the other come in second the last, or in either of the other heats except the horse that has got a heat. 6. The horse that beats another twice, if he comes in second the third heat, is rated best deserving, except as before, and unless there should be four heats. 7. No horse can start for a fourth heat that has not won a heat; if the fourth be a dead heat, all three must start again, and rate as they come in. None can be distanced.

THE

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THE BOMBAY HOUNDS.

SIR,

Having an idle moment to spare, and having long felt desirous to give you a lift in your laudable undertaking—that of affording to sporting men in India a public channel of communication, and for which you deserve their best thanks—I think I cannot, perhaps, hit upon a better opportunity than the present of making the attempt, and therefore take up my "grey goose quill" to try what it can produce. You must accept the will for the deed, Mr. E., so here goes, slap bang, to say a few words about some thoroughbred English dogs, consisting of between eight and nine couple of fox hounds and harriers, which I believe have been purchased at different times from captains of free traders, and have at length grown into something considerable enough to be deemed deserving of the appellation of the "Bombay Fox hounds." And gladly do I hail their establishment, for the thing once set agoing, doubtless it will last, as from all I can judge there are plenty of people here quite alive to the advantages of a gallop before breakfast, and willing to subscribe liberally towards anything that will enable them to substitute for the "lily white," the "rosy hue," and I don't despair of seeing at no very distant period a very respectable pack of hounds *in Bombay*. Yes! let Nimrod open his eyes when he hears all this! and not be surprised now if even the "great behemoth" should FLY across the Island, or Job himself make his appearance some of these fine mornings "booted and spurred." I agree with him that Bombay is unfit in many respects for hunting with hounds, and the thing at the first "coup d'œil" looks almost impracticable; but custom reconciles us to many disagreeable things, more particularly when connected with our favourite pursuits, and to view what once might have been considered as difficulties in the light of mere trifling obstacles. There is nothing, however, as far as the riding goes, to prevent any man with tolerable nerve from keeping a good place with the dogs, and if they *can* shake him off (barring accidents) let him abuse nothing but his own bad horsemanship, provided he is mounted on a surefooted nag, who has no dislike now and then to a "stone dyke,"—nothing worth talking about, however, as upon a tolerably active one they are easily left behind. I

can fancy a real good hog-hunter, well accustomed to the "Rocks of Rasahbosah," tittering at the idea of there being anything like a *stopper* throughout the whole line of country that I have ever seen the dogs take. "Credat Judæus Apella," I think I hear some of your "wash ball"* gentlemen exclaim; but it's no less true. Let me advise these, however, should their "sticking powers" in the saddle not be very great, to adopt the remedy mentioned by "Nimrod in the West" in one of his letters which was made use of in his presence, and by an Irishman too, who got a very *unnecessary* "purl" at a gate which his horse cleared cleverly, viz. to sponge the inside of a pair of "buckskins" well with water till they are perfectly saturated, and I'll defy the devil himself to pull them off; added to which it will give them *confidence* and their nerves will be considerably strengthened by it. I must hark back! to say a few words more of the little "Cry." Should they escape the ravages of an Eastern climate, so peculiarly fatal to the breed of hounds, I have no doubt next season that I shall hear an account of some good sport in Salsette. I am glad to learn that they have been as yet very healthy, and that the losses have been but few. I must beg pardon of the gentleman to whom they belong, and will freely confess I was for a long time prevented having, as I conceived, a good "horse laugh" at them (I don't mean, Mr. E., that my steed should have exerted his risible qualities) for two reasons, first some little regard for my own neck, and secondly for that of my hunter's—the latter no trifling consideration to a poor *Sub;* but my fears were one lucky morning very quickly and pleasantly dispersed; for whilst in the act of taking a "vile constitutional" the "gallant chiding" of the pack struck upon my ear, and in an instant they were close by my side. Now, thinks I, I will have a look at them, at all events; but there happened to be between us one of those numerous stone fences with which the country thereabouts is so abundantly intersected; but being no "funker" at *them sort of things*, I put my nag's head the right way, gave him the rein, and he soon brought me to the tail of the hounds. "O'er holt, o'er hill"—away we flew with a burning scent breast high—heads up and sterns down, and without a check we ran into—what do you think, Mr. E.?—not a fine jackal, as I fondly imagined, whose "brush" or *tail*, if you choose, I intended to have claimed for my gallant riding;—No, Sir! no such animal; but as fine a piece of *raw beef* as ever, in its bedecked state, graced the table of an unsportsmanlike alderman. "Sacre nom de Dieu," exclaimed I, who had never seen a "drag" before in my life. Is this what you keep hounds for? But after an introduction to the gentleman who hunts them (a right good sportsman, too, and no cocktail, as some may imagine from *this* run), he very politely told me it was "Hobson's choice" with them, for that they must either have a "drag" occasionally, or their dogs would be in no wind, should a jackal or fox make his appearance; hares (bagged ones, of course) being unable to stand before the pack more than a few minutes. Still I thought this poor fun, and had not the pleasure of thinking otherwise, till one day I espied

* An expression of Sir Bellingham Graham's as related by Nimrod in the E. S. M. when speaking of a fellow rather *loose in his saddle.*

on a friend's table a very neat "card" appointing no less than three "fixtures" for the following weeks. "Beef must be cheap," said I, "to have so many drags in one week." "No such thing," replied my friend; "some foxes have lately arrived from Poonah, and one is to be turned out to-morrow morning," and true enough it proved. The run was "short, sharp, and decisive," but very pretty while it lasted, and I was much pleased at the manner in which the dogs stuck to their fox when taking them over some awful garden walls in the neighbourhood of Bellair, where a number of the field were within an ace of being "planted," but for the fortunate intervention of a small gate which was luckily open. There were about 15 or 20 out, and amongst these I was glad to see a hard riding member of council sticking well to the hounds the whole way, apparently well mounted and seeming to have no dislike to a stone wall. Indeed, Mr. E., from what little I have seen—and it has been but little, as this was my last appearance in the field—I augur favourably of the future performances of this "embryo pack." We don't look to the *finest* hunting, or to the *most beautiful* behaviour in the dogs, in such a place as this, where people have not quite so much leisure to devote to the duties of "the kennel" as your "up country Nimrods," but which is absolutely necessary to insure fine discipline in the pack, as they must spend much of their "schooling time" under the direction of the dog-boys; but as long as I can get a gallop in the morning—to preserve the recollection of "olden times" and keep my nerves in trim for the next meeting with "The Beaufort"—I shall be always happy to glance over any little imperfections and assist in keeping up a pack of hounds in Bombay in the best way it can be done; and, ridiculous as this may sound in the ears of your "up-country" sportsmen, they will at all events admit that it is more profitable in every shape than, as was said at a Hunt dinner where the virtues of fox-hunting were brought up on the tapis, "leading lazy, idle lives, crawling through the world like fat maggots or dozing like fat aldermen *in their beds after gun-fire*, and dying at last with sloth and inactivity"—which must be the fate of most sportsmen residing in Bombay, as few will turn out at "dawn of day," and

> "Imbibe the health that fresh Aurora yields"

unless they have some other object in view than that of battering their horses' legs along the hard roads—but a leg's a "trifle" when

> "The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
> Summons the dogs and greets the dappled morn."

The little pack had another very excellent run, which I had not the good fortune to witness, but it was described to me by a friend who rode to it, as follows: A fine fox was *uncaged* near Bellair, and had scarcely ten minutes' law before the hounds were laid on, for Old "Sol" was already "rejoicing in the East," when he made off for Parell, skirted the Telegraph hill, and thence through the paddy ground below, which he threaded till he came to the Suree road: here the hounds were at a fault for a short time, when an old dog opened on the left, which was no sooner heard than—good! was the word; Hark to him! Hark to him! and the whole pack were soon on his scent doing his best to make Suree plantation, but there being headed

he went off to the left, passed Suree village and took us on at a merry pace to Matoongha. Just before reaching this there was a check, very satisfactory to both me and my steed, as he was wheezing and sobbing rather unpleasantly. In a very few minutes, however, "there he goes!" was heard. Tallyho! Yoicks forward! the dogs soon took the hint, and, after passing Matoongha, came up to Reynard, who was viewed again apparently sinking, and after a good deal of twisting and doubling, was Whoo hoop'd!! close to Major Moore's cottage, after a run of 35 minutes. The morning was dreadfully close, and the dogs appeared to be very much blown; the scent laid capitally, however, but my friend was convinced by his olfactory organs that the "aniseed bottle" had not been spared. I hope the gentlemen who own these hounds will forgive my *cool* remarks (if you think proper to insert them), for I can assure them that they are offered with the best intention imaginable and in a true spirit of good feeling towards them and their pack. That they may have a lucky season and a "fine entry" next year is the sincere wish of

A LOOKER ON.

20th April, 1830.

EXTRACTS FROM SPORTING RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE IN THE DECCAN.

CHAPTER I.

"You look rather jaded and pale this morning," said Clifford to his young friend, when they met at the breakfast table, "I fear our Deccan racketing does not agree with your unseasoned constitution—perhaps the fatigue of dancing has been too much for you; or did the image of the lively Fanny Fillet haunt you through the night, and prevent you from sleeping off the effects of the ball? That rising colour seems to tell tales, but I will not be severe upon you; yet, jesting apart, let me as a friend caution you from again paying such marked and undivided attention to any young girl in this part."

"Why, Clifford," interrupted Elsmere, "I meant nothing but to while away the time pleasantly, and she must have been aware of that." "Yes, that's all very true," added Clifford, "but the world will say otherwise; and should the young lady listen by-and-by with as much complacency to the more serious attentions of some more eligible entertainer, you may chance to hear it whispered in our fashionable circles that you have become a member of the *Juwawb'd Club*."

"The *Juwawb'd Club*," asked Elsmere, with surprise, "what is that?"

"'Tis a fanciful association of those melancholy candidates for wedlock who have fallen in their pursuit, and are smarting under the sting of rejection. Beware, therefore, how you give room for any such rumours, for once afloat they never sink."

"You are perfectly right, my good friend," said the yawning Griffin; "you are, I dare say, perfectly right as usual, and I will certainly think seriously of what you have been saying when I am as old as you are; in the mean time that strong cup of tea which you have just poured out will tend more to sober my spirits than all the lectures you can utter."

"As your guardian," rejoined Clifford, "I do but my duty in showing you the path, and if you choose to follow or quit it it is no business of mine; but why did you not come to breakfast sooner, I have heard you walking about your room for the last half hour?"

"I have been searching," said Elsmere, for the note that was put into my hand last night whilst I was quadrilling with that fascinating Fanny. I had not time to read it there, and I know not where I put it."

"Trouble youself no further about it," said Clifford, "it merely contained an invitation to join a hunting party. It was from the secretary to the Hunt, of which I am a member. We meet this evening at a village about nine miles off, and you must accompany me there, as it will give you an opportunity of witnessing another scene of Life in the Deccan."

"I shall like it of all things," said Elsmere. "Well, then," said Clifford, "I will order our horses, spears, and clothes to be sent on before us, and after tiffin we will take out a brace of dogs, course on our way to the spot, and when it grows dusk, gallop on in time to dress for dinner."

"With all my heart," exclaimed the enthusiastic youth, "I am delighted beyond measure with the idea of witnessing one of your boasted boar-hunts, and I promise myself amusement, though as a novice I shall be but a bungler, yet I long to see how you Deccanites manage a hog."

"I trust you will not be disappointed," rejoined Clifford, "and I think, after one or two successful chases, you will pronounce the sport infinitely superior to your boasted English fox-hunting, where, to say the best of it, man is but a secondary animal in the affair—the dogs find, follow, and kill; but with the boar it is widely different. The hunter searches for his game—he clambers amongst rocks—threads ravines—and pushes through thick and thorny jungles for the object of his wishes, and when it is found, roused, and fairly started, he has perilous pursuit before him, over an unknown country abounding with holes, rocks, precipices, ravines, steep and stony mountains, and when, after having surmounted all those difficulties, he comes up to the boar, he has to depend upon his own skill in managing his horse to prevent his being ripped, and his own dexterity in using his spear to kill the enraged desperate animal."

"Well, well, your description is very fine," said Elsmere, laughing, "but independent of the enthusiasm with which the subject seems to inspire you and every Indian sportsman, I have no doubt that your hog-hunt is famous sport; still I must be allowed (until convinced to the contrary by actual experiment) to think English fox-hunting the first of all field sports."

"Think, then, as you will until experience shall prove to you that I am right," said Clifford, "but in the meantime I must give the necessary directions." "And I," added Elsmere, rising from the breakfast table, "will make a few calls on our last night's partners." "So I thought," added Clifford, "and the first visit will be to Miss Fillet."

"And you, Clifford, to the stable—well, *chacun a son gout*—my salaam to your Fleetfoot." "And mine to Fanny," retorted Clifford, "and if you wish to see pleasure sparkle in the blue depth of her laughing eye, or wish to make her little heart palpitate—"

"I would give the world to do it," exclaimed Elsmere.

"Then promise her," said Clifford, "the wild boar's head."

"The head!" said Elsmere with some surprise, "Yes, the head, man," replied Clifford, "as the "noblest part of the animal—it falls to the lot of the person who rides bold enough, or is lucky enough to draw the first blood, and from time immemorial has ever been considered the proudest trophy a sportsman can lay at the feet of a spinster."

"Then, by heaven," cried Elsmere, "Fanny shall have it."

"You mean if you win it," said Clifford, checking the impetuous flourish of his arm, "win it first, my friend, and I assure you it will take all your Leicestershire horsemanship to even ride up with, but much more to gain, the first spear from some dozens of the competitors you will meet to-morrow; however, make her the conditional promise —the intention will at all events gratify, and should you not be successful, she must take the will for the deed."

"That was a fair check, Clifford, and I deserved it," said Elsmere, "but adieu for the present." The two friends here separated, Clifford to make preparations for the next day's sport, and Elsmere to make the customary calls, when, having said the usual things about being fatigued and catching cold, he rejoined his friend.

Chapter II.

Having found their horses ready for them, they mounted and hurried off, and soon found themselves on the rugged banks of the Moola river, whose shallow stream at this season of the year still ran with considerable velocity, and chafed and fretted among the numerous black rocks that rendered its ford in the monsoon difficult and hazardous. Immediately upon crossing the river they came to a small half-ruinous village, which they skirted to the right, and at the north-east extremity found two brace of dogs in waiting, and with them Fillet and their young friend Kesterman.

"You are rather late, Clifford," said the former as they came up, "we shall scarcely have time to kill a fox before sunset, and your greyhounds have been chiding your unsportsmanlike delay with their impatient yelpings for this half hour." "I am sorry I have detained you," answered Clifford, "but I was not aware it was so late; however, we will lose no time now—you and Kesterman can take the red brace, and I and Elsmere will try our luck with the brindled; we will take a circuit towards the Dunora Hills, and should we lose each other, our rendezvous will be beneath the Pagoda." * * * *

"Do you intend to slip at jackals to-day," said Fillet.

"Aye, to be sure," exclaimed Clifford, "we'll e'en to it like French Falconers—fly at anything."

The party now divided as Clifford had settled, and Elsmere, anxious to see this, to him, extraordinary method of pursuing foxes, rode slowly on parallel to his friend, about fifty yards to his right. The dogs were held in the slips by a native lad, who followed close at Clifford's horse's heels; they proceeded in this manner half-a-mile over ground intersected by deep nullahs and plentifully sprinkled with small black rocks. Two or three times Elsmere felt his heart almost leap to his mouth as an antelope would rise from its lair, and bound away from them, whilst the dogs would strain at the slips, impatient to follow in the fruitless chase.

Whilst he was watching the elasticity and elegance with which one of these graceful animals was springing from their track, a short shrill cry struck upon his ear, and turning his head he observed Clifford in full gallop, with the greyhounds just shooting ahead of him. Elsmere put spurs to his horse, and in vain endeavoured to get up with the game which he now saw running with amazing speed up the narrow pathway that formed the bottom of a deep ravine, down which Clifford rode with fearless impetuosity. His horse being new to the sport, * * * * he slipped upon a sheet of black granite, and came down with considerable violence, throwing his rider clear off the rock into the muddy edge of a small tank. A hearty shake, and a little mud were all the inconveniences that he received from his tumble, and having remounted his horse, who was but little injured, he moved on in the direction that he imagined Clifford had taken. After riding a considerable distance without seeing any signs of his companions, he struck off into a different track, but being equally unsuccessful in this attempt, he looked for the Pagoda on the hill, determining to proceed at once to the place of rendezvous rather than wander about without knowing whither he was going. With this prudent resolution he put his steed into a trot, and proceeded towards the hills he beheld before him, and as he rode along consoled himself for the loss of his evening's sport by the thought that he would be the more fresh to enjoy the next day's chase. Meanwhile Clifford, in the ardour of pursuit, forgot his companion, and continued to follow his dogs, who were now turning the fox alternately, and extorting loud exclamations of applause from their master, when the wily animal, making a sudden double, vanished into an earth, at the aperture of which, on making his approach, Clifford found his panting dogs yelling with disappointment. After whistling once or twice, his favourite terrier appeared, and whilst the little creature was running to its master, Clifford looked round for Elsmere, wondering what could have detained him, and laughing almost aloud at the idea that his friend did not find the ground to his taste, he was about to give a loud halloo, when his terrier dashed into the earth; immediately afterwards the terrified fox quitted his retreat, and was instantly pursued with renewed ardour by his foes. The chase now became exceedingly interesting, for though the fox was evidently beginning to flag, yet the efforts of the dogs seemed to grow weaker and weaker with every foot of ground they crossed, when, suddenly exerting all his strength, he gained upon them considerably, and nearly reached a patch of Newron bushes, in which thorny cover he would have been secure from all molestation, when the foremost dog, as if aware of the refuge at hand, made an amazing spring, and threw himself at the fox, seizing him by the loins, and by the impetus of his lunge throwing him up in the air to a considerable height, from which he fell exhausted, and was instantly torn to pieces. Having knocked off the brush, bruising it between two pieces of rock, and placed it in his cap as the trophy of his triumph, he retraced his steps in hopes of falling in with Elsmere, but after searching for some time he concluded he must have gone to the appointed rendezvous—he hastened there. On his arrival at the Pagoda he found

his friends Fillet and Kesterman, who had been unsuccessful in their search for game, and after detailing to them the events of his chase, he waited patiently for Elsmere, and as time stole on began to feel somewhat impatient. At length the last red tinge of the evening had melted into sober grey, and finding that his Dogboy did not make his appearance, it occurred to him that Elsmere, fearful of losing his road, had detained the lad to accompany him, and that both had probably gone forward to the hunting camp. In hopes such might be the case he proposed moving there, and the party set off accordingly.

CHAPTER III.

The grey light of dawning day had but faintly dappled the horizon, when the loud and well-known blast of a bugle rang through the whole encampment; its bold and martial cadence struck a sympathetic feeling into the spirits of the awakened sportsmen, who instantly obeying its cheerful summons, sprang from their beds, and hastily arrayed themselves in their hunting costume. Upon the second signal of the bugle each mounted his horse, and with the broad light of the breezy morning the whole cavalcade was in motion.

Clifford had, previous to the second signal, led his friend to the summit of the black mountain which rose behind their camp, and from a bluff corner, round the base of which the road lay, they had a full view of the procession.

About five-and-thirty gentlemen, exceedingly well-mounted, each attended by his own servants, some carrying spears—others water, and wine, and brandy—formed the main body of hunters; immediately preceding them were between three and four hundred fine athletic youths, the native soldiers in their undress, armed with swords and axes and clubs, and these were headed by a small body of villagers, in the centre of whom rode a person whose extraordinary appearance instantly attracted Elsmere's notice, and indeed his figure would have challenged the attention of a much less inquisitive mind than our hero possessed, and would have excited the astonishment of many more accustomed to Indian habits, customs, and costumes.

The person Elsmere alluded to was of a thin spare figure, considerably below the middle size in height; his nether limbs were cased in stiff ill-whitened leather pantaloons, "a world too wide for his shrunk shanks;" a huge pair of military jackboots completely concealed his legs and knees.

His jacket was of a grey fustian, and on his head a cloth-covered hat lined with green silk; over this he had thrown a broad pasteboard brim, which fastened under his chin by a handkerchief, and gave his head-gear the exact appearance of an old woman's poked bonnet. This was to screen a face from the sun, whose colour bore a strong resemblance in texture as well as in colour to a well-begrimed nutmeg-grater, a turned-up nose—a most desperate open mouth, high cheek bones, and a pair of small but remarkably bright eyes, that threw intelligence and life over the whole set of features, completed his physiognomy.

He bestrode a rusty, ill-favoured, bony caricature of a horse,—whose hide seemed to have had no visiting acquaintance with the curry-comb for the last six months. In his hand he bore a very long and

heavy spear, whose laurel-leafed blade was deeply impurpled with blood.

He was followed closely by five or six natives, carrying spears of similar size and shape; by his side walked a young stout male attendant, with whom he appeared in earnest discourse—this youth was habited in a complete suit of unwashed canvas, with which he moved as if in armour.

"For heaven's sake, Clifford, tell me who is that uncouthly apparelled personage," ejaculated Elsmere, as the poked-bonnet stranger caught his eye.

"That," replied his friend, laughing heartily at Elsmere's wild stare, "is 'the head and front of our offending,' or in plain prose, the Huntsman — an oddity in dress, words, and deeds —but withal possessed of considerable talent, great activity of mind and body, and, above all, a kind, generous, and feeling heart."

"Why did we not see this head with the body last night?" inquired Elsmere. "Why," rejoined Clifford, "you must know there is a branch of the mother Hunt, consisting of four members, who have formed themselves into a sort of hunting quadrille, called the Deal-table Hunt, from the circumstance of their carrying out with them on their sporting excursions a common deal plank, which, thrown over four crossed sticks, forms their only cabinet furniture. They go out more frequently than the mother Hunt, and without any baggage or encumbrances, sleep where they can, and eat what they kill; of this Deal-table, the important personage riding so fantastically accoutred before you is considered the principal leg."

"And who, pray, are these in bolsters?" said Elsmere, laughing and pointing to a trio of horsemen in jackets and hunting-caps of bed ticken," one of whom at this moment turned his horse, and, putting him into a canter, rode towards the huntsman.

"Oh, they," replied Clifford, as he leaped on his horse, "are the other three legs of the aforesaid Table. But come, mount and follow me towards that party, for with them I intend you to try your fortune; they are considered zealous sportsmen and boon companions."

After a friendly and hearty shake of the hands between Clifford and this laughing trio, the ceremony of introduction took place.

"Welcome to our Deccan sporting, Mr. Elsmere," said Foley, the oldest of the three, "I rejoice to see you in the field; Clifford tells me you have followed the hounds in dear old England, and with your mind thus fresh with recollections of Leicestershire fox-hunting, are a sceptic with regard to the superior pleasure of spearing a boar." "I confess the charge," said Elsmere, "but I am willing to give it a fair trial."

"I sincerely hope you may have a good opportunity of so doing, but I candidly own I have but little hopes of meeting with much sport to-day. These hills have puzzled us more than once ere now; the ground on the mountain summit is so rocky, the sides so precipitous, and the ravines at its base so deep and thickly spread with jungle, that I greatly fear even should we start a sounder that we shall not be able to turn them into the plain."

"I am sorry to hear this," said Clifford; "but why, then, did the huntsman fix upon this rendezvous?"

"At the repeated solicitations of that helter-skelter fellow, Les-

more, who has just galloped back, I see, to hear what news that long-legged messenger brings from the hills."

"But what are Lesmore's reasons for wishing to come here?"

"He swears," rejoined Foley, "that he feels more anxious to put his spear into the old grey boar that haunts this plaguy hill, and who has so repeatedly baffled us, than to follow a whole sounder of grey ones in any other place. The difficulties attendant upon rousing this renowned monster do but stimulate him the more to the attempt, and he has so wrought upon the huntsman by his enthusiasm and ardour that he is almost as mad for the issue as Lesmore himself."

"The only objection I see to it," modestly observed the youngest of the party, "is the probable disappointment to so numerous a party, who would have been certain of sport in many other places, whilst this staggering spot might have been reserved for some less important occasion."

"We urged this," rejoined Foley, "to the huntsman some days ago, and pressed him to go to Casselsye or Alundee: he repents now that he did not do so." "And so do I; but since we are here we must make the most of it; and here comes Lesmore with the huntsman, both apparently in tiptop spirits." The former, immediately reining up close to Clifford, exclaimed, "My dear fellow, I'm glad to see you on the field; here you find us at the old work; we kept it up, you see; we ticken lads are of the true Ascanius breed 'Gaudet æquis, et optat spumantem aprum';" then glancing his eye over the ground, "This is an ugly place, is it not? but never mind, the more labour the more laurel; we'll go at it ding-dong; there's glorious news—we must screw our courage to the sticking post—our scout reports a sounder of thirteen fine rattling grunters this moment asleep (dreaming, I have no doubt, of joys to come) beneath a Newron bush—'sub tegmine fagi,' by Jove! they'll serve to keep the Mother Hunt in good humour, if they can push them down from the hill; but for us," continued he, turning to his Deal-table companions, "there is our much desired acquaintance, the hoary patriarch of the sty, feeding in his old frank; he has been wallowing in the slough on the summit of this hill, and is now roaming about in all the majesty of mud. I will wait upon his excellency and taste his pork, for I have vowed his death to-day, and fall he must."

"I rejoice to hear such good intelligence," said Clifford, "as I am particularly anxious to let my young friend see what our Deccan riding is. I shall put him with myself under your wing, Lesmore, as I am but new to this part of the ground, and I trust you will show him how a boar ought to be killed."

"I trust so too," said Lesmore, laughing; and, turning to Elsmere, he added, "my friend Clifford likes his joke, sir, and by pretending to place himself under my pinion will but shame me when we come to the test, for he knows there are few in the field that will ride up with him when he's in earnest; our horses too are fagged with yesterday's work, but I dare say," he continued, patting the arching neck of his beautiful steed, "I dare say Popinjay has got a mile or two of gallop in him yet, so we'll do our best and leave the rest to fortune." "Never fear you," said Clifford, "but now what are your plans?"

"Listen to our gallant huntsman, who is laying them down

'con amore.'" They now drew up near the bank of a rapid but shallow river, and found the huntsman issuing his commands and publishing his instructions with the judgment and precision and importance of a consummate general.

The effect of his arrangement was soon visible. On the opposite bank of the river a thick and narrow slip of jungle connected a long range of lofty hills with an irregular-shaped and exceedingly precipitous solitary mountain, thickly patched with bushes and large loose black rocks. One half of the horsemen proceeded to the southern side of the jungle slip and the other to the opposite—thence detaching themselves in groups of three or four, they occupied the several small eminences, and formed a sort of chain round the whole wood, the larger body of attendants and soldiers moved off with the huntsman, and, crossing the river, drew up at the extreme edge of the jungle, and waited for the proper signal. Clifford and Elsmere in the mean time were proceeding with their deal table friends to ascend the mountain, when Lesmore said, "I would really advise you, Clifford, since your great object to-day is to show your friend what our hunting is, to remain below on the plain with my man, who will take you to a spot at the base of this terrible hill close to a small ravine down which the hogs invariably run, if they take it into their great heads to cross the country, and you will have a fine clatter after them over the plain; whereas on this hill, at the first starting, we shall have perilous riding and devilish hard work to drive them down; by the time we have managed to worry them from the summit our horses will be lagged, and the good folks below, with their fresh steeds, will have all the fun to themselves. This is generally our fate with the mother hunt, but should not the rough-visaged brutes stand on much ceremony, bat boldly and at once face the fallow, we will not be long after you." So saying he gave instructions to his servants, who led the way to the spot he pointed out, and where Clifford and Elsmere dismounted to wait for the signal concerted to warn them that the game was afoot.

Chapter IV.

For some time after reaching their station the stillness of the tomb seemed to pervade the place, broken only at intervals by the piercing and mournful shriek of the peewit or the tremulous scream of the wild hawk as he hovered over its nest. The feverish anxiety of Elsmere was beginning to subside into something like a feeling of disappointment, when Clifford exclaimed,

"There they are; listen! I hear them; they have got upon the track, and now we may look out."

Both immediately mounted their horses and fixed their eager eyes upon the face of the precipitous mountain to which they were opposite.

Of the many spirit-stirring sights which Indian sporting in all its delightful and boundless variety exhibits, none can come so thrillingly over the soul as the first glimpse, from some judiciously selected and well screened spot, of a huge, grim, and grizzly boar, suddenly awakened by hostile sounds, and slowly uprising from his solitary lair on the summit of his lone and lofty mountain, shaking his grey hide, as if more completely to rouse his still half-dormant faculties, then stealing away "thro' dingle and

bushy dell," glancing his dark brown eyes at every shrub or jutting crag, as if suspicious of a lurking enemy; now hiding behind a tufted hillock, now emerging from some thorny hollow, ever and anon flapping his large ears to and fro while he lingers to listen to the approaching and appalling shouts of his pursuers, as they draw closer towards him; the quickening trot with which he threads the rock-strewn pathway that brings him to the last least spot of shelter on the mountain's base—the sudden stop he then makes, as if revolving in his mind whether to rush back and break through the line of foes, or to try the chance of immediate flight—the short gruff grunt that seems to announce his desperate determination, and then the crowning rapture of "*his glorious burst dark dashing thro' the flood*" amid the deafening clamour of the hunters and their thousand followers, whose loud and screaming yells announce to distant friends the successful result of their experienced manœuvres in *beating for a break.*

All this enlivening and enrapturing sight did Clifford and his young friend Elsmere behold from the bush-covered mound, to which Lesmore's attendant had led them.

The shouts and uproar from the beaters rang in loud echoes over the hill, and the horsemen were now plainly seen pushing their horses over the rocks and through the shrubs that covered the summit, all evidently making to one point, which clearly showed to Clifford that they had caught sight of the boar at the very moment of his bursting so brilliantly from his cover. But they were now too anxious to commence active operations themselves to heed the proceeding of others; and just as the huntsman and his Deal-table party were descending the difficult and precipitous side of the mountain, Clifford shouted to Elsmere to follow him; both gave their heads to their horses, who soon brought them in fair view of "*the hoary patriarch of pigs*" as he was sulkily going over a wide and rocky plain at a pace which, if not quickened, he might have maintained for a fortnight; but the clatter of the hoofs of Clifford's horse made him throw back his huge ears, as if to ascertain how near the danger was, and then, with a gruff grunt which was audible to both his pursuers, he went away with incredible swiftness, gaining considerably on his foes in this spurt of his speed.

At this instant a large party of riders, in front of whom rode Kesterman and Fillet, were seen advancing at the top of their speed from the verge of the jungle, where they also had been waiting for the result of the beaters' proceedings on the hill.

These being now nearly as close to the boar as Clifford and Elsmere, the chance for "*the spear of honour*" between the two *leaders*, Clifford and Kesterman, promised to be spiritedly contested, and young Elsmere's heart throbbed wildly as he watched the great struggle of two such crack-riders, both urging their well-known horses to do their very utmost, both equally gaining on the object of their ambition, and both approaching closer to each other, till within a hundred paces of the hog, when they met and rode neck and girth, at racing speed, over the most terrific ground that can be conceived, for where rocks and stunted baubul trees were not visible the dried grass on the plain was just high enough to conceal (until the horse was actually flying over them) the my-

riads of holes which made the ground like one huge cullender.

To cross this staggering and breakneck plain in safety seemed almost miraculous, especially to one inexperienced in the dangers and escapes of Deccan hunting, but no accident had yet occurred beyond a desperate stumble or two, until the hog came near to a stone wall which formed the *bund* of a small tank, and which, to Elsmere's utmost astonishment, he bounded over with the ease and agility of an antelope.

The hog had disappeared, and Clifford, as he immediately after heard a loud splash, called out, "By the gods, Kesterman, here's a rasper to swish, and a swim into the bargain." "So much the better," answered the other, "'twill cool our nags, and so here we go for a ducking."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when both horses rose to the leap, which Clifford's very cleverly cleared, whilst that of his antagonist, unluckily striking the upper part of the wall with his fore feet, fell headlong over into the water.

After struggling for some moments beneath his horse, Kesterman, who was too old and too good a sportsman to be daunted even by such an untoward accident, had let go the bridle, and, placing one hand on the mane, was preparing to swim across the tank, when to his surprise and alarm he beheld young Elsmere's horse lodged with his belly on the top of the wall, where, not being able to get either backwards or forwards, he was still plunging and kicking violently.

At that moment the voice of Fillet was heard, as, shouting in tones of undisguised horror and dismay, he inquired how deep the place was, for his chestnut galloway had fairly run away with him, and, not being able to stop or turn him, he knew he must take the neck-or-nothing leap or be dashed against it.

"*Is it very deep, Elsmere?*" "*Oh, Lord! how deep is it?*" he continued, screeching out, and was still roaring and imploring when, whack, went the violent brute of a horse at the very place where Elsmere was still on the balance, and striking with great force the hind quarters of the struggling animal, over went both horses with their riders, falling down upon Kesterman, who, at that instant emerging from his dive, had just time to call out, "What the devil are you coming here for? damn it, don't come here," when the living avalanche of men and horses fell thundering upon his head, and all went to the bottom together.

Clifford, whose gallant grey was now carrying him a swimming chase after the hog, heard the noise occasioned by this extraordinary mêlée, and, turning round his head, was at first inclined to go to their assistance, fearful of some fatal issue to the adventure, but seeing the sunburnt faces of the three riders once more above the water he knew there was nothing to fear, and, laughing heartily at their farcical situation, he kept steadily on his way, secure now of getting the envied first spear without further competition, for the boar was hardly five yards in front of him.

Scarcely, however, had this satisfactory idea crossed the twilight of his brain, when to his extreme vexation he beheld the Deal-table party approaching at a furious rate, directing their course to the corner of the tank, to which the hog was fast making his way.

"The devil's in their luck," Clifford said, as the triumphant holloa of Lesmore reached him.

"I have not a shadow of a chance after all, and yet, by heaven, a long and lucky throw may give it me."

Urging (as he muttered these words to himself) his horse, who was now beginning to incline to one side as he swam—the certain symptom of fatigue and exhaustion—he raised himself in the stirrups, and taking a deliberate aim he threw his spear, which reached the animal, and called forth a deep and bubbling grunt from the angry brute. Lesmore beheld the blow and grew pale with anger and disappointment, as he had not anticipated the possibility of having the spear taken from him by such a mortifying mischance. With unconscious violence he spurred the beautiful creature who had carried him so nobly through the chase, and was now (with sides bloody from spur-wounds, and neck and chest flecked with foam) exerting his utmost speed to reach the spot where the boar was making good his landing, but from which point as Lesmore came up, he made a swift and unexpected turn in the direction of a sugar-cane field which was about thirty or forty paces distant.

The double which he so dexterously made enabled Lesmore, as he passed close to him, to see that Clifford had missed his mark, the spear having only glanced upon his bristly head and glided bloodless off. No sooner had he ascertained this, which his quick and practised eye enabled him to do at a glance, than his spirits rose to the highest pitch of delight, and as he wheeled his horse round he exultingly shouted out, "No blood, Clifford, no blood, untouched, by God! a prize for a prince!" and away he dashed again for the *spear of honour.*

The field to which the hog had turned, and which he was rapidly approaching, was surrounded by a broad and deep though dry ditch, on the inner bank of which grew a thick hedge of aloe bushes. When the huntsmen and the other two Deal-table sportsmen closed upon the boar, as he doubled from Lesmore, a similar manœuvre had likewise baffled them; and, before they could bring their horses round, the desperate animal had resumed his road to the field and made a determined effort to rush into it as the last and only chance of safety now left to him.

The exertion he made carried him fairly over the ditch, but, unable to clear the aloe hedge, he lay struggling and grunting on the top, when seeing him in this predicament Lesmore, with great coolness and dexterity, leapt his horse into the ditch, then rode up and thrusting his long spear into his hind quarters, cried out, "Go along, old gentleman, and there's a shove that will help you a little," and so saying he suited the action to the word, and a hearty push sent him over the hedge into the sugar-cane, where he quietly and cautiously secreted himself.

We left Clifford still struggling in the water; elated with his supposed success, and finding his noble horse sinking, from fatigue, deeper and deeper at every stroke, he slipped from the saddle, and, holding the bridle to raise the animal's head, swam with one hand by his side and cheered him with his voice.

He had proceeded but a few yards when he perceived his spear floating bloodless on the water. Convinced from this that his throw had been harmless, he was not a little pleased to behold the successful attempts of the boar to baffle the Deal-table gentlemen, but as he reached dry land the triumphant exclamation of Les-

more, announcing the drawing first blood, mortified him as much as one so generous and so manly minded could be mortified, and he quietly cantered up to the group as they stood near the spot where the hog had leaped the ditch. Here they were joined by Kesterman, Fillet, and Elsmere, who had got expeditiously out of their roll in the tank with no further injury than a few slight bruises and a complete ducking.

"And now, gentlemen," said the huntsman, when all were assembled, "let us not sully the glory of this day's sport by allowing the presence of any black fellows. Lesmore has had the good fortune to gain the *spear of honour*, so let us at once jump our horses abreast into this field and see who will have the luck to give the boar his coup de grace."

All readily assented to this dashing proposition, except Fillet, whose nerves as well as bones had been somewhat shaken by his operation at the stone wall, and being somewhat alarmed also at the size of *the* "*gentleman in brown*" (as Lesmore called the boar), and aware also of the increased ferocity of a wounded one, he proposed that he by himself should remain on the outside of the field, in order, as he termed it, to give notice in case the animal should break cover or attempt to steal off.

A smile of scorn curled the grim huntsman's lip as he heard this proposal, and the sneers of the others plainly evinced their opinion of such unwonted caution. "Hollo!" said Lesmore, laughing, "what's the fun now? Only the sun and the soaking have made Fillet like a steam-engine, and he is now opening a safety valve for fear of a blow up; but, damn it, man," he added, turning to the cautious youth, "rather than turn *jungle peeper*, your better plan would be to climb this tamarind tree, and then you would have a clear view all round, and you might be useful as well as out of danger."

"Well, d'ye know, I think I shall," drawled out Fillet, and, to the surprise and with the contemptuous applause of all, he dismounted from his galloway, tied him to a root of the tree, and then ascended to his place of safety and espial.

The party now retired about thirty yards from the ditch, and drawing up in a line they put spurs to their smoking hunters at a signal from the huntsman, and riding full gallop at a field, leapt into it at the spot where the hog had received Lesmore's spear; excepting Elsmere, whose horse, being a novice like himself, refused the leap, and, stopping suddenly at the brink of the ditch, deposited his rider, after a spread-eagle flight over the hedge, almost upon the back of the crouching boar, who instantly rose and rushed at his prostrate enemy. Fortunately Elsmere had retained possession of his spear, notwithstanding the shock which had started him from his saddle, and kneeling on one knee he received the charge of the enraged monster with a steadiness and presence of mind that evinced his courage and gained him a roar of rapturous applause from the huntsman and Lesmore; but, in spite of the deep wound he inflicted, the animal still pressed on him, and, throwing him on his back, would undoubtedly have ripped him very severely had not Clifford at that instant pushed his horse close up to him and dashed his spear through and through his ribs with a force that completely knocked him over.

Such, however, were his strength

and size that, as he rose staggering from the ground, he rushed at Lesmore, as he approached to assist in dispatching him, and succeeded in inflicting a deep and deadly wound on the belly and back of his much valued and most beautiful "Popinjay," from which the bowels instantly protruded in a horrible way. Whilst the hog was yet under this noble horse, the huntsman had dismounted, and, running to Lesmore's assistance, plunged his heavy and broad-bladed spear into the animal's heart. One effort he made to bite the weapon, and in that effort a mingled stream of foam and blood gushed from his mouth, and with a sound—half shriek, half grunt—he expired at the very moment that the almost faultless, generous, and high-spirited Popinjay sunk to the ground and breathed his last.

"'Twas a glorious death for him," said the huntsman * * *

S. Y. S.

THE SHOLAPOOR HUNT.

SIR,

On the 16th April, the Sholapoor Hunt met at Lunee, distant 45 miles in the direction of Ahmednuggur;—four members in the field. On arriving at our ground in the morning, we had the pleasing intelligence of four hog in a sugar-cane hard by, and of a large boar in another. Having dispatched our breakfast (we don't go to work with empty bellies, Mr. Editor), "to saddle" was the cry, and we mounted for a regular day of it. The ground, with the exception of a nullah here and there, was beautiful, and, indeed, nothing less than a well-contested race betwixt three of us succeeded the burst of every hog; our fourth member had never seen a wild swine (though he had been fortunate enough to get first dig at a tame one some months since, and moreover a taste of the chops): on this occasion we understood he had come out determined to add many more to his already green laurels, and ride for the spear he would. Beaters were put in, and not many minutes after three fine hog broke cover; we vouchsafed them good law, and then, "ride" being given, all were neck and neck hard after the largest; our friend, however, did not come up to the mark at all.

After about two hundred yards, an anxious and inquiring glance to the *rear* exhibited our knight, in terms of heraldry, on the earth "couchant," and his steed, "disencumbered," making the best of his way to a place after the hog, to which he evidently considered himself entitled. This, however, was no season for sight-gazing, for another quarter of a mile did the business, and the next moment saw us in full pursuit of a second hog (the third having doubled back to cane). He was a thoroughbred greyhound, Mr. Editor, for I am sure we did not run into him for upwards of a mile and a half, without a single turn, and over good ground. One of the horses was quite blown from the first run (The Grinder, a well-known good old hunter in Kandeish). Walking back quietly to cool our nags, we were saluted by our friend, who, in reply to our simultaneous interrogations how he had contrived to part company with his charger, said it was no fault of his, the horse having shied at a "stone."

To work we went again, and

soon forced out a boar, who took us a good run over some stones before he was brought up, and, as he was tottering in a bush, speared through and through. Our friend (having fetched up lee-way) advanced most manfully and delivered his spear, which compliment was returned, much to his amazement, by a pretty severe rip in his horse's flank; under the impression he had taken at least "fourth spear," however, he attached no importance to his misfortune. We subsequently killed three more fine hog, all well contested, as they abandoned the cane singly. We had now slaughtered a larger number than intelligence led us to hope for, and, mounting our Tats, were on the point of proceeding homewards, when the cry was heard that another boar had gone off; abandoning the Tats, we were soon on our horses, and, after a lay in of a mile or more, brought him to his bearings. Thus ended as good a day's hunting as I have ever witnessed. Total killed, four boars and three sows; every spear well contested, and not one hog escaping.

17th. Halted, as our nags had got pretty nearly enough.

18th. Moved ground to Boinjah, where we had heard of a large boar. The shikarees came in about ten with intelligence of having found him; soon at the ground, and after a good run he was done for by a single spear. We now relinquished all hope of any addition to our list of killed, having slain more than the most sanguine amongst us could have anticipated from the nature of the intelligence upon which this campaign had been undertaken. On the road back to camp, however, on the 21st, one of the said shikarees met us most unexpectedly with the intelligence of a boar in a neighbouring cane field. Our horses had all preceded us to the halting-ground, but a little time sufficed to bring them back, and something to eat too, and then to business, which was rewarded with a good run, and a kill in form.

22nd. Into Sholapoor. Total killed—nine, all that were found.

A sounder of hog having ventured within 20 miles of camp, we determined on paying them a visit of ceremony, pursuant to which resolve, on the morning of the 29th, eleven of the Hunt were under weigh to play the devil with the whole congregation should they have the audacity to develop themselves. You may truly suppose there were some rum turn-outs, both in horse-flesh and in griffin-flesh. All arrived at the ground (one steed broken down, and another tumbling down with his rider), the demolition of breakfast appeared the primary object with every one; this important end accomplished we took the field in force, and having beaten for about two hours without success we adjourned to a sugar-cane, in which was one hog certain, and I do not hesitate to admit that I fervently prayed he might be a monster capable of affording sport to so impetuous a field. Half a dozen griffins, Mr. Editor, are no joke in full chevy after a single pig, the only animal that broke cover to the shouts of 100 beaters. A good start allowed, and all being well together, "Ride" was given immediately on the brink of a nullah, in the cherished hopes that some of these bloodthirsty fellows might find their places; but it was no go, and all got safe over. In my life, I never recollect to have seen so much impending danger; look which way you would, a spear was

within an inch or two of you, wielded too by an uncontrollable rider on a still more uncontrollable quadruped. The hog was fortunately slain without accident, but his "death holloa" was succeeded by the most alarming work as to the hero who could fairly and lawfully claim the *fourth spear*. The party were happily unprovided with bull-dogs, and tilts and chivalry are out of fashion, or God knows what might have been the result. We arrived in camp by sunset, and a detail of the catastrophes and capsizes of that evening, while it sets my quill at defiance, would draw down upon me the curses of the most patient and enduring devils of your whole printing establishment.

14th May. A party of six rode to Apsinghee, thirty miles;—on our arrival there, about evening, the shikarees gave information of an abundance of hog in the hills, and of a solitary boar in a sugar-cane occupying a centrical position in a plain distant about three miles. It was therefore determined to have at him the first thing in the morning. (Breakfast coming first in order, I ought perhaps to have said the second thing.) Arrived at the sugar-cane, we put in the beaters, when the hog was soon roused; but, from an evident dislike to show himself, it was the greatest difficulty he could be forced out at all, and then only for a few seconds, since he always contrived to make good one of the adjacent fields, of which there were not a few. The opportunity once offered, he was run into, and turned up in 100 yards, having, from the first to last, showed a greater inclination to fight than run. Our sport here closed for the day, the hills being in the very opposite direction, and far distant.

15th. Proceeded to the hills with 250 beaters; hog were soon on foot in several directions, and though we had previously resolved not to ride in the ravines, if it could be avoided, our resolves were speedily put to flight; for where is the man who can hold hard, or save his horse, when he thinks he has the slightest chance of getting a spear into his hog? Two were ridden unsuccessfully. The hog now appeared all over the hills, and one was killed single-handed, after a good run. If we rode after one sounder we rode ten. At length one boar took to a cane field, from which he was with much difficulty expelled and killed; but not until he had ripped two men.

Thus closed our day's work. Three o'clock, and only two on the list of conquered. We had been eight hours on our horses; of which the result was (by no means an uncommon one) one nag unable to be led into camp, and a couple more dead lame.

A WELL WISHER TO THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SONG.

"Post equitem sedet atra cura."—*Horat.*

Oh! say, ye daring sportsmen, who
Love the chase of the bristly boar,
And still unshrinkingly pursue
Where the wild hog goes before—
Would your souls not spurn each worldly chain
With which dull care would bind you?
Oh! are ye not free on your jungle plain
As the wind that you leave behind you?

Let the pearl be pure and the diamond bright,
And Ophir yield its ore,
For those who place their life's delight
In wealth or in golden store;
They feel a gnawing care within
To their idol avarice sold,
For the chain they swear must fret the skin,
Though its links be forged of gold.

Or think'st thou that a diadem
Can soothe the owner's breast,
That purple robe or royal gem
Can give the spirit rest?
Answer, each earthly potentate,
Art thou like the hunter free?
Has care never climb'd thy throne of state,
Ne'er found its way to thee?

Thou too who only liv'st to seek
By many a burning sigh
The smile that laughs on woman's cheek
Or sparkles in her eye—
Oh! think how oft faith warmly plighted
And vows in rapture spoken
Lead but to hopes too swiftly blighted,
And hearts too rudely—broken!

Wealth, Beauty, Pow'r, ye tempt in vain,
I ask no gifts from you,
Give me, oh! give me my jungle plain
And the old grey boar in view!
No dearer hope—no dastard fear
Should turn my course aside,
Till the unstain'd steel of my long boar-spear
In that boar's best blood was dyed!

S. P.

O. TO O. K.

Mr. Editor,

Your querist, O. K., deserves a better respondent than either my time or my talent will enable me to prove myself, but I have no hesitation in agreeing with him in opinion regarding the proper way of arranging the weights for a Whim Plate. The absurdity of adding the weight a horse would carry for his age to that which would fall on him for his inches, and then dividing the total for his whim weight, is plainly shown in the statement he has given, and the decided advantage it gives to the aged horse is very striking.

With regard to his mention respecting the option or the necessity to specify which horse is to win, if a person enter two for the same plate, I should imagine it must be incumbent on the party to declare before starting; otherwise how could bets be made on

or against either horse with the owner and his confederates, since it would rest with him or them to make one horse do his best or not, according to the state of his or their betting book.

I am happy to inform Q. K. that his first remedy for that horrible disease, the Burzauttee, has been tried here with complete success, and I have no doubt it will always be attended with the happiest effects. A dram of aloes and scruple doses of blue vitriol given almost daily after some sores first made their appearance soon stopped their spreading to any size, and the constant application of the blue-stone powder dried them up, without any inconvenience to the horse or being compelled to either stint his food or remit his daily exercise. The horse I now speak of is the same I alluded to in one of your early numbers under my present signature, and I am confident that similar treatment will either cure the complaint, or so much deaden the disease as to render it of no importance whatever.

Should I unfortunately turn up another Burzauttee subject in my stables this year I shall try O. K.'s Muddar treatment, but I shall not feel so confident as I should with the aloes and vitriol. On this point he shall hear further from me.

Is there any analogy between Burzauttee and Farcy, and would one treatment do for both diseases?

Can any of your sporting friends give me a good recipe for cleaning gun barrels from the rust which has already marked mine, as though they had felt the influence of the small-pox. I have tried the common Bazaar Oil (the Copra), and I have rubbed in "Mercurial Ointment" sufficient to have salivated half-a-dozen barrels, but to no purpose; the rust still remains, and in one day a light brown crust comes over each spot, that tinges one's fingers with a most delicate colour; in fact, a wag here (I hate wags of all sorts, they are the pest of the place) calls my unfortunate gun, from this circumstance, "*the gentleman in brown.*" I don't understand the joke, so I only reply with a deep intonation of my old signature.

O.

Poonah, 1st March, 1830.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

Sir,

In No. 6 of the Oriental Sporting Magazine I observe an account by a subscriber of a pigeon match shot at Poonah in July of last year, which does not appear to me to be anything tip-top. A pigeon club has recently been got up here, and, though still in its infancy, promises to turn out a *flicker* or two. I subjoin an account of five of the matches last shot.

1st. At eleven birds each, 21 yards from the trap.

		Killed.	Picked up out of Bounds.
Messrs.	S. Poole,	8	1
	Hutchisson,	8	0
	Wyatt,	6	0
	Harris,	5	1
	Heath,	5	1
	Scriven,	3	0

2nd. At six birds each, distance as above.

Messrs. S. Poole,	3	killed.
Harris,	5	„
Hutchisson,	4	„
Heath,	2	„

3rd. At three birds each, distance the same.

Messrs. Bayly,	3	killed.
Justice,	3	„
S. Poole,	2	„
Harris,	3	„

4th. At six birds each, distance as above.

Messrs. S. Poole,	3	killed.
Harris,	6	„
Messrs. Hutchisson,	6	„
Wyatt,	1	„

5th. At eleven birds each, distance the same.

Messrs. Hutchisson,	6	killed.
S. Poole,	6	„
Harris,	7	„
Justice,	7	„

Should you desire it, I shall be happy to communicate the result of any future matches.

Yours,
SQUIRREL.

Sholapoor, 2nd June, 1830.

Note.—We shall always be thankful for Squirrel's contributions.

PHŒBE HARPUR TO JOHN DOCKERY.

Tadcaster, Joon 1st, 1829.

-Deer John. I dooly received youre last litter, but O! John, John Doggery, you ungenteel parjury unpossible man—you arn't got nun of the yooman milk of kineness in you—you basely desarted me with as bootiful a babby as ever was suckled and wot tho' it warn't quite born when you run'd away from me, cause yure ould feyther gived you a kick or two for being sarsy to un, yet nivertheless you mought have knone it wos all and every bit yure owne for it wos as loike you as backerpipe be to backerpipe, and I scorns yure insinivasions of rumping along with Bill Bullock on the acox tho' he be quite as good a man as you ever woz in yure best cloze of Sundays.

It was the most crooelest thing in the oonivarsal wurld to leave mother and child in such a fisticated state, for you know'd I hadn't got a farden to by cloze and so the poor deer babby used for to keep a youling all day and nite continually like the cherrybims cause poor creeter 'twoz as naked as a cow's tit and as pale as a maggot and a dying with cold; and if some folks hadn't taken cumpashion we shood both have parished with wot the clark of our parish calls the poorish naturalibush—but Charity is a angel as the parson says and kiverd our nakednesses and gived us a bellyfull every day, and more nor that I can tell you to yure shame the good Sir-marrow-tine, was Bill Bullock and he's as good a man as you ever woz in yure best cloze of Sundays.

I don't know what you meen by axing me to come out to you and be a lady, yure no such wery prime wittles I'm sure for a body to run arter all the way to Hinjee and that 'ere name of nastiness wot you lives in with Ottypot princessess; and d'ye think as how I'd cum for to go for to be made a Seraligo of and

go smax in a famully; no you huxorious fellur, I despises your turpentine bazeness from my bottom of my art and more nor that, t'other day when I went to Roger he told me as how you'd diskiverd all my secrets and private affairs and put all your letters in print & told all the world about me and the babby and Bill Bullock who's as good a man as you ever woz in your best cloze of Sundays, and he says as how you'd better crissen your eldest black babby Pompey Doggery, and crikes! how he larfs! and what a vool you'll look like when you cums back to Tadcaster. Wot tho' so be as how you've got hatfulls of goold, we don't care about filthy looker—and this be the last letter you'll ever see from me cause Bill Bullock won't rite no more for me, seeing as how it bean't becoming and so I bids you good by and I wishes you helth and I hopes you may repent of your black ax and other infiddle deeds, and so no more at this present riting from yours trooly.

her
PHEBE X HARPUR.
mark.

I forgot to tell you that I was married last week woz a fortnite to Mr. Bullock and he's as good a man as you ever woz in your best cloze of Sundays and your babby is to go to the workus.

P.S.—Mr. Bullock's prize ox got the Silver meddle at Tadcaster fair, and his bool dog won the collar at the Bool-bait:—his shop's now painted and trade be as brisk as bottled cider which is wot you never woz in your best cloze of Sundays.

To Mr. John Doggery,
Orse jockey,
Hinjce or elswhere.

PERFORMANCES OF BOXKEEPER.

MR. EDITOR,

I cannot allow another number of the Oriental Sporting Magazine to be published without sending you the performances of that celebrated grey Arab, Boxkeeper, which justly entitle his name to be handed down to posterity, as there is not an instance on record of an Arab running so many years successfully and lasting so long as this truly honest and noble animal.

Boxkeeper first made his appearance on the Mhow course in February, 1825, and won the first race he started for, the Mhow Turf Plate, 880 Rs., at 8st. 12lbs., beating three others, two miles in 4m. 17s. and 4m. 30s. On the 14th February, at 10st., he was beaten by Firefly, 1½ miles heat in 3m. 8s., the time of the second not taken. On the 18th February he won the Handicap 800 Rs. at 9st. 4lbs., two mile heats, beating young Rapid in 4m. 17s. and 4m. 7s. (by several watches 4m. 6s.)

Shortly after this meeting he became the property of Lt. C——ke. At the Baroda meeting in December, 1825, he came out and won the Give and Take, 650 Rs., at 9st. 5lbs., in a canter. On the 19th December he was beaten by Harlequin for Col. Ballantine's Cup, 9st. 7lbs. each, two miles in 4m. 12s. On the 21st started for the Minister's Cup, 8st. 7lbs. each, 2½ mile heats, and was well up to win, when his rider, supposing Cedric crossed him, pulled up, but the race was given to the latter. On the 23rd December he cantered over for the

Guikawar Sirdar's Plate, 600 Rs. 8st., one 4 mile heat.

At the second Mhow Turf Meeting, 1826, on the 6th February, he won the Whim Plate, 870 Rs., 9st. 3lbs., one mile and a distance, beating Firefly and Golightly; the 3rd and 4th heats in 2m. 21s. and 2m. 20s. On the 10th February he was beaten by Golightly for the Holkar Plate, 9st. 7lbs. each, three-mile heats, in 6m. 27s. and 6m. 30s.; and again, on the 13th February, by Cornet for the Malwa Stakes, 9st. each, two mile heats, in 4m. 5s. and 4m. 4½s. On the 15th February he won the subscription purse, 900 Rs., 1 mile heats, 9st. 7lbs. each, beating Cornet and Firefly the second and fourth heats, in 1m. 57s. and 2m.

In the September following he was purchased by three partners, and at the third Mhow Turf Meeting he was beaten by Cornet and Firefly for the Silver Cup, 9st. 5lbs. each, 1½ mile heats, winning the first heat in 3m. 4s. On the 18th December he won the Give and Take (650 Rs.) at 8st. 10lbs., 1½ mile heats in 3m. 4½s. and 3m. 4½s. On the 20th December was beaten by Cornet for the Malwa Stakes, at 8st. 12lbs., one mile and a distance in 2m. 19s. and 2m. 16s.; and again on the 22nd December for the Mhow subscription, 9st. 7lbs. each, one mile heats, in 1m. 56½s. and 2m. The first was supposed to be a dead heat by the spectators, but the judge gave it in favour of Cornet.

In May, 1827, he was purchased by his present owner, Capt. C., and at the fourth Mhow Turf Meeting, 1827, won every race he started for. On the 15th November the Harmonic Stakes, 660 Rs., 11st. each, ½ mile heats, beating six others. On the 17th November the Give and Take, 740 Rs., at 8st. 4lbs., 1½ mile and 94 yards, in 3m. 13s. and 3m. 14s. On the 19th, 8st. 6lbs. each, Holkar's Plate, 1450 Rs., 2½ mile heats in 5m. 10s. and 5m. 11s. On the 21st November, at 8st. 9lbs., the Whim Plate, 720 Rs., one mile and a distance, heats; in a canter. On the 28th November, 11st., the Hermit's Bowl, 690 Rs., one mile in 2m.; and on the 3rd December, the Mhow Turf Plate, 8st. each, 1½ mile and a distance, beating the Goblin the second and third heats, in 3m. 17s. and 3m. 29½s. After the meeting, I believe he ran a match beating Col. L's Nobody, 2½ miles in 5m. 6s.

At the fifth Mhow Turf Meeting, December, 1828, he came out as fresh as ever, and won the Give and Take, 620 Rs., at 8st. 7lbs., 1½ mile and 94 yards in 3m. 17s. and 3m. 21s.; and on the 20th, the Asscer Plate, 720 Rs., 9st. each, 1 mile heats, beating the Goblin in 1m. 58s. and 1m. 58s. On the 22nd December, at 8st. 4lbs. each, after a hard contested and most splendid race, he was beaten by Blackfoot for the Malwa Stakes, the second and third heats, 4m. 4s. and 4m. 6½s.

At the Baroda Meeting, Feb., 1829, he beat Paul Pry, 8st. 7lbs. each, for the Guzerat Turf Club Cup, value 100 guineas, two mile heats, in 4m. 2½s. and 4m. 1½s. On the 12th February he won the Champagne Stakes, 1200 Rs., 8st. 4lbs. each, 2½ mile heats, in 5m. 7½s. and 5m. 11s.; and on the 14th he was beaten by Paul Pry for the Baroda Plate, 8st. 4lbs. each, two mile heats, winning the second heat in 3m. 59½s. This was, without exception, as severe a contested race as any that have been run on this side of India. Paul won the first and third heats in 4m. 4½s. and 4m. 4s.

At the first Surat Meeting, De-

cember, 1829, he again came out and won the Welter Stakes, 570 Rs., 11st. each, ½ mile heats, beating seven others, in 59s. and 1m. He was beaten by Robin Hood for the Give and Take, two mile heats, 4m. 7s. and 4m. 10s., and again for the Ladies' Purse, by Blackfoot, 1½ mile heats, in 3m. 4s. and 3m. 2s. He won the Guzerat Stakes, 600 Rs., one mile heats, 9st., in 1m. 58s., and 2m. 5s.; Blackfoot came in first, but a cross being established against him, the first heat was given to Boxkeeper. He came out for the Winner's Purse, but was not placed.

These are all his performances, having started for *thirty-three* races, and winning twenty-one, the plates and stakes amounting to 14,000 Rupees, besides the Guzerat Turf Club Gold Cup, value 100 guineas. Wishing success to the old horse, and that many may turn up like him,

I remain, yours faithfully,

MOOSAFUR.

FLINTS AND DETONATORS.

SIR,

Although the greater part of your readers must be disgusted with the repeated discussions about flint and percussion guns, permit me for the last time to mention the subject in reply to the critique of Anti-Detonator.

I allow that I may have expressed myself in my former letter in too confident terms, but still all that I have said in favour of one or against the other principle I can *prove* to be as I have stated it. Your correspondent sneers at my mentioning the universal adoption of percussion guns at the Battersea pigeon club as a proof of their superiority; now I maintain that is a very strong argument in support of my opinion. No new invention in the mechanism of guns is *there* considered an improvement on an old system until the most decided proofs derived from repeated experiments have established its superiority. And surely a club consisting of the most distinguished shots perhaps in the world, who grudge no expense in the purchase, and who give every encouragement to the improvement of guns, ought to be tolerable judges.

But throw this aside, and ask the opinion of any body of sportsmen, and four-fifths of the number will agree with me. Perhaps they may be all wrong, but it is rather odd if they be.

As to the objections proposed to percussion guns. First, the cap sticking to the hammer after firing. This certainly does occasionally happen, but surely it is not much trouble to remove it, and even if you neglect to do so, the main-spring must be weak indeed if the fresh cap does not explode. "A nipple performing the duty of a punch." I am not sure that I understand what your correspondent means here—but I suppose it is that the head of the nipple cuts through the cap. I never met with an instance of this, although I can conceive a nipple very much worn doing so. But let me ask, who ever uses a nipple till it gets thus worn?—and I am sure those who do so will never meet with the accident above mentioned.

"An unprimed cap"—this also I do not recollect of ever seeing, but it is certainly possible enough—and in the course of a year it might occur and lose a shot; "but that's not much."

2000 caps and only 5 explod-

ing! All I can say is, they must have been d—d bad; but it is always easy enough to get good ones—and, besides, if this is any objection, a similar one will apply equally to flint guns, for I can purchase 2000 canisters of damaged powder or 2000 bad flints which will be perfectly useless.

When I talked of shooting in the rain I forgot that I was in India, where very few ever think of touching a gun during the monsoon—but I hope it will be allowed there are damp mornings in this country when your priming is apt to get a little "doughy."

So much in answer to A. D.'s objections—and I hope the subject may rest in peace.

As to pointers and setters—of course I did not intend to be understood literally when I talked of "greyhound's speed," although a high-bred setter is wonderfully swift; so much so that one in my own possession, otherwise invaluable, but terribly addicted to breaking when a hare started, has more than once fairly run down a full grown hare. But this is not much to the purpose. Although speed in either setter or pointer is in my opinion a great object, yet I never meant to say that it was at all equivalent to their scent, correct quartering, and good bottom to go through a long day.

But a setter possesses these qualifications in an equal, if not a superior, degree to a pointer, beats his ground in half the time by superior speed, stands fatigue better, and goes into the thickest hedgerows without flinching, where a pointer's thin hair will not permit him to follow. He possesses one more quality which makes me partial to him, and that is, if I may use the expression, *decision*.

A pointer, from excessive action, is constantly making false points; a setter, seldom or ever. There is no doubt or uncertainty with him; —he drops at once as if shot dead, when his game is found, and although in the course of a day's sport he may pass more birds than the pointer, he will make you ample amends by finding double the number.

It is true setters are much more difficult to break, but once broken they are perfect, and will repay the time and trouble expended on their education. They are also in my opinion much handsomer than pointers, but this is a matter of taste.

To conclude; let Anti Detonator use a flint gun and a brace of pointers, I, a detonator and a brace of fast setters, and shoot over a good manor in Norfolk. I would stake anything on the result; but as this is not likely to happen, I wish him all success in his own way, and although we differ in opinion, if we ever meet I hope we may have a good day's shooting together without quarrelling about the superiority of our guns.

DRAGSMAN.

ANOTHER LINE FROM NOSING TOM.

"I scorns to be caught upon a cheap and nasty, Mr. Editor, when there is a respectable consarn at fair figures, to be had;" so before I set sail a second time for Ahmednuggur, I parted with two maimed and mangy cripples, at secondhand prices (the worst of a bad nest), and provided myself with an *out and outer*, all heart, and no peel, warranted well up to the mark. Well, thinks I,

if foxes do but correspond, we shall have *shining* sport.

A shoving gallop of sixty miles, with the wind right in our teeth, deposited me, on the morning of the 26th February, once more at the hospitable door of my *quondam* host; and as I dropped from my hack the sportsmanlike physiognomy of the master of the *Nuggur Hounds* greeted my arrival.

The usual preliminaries of the meeting of *two of a kidney* after a long separation dispatched, I could no longer forbear inquiries, which were responded by an ominous shake of the head, and the petrifying intelligence that *Calomel*, *Castor oil*, and *Jalap* had failed in protecting the kennel from the ravages of *Distemper*. Besides, said my friend, you must have heard of the newly-created *Pot Hunting Pack*, who are whistled together four times a week, and never kill less than *three Foxes* of a morning. *Ah non sum qualis eram.*

I had indeed encountered a Lazarus-looking gentleman, with a stone and mortar contenance, and a peaked beard, decked out in a *white cravat*, and (judging from a large air-hole in the *crown*, and a larger in the *brim*) one of Duggin's *Ventilating Hats*, who told me he was going to meet the *Pot Hunting Hounds*; but curiosity, if not impertinent, is very old-fashioned, so I asked no questions.

"They meet," said my friend (in a voice pregnant with disappointment), "under the large tree on the *Sholapoor* road, to-morrow. If you are an unbeliever, you have only to take a cruise thither as if by accident, and you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself."

True to my time, the morning found me, by early dawn, at the *fixture* (for so, I think, we may venture to designate the old tree). —In less than ten minutes my organs of hearing were saluted by a clatter, like to that of the City Horse clearing a Westminster mob; and, after a good *Squeak* for it, to save being ridden to *ribbands*, about fifty gentle folk (as near as I could guess), mounted on all sorts of rum and unaccountable oddities, good, bad, and indifferent; figged out in a little of the toggery of every hunt in the known world,—red, green, brown, black, and dandy-grey, together with many outlandish harlequin-looking costumes—"the thing," perhaps, with our topsy-turvy neighbours, the antipodes, or with the *Arctic fox-hunter* at the North Pole—Life Guard boots, helmets from the castle of Otranto, russet belly-bands, and weasel skin waistcoats; all of a lump, and all treading on each other's tails, rollicked past me from the summit of a rising ground, *yoiking*, *holloaing*, and *yelling*, like untied devils from kingdom come.

Too near to be pleasant, thinks I:—here's a *werry* nice affair; so keeps my weather eye up for the Master and his whipper-in—but they appeared to be *all* masters and *all* whippers-in; and I'm sure the dogs knew just as little about *who's who* as myself, for they were all at follow the leader, like the beasts going into Noah's ark, yelping and barking like mad.

This was not *much* like my friend's style of setting to work, but as I didn't know my company, so neither did I venture on a close inspection. After gaping a little, *à la distance*, I smoked Reynard creeping out of a blind drain in which he had imprudently concealed himself, after having been *telegraphed* across the hill aforesaid, by a string of *sans culottes*.

The leading dog viewed and was into him in less than *no time*, and each of the others had a lug at his stinking coat as they came up. A *quantum sufficit* of whipcord, however, well into the lump, *thong* and *stick*, eyes and no eyes, made them pretty well ashamed of themselves, and they preferred having done with the *nasty*, to any further roast-ribbing.

Well, thinks I, this *fun* hasn't lasted long; when up comes a lanky, soot-coloured savage (possessing a *patent* for wearing his legs the wrong way upwards), with a whole *sack* full of *live foxes* over his dingy shoulder; and before there was time to cry *bellows to mend*, they handed out another broken-hearted varmint, soaped him all over with decoction of stink-penny, and then unkennelled him, with half-a-dozen whips cracking damnation at his dripping backside. But God save the mark, despite of all this encouragement, Reynard had scarce found his footing ere it was Jonas in the whale's belly; and he was fairly scrambled into the craws of his irritated pursuers.

I never require a balling iron to get down a bit of *soap*, Mr. Editor; but this sort of hunting was not to my mind. So, without condescending to ask CROOKED PINS how many *more* he had in the bag, I toddled home, pretty well convinced of my friend's veracity. This much I'll say, that the dogs are worthy a better cause, and, if I am not deceived, look as though they'd hunt *anything*.

28th Feb.—Fox-hunting out of the coach. We yet determined not to be idle, and as I possessed a *gun* (than which no sportsman could desire a better looking-glass to shave by), and moreover looked upon myself as a *bit of a shot*, I accepted of a quiet corner in my friend's *drag*, a two-horse, outlandish-looking conveyance, and requires the man at the helm to be pretty handy at his *ribbands* to boot. After a drive of ten miles (which I'll do him the justice to say he turned out of hand in $1\frac{1}{4}$ hour), and very many hair-breadth escapes, the concomitants of a *woolly* road, we arrived at the ground. Shot, or (more elegantly) toddled, for upwards of four hours, with little or no success, when I suddenly missed mine host, and presently ascertained that he had *settled* himself to a huge round of beef. "*No sham here*," said my friend as he received me with his finger on his nose and a scientific wink of the eye, and I was not long in taking the hint. He is doubtless a good shot, and I opine it will be no *bad shot*, to affirm that he froths up his glass of heavy with as good a grace as most men.

2nd May.—Accompanied my friend to the Ahmednuggur museum, being a repository of dried, salted, pickled, and stuffed varmint, besides *putrefactions*, and other conundrums out of number; some of which appeared to my eye so very unnatural that I doubted whether we had not been *stuffed* ourselves. *Chacun a son goût*, I believe, but the pastime of *smouching* linnets and greenfinches in trees and on the ground, and then hand-rubbing their raw hides with stinking *ratsbane*, is not in my line at all.

Passing to more recent events, I cannot forbear giving you an account of a very luminous morning's work with the Nabob of *Noodledroog* (or some such name) and his long dogs.

His Highness took the field with only a leash of greyhounds, but this deficiency was compensated in retinue; for what with horsemen and footmen, foremen and tailmen, I never witnessed

such a turn out of tagrag-and-bobtail. Half a score of *lath and plaster* old codgers on long-tailed, broken-winded mares — their nether parts fancifully decorated with *black tight net inexpressibles*, and spindle-shanks cased in seven league ogre boots, with copper heel spurs, ——— besides half a hundred robin-redbreasts, and scarlet-runners, armed to the teeth, and looking annihilation to man and beast.

On viewing this cruel muster of mean-looking prads, well, thinks I, they'll be *nowhere*, that's *flat*; but the fox was no sooner afoot, and the dogs slipped, than the whole procession set off at such a killing pace, that nothing short of a *bird-catcher* could have lived with them. Gingers with their tails in the air like peacocks, to save treading on them—elbows and spindle-shanks going faster than the horses—clearing banks and bushes, to the manifest danger of the dogs' lives.—Robin redbreasts picking up their half hundreds all over the country, and running to the devil straight, with a *yell* which I can only liken unto Bedlam adrift.

I began to suspect that the *first flight* of the *fast goers* intended to have Reynard all to themselves; but the whole lump coming suddenly on a low swampy field, the tune was soon changed. His Highness instantly tightened both his bridle reins and continued spurring his *tit* (a mouse-coloured dun, with a black list stripe down the crup), to give him the semblance of shying; whilst three of his less prudential courtiers dashed in neck and crop, and then and there stuck fast, until *relanded* by a party of the Robins. In the mean time the fox was run to hole.

This was, as the man said of the *spencer*, "a smart thing as far as it went," but a good deal still remained to be done. Sixteen rounds from the great man's artillery (consisting of three *double* and four *single* guns), gave Reynard warning to quit, which he did on three legs and all *smoke dried*. During the pause the *mudlarks* and *bobtails* had contrived to make up their leeway, with fresh wind for a second burst—no law; away they *whisked* like mad bulls in a china shop; two of the dogs ridden down, and his Reynard-ship, unable to *limp* out of the way, *mobbed* and literally trampled to death.

His Highness (may his shadow lengthen) was almost quite innocent of the English tongue, or I would have remonstrated on the outrage perpetrated by these velocipedes, or vulpecides—what the devil do you call them?

I have another good thing or two for you yet, Mr. Editor of the O. S. M., but do not consider it wise to give you too much at a time. Besides, on second inspection, I find I have barely room to subscribe myself,

Your obedient Servant,
NOSING TOM.

Benares, 1*st June*, 1830.

P.S.—It has occurred to me, on a reperusal of what I have written, that the gentlemen fox-hunters to whose *proceedings* allusion is made, may not be altogether pleased thereat. But let me caution them to receive the chastisement with becoming meekness, and the sooner this unsportsmanlike cruelty to *varmint* is smashed the better it will please

N. T.

PARODY.

Farewell! but whenever you open your beer,
And feast upon oysters or any such cheer,
Oh, think upon him who has gorged on them too,
And forgot his own grills to eat oysters with you!

When of hog you get *Khubber* and *Poonja* appears,
Crying, "Saddle your horses, make ready your spears!"
Oh, think upon him who, tho' luckless he be,
Has charged deep and shallow whilst riding with thee!

And when from the jungle out starts the grey boar,
And "*Dekh Dooker jata hie*" loud is the roar,
Oh, think upon him who, if wishes held sway,
Would have rode by your side on that fortunate day!

And when you have killed, having taken first spear,
To your tent have returned and have tippled mug beer,
Oh, think upon him who, had he been there,
In spear and in mug would have tried for his share!

Then farewell, and tho' we may ne'er meet again,
By hill or by jungle, by river or plain,
Yet think upon one who, wherever he be,
Will ever bestow his best wishes on thee!

YESSAM.

STEPHEN'S THIRD CRITIQUE.

SIR,

In resuming the Critic's pen, I beg leave to congratulate you on the efficacy of the few caustic remarks which I have deemed it necessary for the well-doing of the Oriental Sporting Magazine to make; for of the numerous contributors to the work I am confident the greater part are frightened out of their wits when they see a *Critique* from *Stephen* announced for publication, and consequently become more cautious in their contributions and more careful of their contents. This, in fact, is the only way to manage the minds and tempers of those who would otherwise overwhelm your little periodical with torrents of balderdash and nonsense. It has afforded me considerable amusement to hear the myriads of conjectures as to the real author which are afloat wherever I go; but as I am confident my secret is safe, I laugh in my sleeve at all the hints and suspicions which surround me, and shall continue in my criticising career as long as I find food for censure; and I sincerely hope not only your readers, but even your correspondents, will admit that I have not allowed the sober severity of a modern Gifford to degenerate into the captious querulousness of an ancient Zoilus.

Now, Sir, to commence my task. I shall begin with your first correspondent in No. 8, who designates himself "Nosing Tom." His contribution, regarded as a whole, is somewhat humorous and clever, and altogether bears the stamp of a mind that could

master better things; but I must animadvert on his very unpardonable manner of plagiarizing expressions from other writers, such as "*hating*" a thing "*worse than a wall-eyed horse*," "having been *caught with his mouth open*," with many more, but his attempt to be facetious when he replies to the huntsman's question of what part of the run he liked best is a miserable failure and a decided forgery, for what person who can write as grammatically correct as "Nosing Tom" would say "*when they was a catching of him?*" No, Sir, he thought it was very funny, and mistook vulgarity for wit. I should like to be informed how a horse can *look thick winded*, which he describes his borrowed hunter to have done. Is it possible that Nosing Tom can be Novice, crept into the Deccan after following Sam Surly's advice? This brings me to that unpolished correspondent, whose last letter is no ornament to your Magazine, and whose signature is, I find, only the anagram of his real name, so in this he has been nearly as silly as Novice could be. He should certainly attend to the 4th rule he laid down for that person's guidance, and himself show the way to accomplish the 6th.

Poins is equal to Nimrod, with the advantage of being less prosy; but Nimrod is invaluable. I shall leave Anti Detonator to Dragsman, who, if I mistake not, will punish him prettily for his conceit. As for S. W. from Surat, he certainly realized his hope of affording amusement, for I and many others laughed most immoderately at his ridiculous situation on the top of a tree shooting at tigers with his heart in his mouth. I'd bet a penny it was much *lower*, and you will add with the old gentleman in the play, "Be quiet; I know it." A Sportsman from Sattarah merits encouragement, but what can be said to B. O. S. from Belgaum? This Bos should have signed himself "Fur," for a sad thief he has shown himself, and requires "Sacerdos" to keep him right; his battle is a sorry copy of that great black fight of Bosreegaum, in No. 4. I wonder you gave it insertion. It has all the slang and vulgarity of the original without a glimmering of its wit.

The foot match at Poonah is certainly an extraordinary performance, well worthy of record and interestingly recorded. Your hunting songs are capital and better than five thousand parodies.

"No Turfite" deserves no answer. What business has a No Turfite with Sporting Queries?

I now approach S. Y. S., and I hope on friendly terms, for the severity of the rub I was forced to give him for sending John Dockery's indelicate letters to be printed was given with good-will, and I trust it has been so taken. If he bears any malice for that animadversion, he will probably resent my critique on his present production of Recollections of Life in India, but I care little for any man's anger, and I shall do my duty fearlessly and faithfully. In the meantime, as his contribution is promised in No. 9 to be continued, I shall defer making any remarks at present. I cannot conclude without one fillip at your editorial self; why are you not more punctual in publishing? You have now gained several months by altering your periodical issues, and I hope this fresh departure will be attended with a stricter performance of promise.

I am, sir,

Yours obediently,

STEPHEN.

Sholapoor, 1st June, 1830.

ON PHYSIC AND FISTS.

SIR,

It was on one of those cutting cold and cruel bitter mornings, so deadly delightful in the month of January, when fog hangs over the face of nature like an ugly woman's veil, so thick you can't see through it, that I was summoned to attend a liquor and laughter-loving party of sportsmen, who knew every inch of huntable land in the province of the Kattywar. Now, you must know, Mr. Editor, that I was a zealous sportsman, and of course fond of doing the trick tastily, so I made my toilette in the most modish manner possible, not too dandified and not too dirty, that is, neither quite a Nimrod in the East, nor yet quite a Nosing Tom, who, by-the-by, is my sole authority for thus classifying the Nuggur Chronicler, whom I have never yet had the happiness of seeing in his workman's toggery, but I cannot imagine a man of his bold and chivalrous bearing in the field would condescend to the miserable minutiæ of the boudoir. As for Nosing Tom, I can easily fancy him just as dirty in his double damnables and greasy red waistcoat (Great Heaven, a red waistcoat! fancy a man in a red waistcoat, and I dare say an unshorn chin and head that knew no more of the brush or comb than Nebuchadnezzar did when he turned grazier and kept company with cows). Yes, I say, I can easily picture to myself what sort of looking personage he was when he sloped in upon the Nuggur fox hounds. I do hope that Stephen, of whom he seems (and in that he really somewhat resembles Nimrod) to be mighty alarmed, although pretending to despise his critical pretensions. I do hope, I maintain, that Stephen will touch him up a little. But to return to the subject of this scrawl. It was, as I have said before, a kind of nose-dropping, finger-blowing morning, and the mist was very thick, when in company with a lot of friends I had taken the field in search of hog. After an hour had been occupied in beating a large baubul jungle, the alarm was given that a sounder had broken cover, and in a few minutes I found myself on terms of approaching intimacy with the largest and greyest boar that ever delighted the eye of a true sportsman, or frightened the nerves of a pretender.

I had already experienced that thrill of delight so eloquently and poetically described in the Tales of the Tinkers, that is to say, I had already twice drawn blood, and felt my spear "*run wriggling in his rump*," when, just as I was in the act of giving him a deadly thrust, my horse floundered, and I got flurried, and as he bungled I bounded out of the saddle, and soon found the tables turned, for the boar of whom I had so long been in pursuit was now in full chase of me. Being blest with pretty long legs, and having been under the doctor's hands a short time previous, the physic I had swallowed had reduced me to a fine running condition, and having lost my spear in my tumble I was glad to exercise my powers as a pedestrian to their full extent yet, notwithstanding my agility, the brute of a boar closed fast upon me, and I had already begun to flag in my pace when I got near to the ruined wall of a ruined village, in attempting to scale the broken part of which I was overtaken by the boar, and fairly

brought to bay. Now, sir, as I have before stated, I was *unarmed*, but I was not *unhanded*, and, having taken lessons from the well-known Tom Belcher, I had no resource, since my *physic* had failed, but to have recourse to my *fists*, and most nobly and scientifically did I use them. As the grim grey brute came on, I planted *a one*, *two* on his *dexter* ogle, which gave him a more *sinister* look than before, and before I could repeat the dose he closed in upon me, and began using his tusks upon my ribs, where he positively tickled me so much that I was nearly expiring with laughter. How I escaped from this situation, or how I found my horse again I know not, but so it was; I soon was mounted, and in hot pursuit of this terrible monster when we came to a nullah that would have opened the mouth of the best rider that ever struggled for a first spear with the celebrated "hunter of Khandes," or the equally remarkable "Nimrod of the East." Over went the hog, and over went I, my horse coming on his head upon the opposite (bank, I was going to say, but a bank gives you an idea of something green and soft), but my lodging was on a cold flinty rock, which being a little harder than my os frontis, almost stove it in, and rendered me senseless.

When I came to my senses I found myself in a richly furnished bed-room, a bright fire glowing in the grate, and several people round me in their robes de chambre. I was lying stretched upon the floor, and the blood was flowing in plentiful streams from my nostrils, and the pillow of a bed was between my legs.

The solution of all this is that during an excursion which in the year 1822 I made to the north of England, I had stopped for a few days at the hospitable mansion of an old friend in Durham, and being still very convalescent from "*the liver*," which had sent me to England, I had feasted too much at a light supper of ham collops and champagne, and the nightmare had visited me in the character of a grey boar, and in the delirium of my dream (for a dream it was) I had got astride on the pillow, fancied I was on horseback, had rode like a devil over the bed, which I had taken for Kattywar, dashed through the curtains instead of the cockspur jungle, and the infernal nullah which terminated my ride was a drop leap from the mattress, whack down upon the carpet. What the tickling was I never could make out, unless one of the roguish housemaids had been playing tricks with me when she came to tuck me up, and I shrewdly suspected one with a dark eye and a cherry cheek, who next day had told my black servant that his master's face was fifty times darker than any other part of his body.

Yours,
PHILO-FUN.

TIGER HUNTING BY NIMROD.

SIR,

If I was a devout believer in *Jadoos* I should certainly at once attribute the untoward occurrences during thus much of the year '30, to the evil machinations of some top sawyer in this dark and mysterious art; yet, although my reliance on the artifices of astrologers and old women be not absolute, nor my *belief in superstition*, as a friend

of mine has some hundred times expressed himself, undeniable, it certainly does seem as if fate had set its seal against any number of good fellows getting together for sport. In other respects, too, all has gone wrong—I went 140 miles early in January, going and returning, to get three days' snipe-shooting, and I think my friend's bag and my own, after fagging from morning till night each day, amounted to 20 couple! I wore out two pairs of brand new Europe shooting shoes in killing 12 brace of quails, and scarce saw six hares the whole season! Then came the February hog hunt, which, God knows, was sadly cut up, and yet its fate was nothing compared to the total annihilation of a long-planned tiger expedition, which was to have commenced operations on the 10th of April, at Adjunta. In fact, I have had quite enough of this said '30; and, though a man does get older every day, I heartily wish we were at the commencement of a happy new year.

From Adjunta we were to have proceeded to Boorhanpoor (slaying several tigers on our way already marked down), where the wild buffaloes were in hundreds; besides these, spotted deer, jungle dogs, and every species of game were in waiting within 20 miles of the city, and when glutted with them a trip down the Taptee as far as Thalneir was to have given the finish to the meeting. To give an idea of what sport in the tiger line *alone* was certain, I have only to say that *twenty-six* tigers had been found and marked down! There is one consolation, however, and that is, that, barring one or two killed by Bheels, we shall be pretty sure of finding our savage friends at their old haunts next April, and I'll not for a moment allow myself to imagine the possibility of a second disappointment.

The original party being entirely broken up, six of us, some on duty and others on pleasure, arrived at Bamta, a few miles from Toorkheira, on the 19th of April, having got thus far down the Taptee from Thalneir without any intelligence. We found, however, on that day in a small but high patch of reeds and grass. We had but one elephant, which carried two of us, and the rest were obliged to take to trees and high ground as near the scene of action as possible. I confess this tree work is not at all to my mind, especially as, having but little of the monkey about me, I nearly tore myself to pieces in getting up, never saw the tiger even for a second, had at last to make a leap down to avoid a repetition of the tearing, and not being particularly active, was floored in the attempt. To say nothing about being jammed when up the tree with my head one way and my body the other till I got a stiff neck; the shots rattled about in glorious style, so much so that one of the tree hunters had at one time reason to suppose he was mistaken for the tiger! * The end of it, how-

* This puts me in mind of a similar but much more awkward case, and of a new way of saving oneself. Hints of whatever kind are always worth something good or bad; so here goes.

There being on a certain occasion more sportsmen than the elephants could accommodate, it was necessary that some should remain on foot. A Mr.—— and a friend of mine (who told me the story) were accordingly posted on a high bank, much above the bed of the river, in which the elephants were in hot engagement with a tiger. Owing to inexperience, awkwardness, carelessness, or some other cause, several shots in succession, intended no doubt for the tiger, found their way to the bank on which they were standing. Mr. ——

ever, was, that the tiger, a very large one, was killed after several charges, my friends came down uninjured, and thus ended our first day's sport.

On the 21st we arrived at Shada, within ten miles of Sultanpoor, about which place good sport was expected. We had too much regard for our health to pitch nearer the remains of this once splended city, the whole country being a mass of the worst kind of jungle; besides having, where we were, the advantage of tiger ground on all sides.

On the 24th we sallied forth for the city at the unseemly hour of sunrise, a piece of folly—particularly in the present case—of which I shall not for one be again guilty in a hurry. We were *supposed* to have breakfasted before we started, but a man must have at least a wolf in his belly that can eat at daybreak. Some of us succeeded in swallowing a cup of coffee, and away we went.

If—to use a medical term—any of us had been predisposed to fever, we must have got a benefit this morning, for on our arrival we found very heavy rain had fallen, and the stench from filth and decayed vegetation was enough to turn any common man's stomach. Luckily we had not to stay long idle, for a Bheel came with information of a roaming tigress. We mounted the elephants—we had been reinforced by a second one the day before—and went away in pursuit; we tracked her down a nullah, over-shot her, retraced our steps, and had not gone fifty paces when out she charged handsomely. An ounce of lead, however, damped her ardour; she retreated a few yards, got into a piece of thin low grass, and before she could again get on her legs was shot dead. Considering she was so much on the alert as never to allow the Bheels to surround her, luck might be said to be on our side, and we had no sooner dispatched her, when a villager came in with intelligence of another four miles off.

We returned to the deserted city in the hopes of finding our tiffin baskets, which, thanks to a wise precaution of sending them off at daylight, in case of accidents, had arrived, although our watches told us it was but eleven o'clock! I'll not say with what feelings I took my seat alongside of a cold leg of mutton, inwardly, but not the less earnestly, vowing that if ever I again started for a tiger hunt before I had got my breakfast down at some Christian-like hour, I would allow any one to kick me back again—and that's allowing a great deal! The rest, I supposed, were equally well satisfied, for the different spirits with which we all mounted our elephants for the second hunt to the way we took up our guns for the tigress, would have astonished any one. Empty stomachs are bad to work on, and tiger killing at 7 a.m. may be sport, but devilish little fun!

We had hardly reached the spot where the dead bullock lay—the Bheels with their eyes to the ground a few paces in front—when Hyder suddenly trumpeted, and in the same instant a huge tiger was viewed about 150 yards in front, on a plain as dead as a sideboard, without a blade of grass, or anything but a few high thorn trees quite open below, to conceal him. Really this one

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stood two shots most manfully; but seeing no end to them, suddenly called out to my friend, "D—n it, I shall get shot;" and without waiting for an answer bolted for a bush hard by, stuffed his face well into the centre of it, and turning his nether parts to the elephants, quietly abided the issue of the hunt!

splendid sight was more than enough to have repaid all our sufferings if they had been nine times worse! We gave chase in view, got up within fifty yards, let go two barrels, both of which luckily took effect (one breaking his tail in half), away to him again, and after a running chase of about twenty minutes, almost entirely in view, up to him in a small patch of grass in water. Here he gallantly broke cover under a heavy fire, when two shots more at eighty yards as quick as the gun could be put up from one elephant pulled him up, whilst the other went in and gave the finisher. This was the second found and killed to-day unsurrounded, and had but a charge or two—the noblest feature in a tiger hunt—been added to the many beautiful points in this chase, a finer thing would have been impossible.

We jumped into our Nibbs with somewhat different feelings than when we first took the field, and in the course of two hours found ourselves comfortably seated to a good dinner and re-killing our dead tigers with more than ordinary zeal.

It was now clear we had got into a good country. We were at it again next day, 25th, at Doolkheira, with a tigress which had killed the patell's tattoo and found after much straining of eyes in Tamarisk, in the bed of a river: and two shots did her business.

27th. Heavy rain yesterday having left the country in splendid tracking order, we found to-day a tigress within a mile of Purkassa on the Taptee, and killed after several attempts to charge, a ball each time being handsomely put in. On examining her, *three* balls in a line down *the very centre of the forehead*, and each within half an inch of the other, were found; and three others also in a line close to each other, directly even with the heart. This *might possibly* be termed ball practice, with *strait* powder, though I *may* be wrong.

28th. At work at the same ground, found a splendid tiger lying under an open bush with his head gracefully turned towards us—a sight worth a hundred golden guineas at the lowest calculation, and one on which I could have gazed with delight for an hour; but as tigers don't always stick themselves up for any length of time, like crows on a gooseberry bush, to be shot at, the beauty of his position gave way to the desire to have his head in our billiard-room, and he was accordingly saluted with a dose of gunpowder and ball. Up he jumped at the first discharge, but had scarce gained his legs when a second shot broke his back, and down he came grinning and roaring with a viciousness quite becoming.

29th. Yesterday's tiger was found within a mile off, and on our way to Purkassa, to which town we had removed our tents. We had information again this morning, and sallied forth bent on mischief. It looked blank enough at first, for the tigress had walked off before the covert had been surrounded, and we had the satisfaction of beating thorns and thickets for nothing.

The Bheels, however, hit off the track, and went away with scent breasthigh for a thick jungle. We had but one elephant serviceable this day, the before breakfast work on the 24th having laid one mahout on his beam ends with fever. On him we made a forward cast, taking up a position on a high bank overlooking the junc-

tion of two large and deep ravines. Here a pretty thing of its kind occurred. We had entirely lost sight of the Bheels, who were buried out of all view in some of the deep ravines about, but *where* we had no idea; we strained our eyes until tired, and were rolling about in different attitudes in the howdah, when suddenly, without the smallest notice of their approach, we found ourselves surrounded by at least fifteen of them, at fault almost under the feet of the elephant! From the stillness of the day and silence that reigned all round, I could not have believed that a number of men *could* have crept up to us unperceived in the manner they did, but not a tiger himself can steal on you like a Bheel! The marks were soon hit off again and all going on swimmingly, when suddenly the tigress jumped up in front and pulled down a cow before our faces. This was all as it should be; the pursuit of course became hotter than ever, and in a short time we came on her under a bush that would not have concealed a hare: we gave her a hearty salvo at starting, rousing her out with a bound. The Bheels who had got in front sent her back at a gallop—up with our spare guns and let fly again and brought her up—all done in the space of two minutes. A very beautiful sight presented itself on the first fire of our spare guns: a ball having struck her on the left side, she instantly bounded direct up in the air full six feet, going off again as if no injury had been done! A few specimens we had in the killing of this small number of tigers, showed right clearly how uncertain the best directed balls are of producing *instant* death; consequently in what a dangerous position even the very best marksman must be when on foot with a charging tiger.*

* Dangerous as tiger-hunting on foot must always be even when well armed, the following anecdote will show what *some* men will attempt, almost, I may say, *unarmed*. I need mention no name, for the hero of my tale will be guessed instantly by one who knows the names of the European inhabitants of Candeish.

A fine tiger had been found and tracked into a large porcupine's earth on the edge of a nullah branching off from another and larger ravine. Two elephants and four sportsmen composed the attacking party; one elephant, with one man on his back, took post in the small nullah immediately fronting the large mouth of the earth; the other, with two men in the howdah, took up a position in the main ravine to bring up the tiger in case of his bolting from a smaller hole in the rear, the earth not being above twenty feet long on the whole. The fourth performer, the hero of the story, had dismounted in order to dislodge the tiger. To be certain, however, that they were not on a wild goose chase, my friend determined on a peep in, in the hopes of settling the question at once by catching the glistening of the tiger's eyes. Now, most men would have been satisfied with looking in from a distance, or at any rate with the greatest caution. This, however, would be to lose time, and was too roundabout a way to please my friend, who without further ado went down on his knees and poked his head slap into the largest hole he could find, straining his eyes with the greatest unconcern in the hopes of a view; no tiger was, however to be seen, and nothing remained but to try what fire and smoke would do. In went masses of lighted grass enough to have smoked out the devil himself. This had so far the desired effect, that the tiger was distinctly heard sneezing close to the mouth of the principal hole, but he would come no further, seeing the elephant immediately in front; there he probably would have remained all day, had it not been for some crackers which by accident were found in the drawer of the howdah. My friend being now satisfied that the tiger would instantly bolt, took his position on the bank, three feet immediately over the mouth of the large hole, with no other arms but a common horseman's spear! The third cracker had scarce

During the last six days we had thus disposed of as many tigers, all finished in first-rate style; in fact, as far as sport was concerned, somewhat too rapidly; but such is tiger-hunting—the animal is either quite disabled with the first fire or the chase lasts all day.

We were on the elephants again on the 3rd of May, and found a tigress after having twice passed within a few feet of her. In fact, had she not jumped up we should have passed her *again*, being so concealed under a small heap of dead grass, that even the accustomed eye of a Bheel in the howdah with us failed to detect her. It really is perfectly wonderful how these devils do conceal themselves in places where the jungle is so thin as to admit a man to ride through with the greatest ease; but the Taptee tigers in particular have an advantage in this respect, being remarkable for their small size, though no animals in existence can show a more savage disposition. The Bheel in the howdah with us amused himself during the killing of to-day's tigress with calling hit or miss at every discharge, and as soon as she was dead leapt down and instantly set to work grubbing up the earth with his fingers about four feet on this side of the tigress. None of us had the least idea what he was at, till, having gained the object of his search, he walked quietly up to one of the party and presented him with his *ball*, which, it appears, though fired within twenty paces of the tigress, had fallen short at least three feet! Luckily my friend thought little and talked less of his ball shooting, or the laugh against him would not have been stopped in a hurry.

On the evening of the 3rd a man came running in with intelligence of a large tiger which he had just seen whilst attending cows on some rocks and bushes in the middle of the river, and within three hundred yards of where he was fishing at the time. It being too late to take the field, the Bheels were sent to explore, and the tracks were at once evident. The following day we proceeded to the spot, and after wading through water up to the elephant's ears, and scrambling over rocks and blind holes ad libitum, found plenty of places where a tiger had been lying, and in which scent was even fresh; but our game got a sight of our Bheels the evening before, and had taken the hint. The work was extremely harassing for the elephants, one of which got so sulky and savage that, after trying to shake us out without effect, he turned suddenly round upon some of the boys in his rear, and, had not the mahout been alive with his *ankoos*, would presently have floored some dozen of them. The following day we left Purkassa for Nundoorbar,

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burst when out came the tiger, and in went the spear blade well into his neck! The result of this lunge may be easily guessed. The tiger just felt it, smashed it to atoms with a stroke of his paw, instantly turned round, and was in the act of taking his spring, when a ball from the elephant in front of him rolled him over into the nullah, and the next instant, before he could rise, the elephant, with a quickness that did his commander the greatest credit, was placed between him and my friend, who took to his scrapers as fast as they could carry him. By this manœuvre of the elephant he was of course safe; not so two Bheels, who were on the opposite bank. The tiger was across the nullah in a few seconds. It was in vain to run, so down they went on their bellies, creeping away on either side; and though he was so close that he could almost have reached either of them with his paw, he was providentially so "gobbrah" from his wound, that he passed in between them, without knowing they were there!

having slain four tigers within half a mile of the town, three of which were killed within two hundred yards of each other in a small piece of jungle not half so thick as many coverts we had often passed through when shooting small game; in fact, so much was this the case throughout, that it was a rule not to take out a gun until every part of the jungle near our halting ground had been explored, a precaution to secure sport much more necessary than is generally supposed.

On the 6th we killed a fine panther on the Dergeh hill with two shots; he ran but a few paces and fell dead, lucky enough, for we otherwise never should have seen him again, the hill abounding with caverns; and on the 7th a bear and two cubs.

Found on the 8th at Kokurmoonda, and were hard at work till near sunset in vain endeavours to entice a tiger out of thick bushes and grass on the edge of a perfect cliff some 50 feet high overlooking the Taptee: the grass was burnt and the tiger heard sneezing, but he had already had one ball in him, and had no wish to try a second. As he would not stir, and it was impossible for us to get at him, we were forced to give over and make the best of our way back to Nundoorbar in the dark, getting safe in, which, considering the stumps, stones, holes, and ruts in a country road, none of which could be distinguished, was not bad work. Driving does well enough by day; but as our ways are not macadamized, is not the thing for night.

From Kokurmoonda we proceeded to Runnala, where we had been promised a man-eater and cub, but found on our arrival she had not been heard of for 15 days. We pursued our journey to Dosaneh, where we dispatched a fine tigress in a most villainous country—nothing indeed could beat it in difficult ascents, descents, stones, rocks, and thickness of cover, but the ground we tried the next day, where a fine tiger had been found and surrounded by the Bheels, but no elephant in the world could have got in without a regiment of pioneers in front. Finding all attempts to get at him fruitless, we threw down stones from above and fired balls into the thickets without number; but he saw the advantage of his position, and did not even favour us with a growl, so we took the advice of our Bheel to go home. "Do you really suppose" (said he) "that he is fool enough to leave shade, water, and a comfortable den, to come out to eat your balls?"

Moved on the 15th to Zeytana, and thence next day to Goredah, where we finished a tigress and cub. Heavy rain coming down daily, and Moolleir, where five tigers were in waiting, being notoriously a fever country, we came to a determination to shut up shop for this season, and next morning putting my horses in my Nibbs, curricle fashion, reached Dooliah long before dinner time, doing a good forty miles without a change with the greatest possible ease.

NIMROD IN THE EAST.

HURRAH FOR THE SPUR AND THE SPEAR!

TUNE—"*Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue!*"

Here's a bumper to spur and to spear,
A bumper to challenge a song,
A bumper to those who, where'er the Boar goes,
Are spearing and spurring along!
It's good to be steady and cool,
It's better to *dare* than to doubt,
It's best to keep clear of the Snobs in the rear,
And be always thrown in, than thrown out.
Then, Hurrah for the spur and the spear!
Hurrah for the zest of my song!
Hurrah for all those who, where'er the Boar goes,
Are spearing and spurring along!

Here's a cheer for the charms of the chase,
A cheer for a glorious burst,
And who wouldn't cheer when the bold win the spear?
For the fearless are always the first.
There are some ever in the right place,
There are some who just toddle and trot;
There are many who love every danger to face,
And many, I swear, who do not!
Then, Hurrah for the spur and the spear!
Hurrah for the zest of my song!
Hurrah for all those who, where'er the Boar goes,
Are spearing and spurring along!

There's a joy when the Boar makes his rush,
There's a joy when the monster first bleeds,
There's a joy tho' *to-day* has now glided away,
For *to-morrow* shall double our deeds!
Here's a sigh for the sportsmen afar,
A welcome to those who are here,
A health to the whole, who in spirit and soul,
Are friends of the spur and the spear.
Then, Hurrah for the spur and the spear!
Hurrah for a jovial song!
Hurrah for all those who, where'er the Boar goes,
Are spearing and spurring along!

S. Y. S.

ON THE PROPORTIONS OF CELEBRATED ARABS.

SIR,

It has long been a question, both with people who are and people who pretend to be judges of horses, whether any particular point or points be essentially requisite to constitute a galloper, and whether their absence à fortiori ensures a garran. During the course of my experience on the turf I have heard a variety of opinions expressed, with equal confidence, regarding the superiority of the straight hind leg to the crooked, of the long to the short cannon-bone, and of loose couples to being well-ribbed up. One sporting character will lavish all his stable-slang in praise of the straight drop and the short shank, while his opponent is as loud and eloquent in eulogizing a goose rump and lengthy lower limb; one man does not look for

a *broad* quarter, provided it is *long enough* to please him; another decidedly prefers length to breadth; a third cares little or nothing for either if the loin be well raised and rounded; a fourth keeps his eye on the angular position of the shoulder and the depth of the brisket and fellers, and one friend of mine could seldom or ever find anything objectionable in a horse except he was "*a leetle too straight in the hock*," and that one fault damned the animal for ever in his opinion.

Some sporting amateurs place the galloping gift in the play of the fore quarters, and others in the muscular power of the hind; a few fix it in the broad chest and light neck, while one or two, reversing the system of Spurzheim and Gall, give all their attention to the muscles of the buttock, which they denominate "galloping bumps."

Again, when the animal is in motion how seldom do judges agree; some look for short and speedy strokes, some for slow and lengthy striding, numbers for straight and as many for rouud action.

Now, I care not to lay myself open to a swarm of critics by sporting my own opinion on any of these points, even if such critics should prove as stupid as Stephen, that great and zealous Zoilus of the Oriental Sporting Magazine; besides, my friends have very frequently had the kindness to let me know that I possess very fanciful (a civil word for ridiculous) notions about racers, and apply their fore-finger very mysteriously to the side of their nose when I have hinted that if a horse should show a lengthy quarter, a well lifted loin, a sloping shoulder, light wither, well hooped barrel and decent legs, that he would not be the worst kind of thing to begin working with, especially if he at the same time exhibited the two grand extremital points, namely, *full dark eyes* and a *broad channel*, without which I have never yet seen a real good one. With regard to action, I have always said I prefer a horse to lead with a bent instead of a straight leg, provided *he covers* (in his stride) *the ground to which he stretches*; and this I will so far hazard my judgment to pronounce the great secret of the racer's speed.

There is nothing more easy than to descant, and with some show of tact and science too, on the good points of a *known flicker*, and it is surprising how suddenly a spurt of success will throw out the "galloping gifts" of a "dark horse." I remember when Chapeau de Paille (who, notwithstanding his defeat last season at Bombay, is in my opinion a first-rater) was in training at Mhow under the fictitious name of Bobbery, I heard one of the knowing ones remark, as he galloped past, to the great opponent of his owner, "I say, old boy, there's no go there, I think," which, after the second day's running, was changed into "*That's* a tip-topper, by G—d!" But, as I said before, there is no difficulty in discussing the capabilities of a winner nor in detecting the defects of a real bred "bad un;" but will any man, whatever may have been his experience on the turf, pretend to say that he can pronounce any particular horse in the stables to be a racer or a rip? I deny the possibility; for although the animal may be faultless in form, and perfect in his paces, still he may want blood, and blood to be proved must be *tried*. By the term blood I mean caste; and I am confident without that requisite no horse that ever

came into India can be relied upon as a galloper; whereas, with that prime essential, the most ungainly looking brutes — three-cornered kind *of creatures*—that the best judges would not look at *twice*, have turned up trumps; in fact, one of my sporting acquaintance, who has the reputation of being an out-and-out good selector, told me the other day, with a gravity of countenance and a deliberate distinctness of insinuation peculiar to him when discussing that important subject (the points of a horse), that no person would ever be able to select a racer upon certainty until he could invent an instrument with which he might *look into his heart!*

I know that "caste" and "make" have each their zealous partisans, and that "blood" is as much the shibboleth of one side as "bone" is the pass-word of the other, the latter taking for their text that a big good one will always beat a little good one; but then I maintain that neither large nor small can be good ones without blood, for I have seen many a horse that in bone and muscle would match with Harlequin or Barefoot, and yet when their race came to a struggle would shut up at the first crack of the whip, while blood and caste would fly to every stroke of the lash and run an honest horse to the ending post, though dead beat a mile from home. As an instance in former times of this sort of regular rip, I would record Grosvenor, and of a trump, Traveller—and in modern days I would point out Comus and Buckeen as wanting pluck, and select Don Juan, Tom Thumb, Boxkeeper, and, above all, Emilius, as "bits of good truth." I say nothing of Bundoola, because I do not believe his courage was ever tried: he was beat a waiting race by Emilius in a half mile rush; but that kind of spurt is not to the purpose, and losing the Malet Stakes when he broke a blood vessel is no proof of wanting caste to carry him a journey of three miles. I regret to find that by the death of the twin foals out of Blaze about a fortnight ago his blood is now extinct.

But to return to my subject. It struck me that it might be curious to ascertain if all the known first-rate winners did or did not possess certain marked points in common, and I have therefore taken the trouble to find this out.

In the accompanying statement you will find the measurement of some of the best horses in this corner of India. I was in hopes of obtaining a few more, but I suppose their owners did not receive my request in time, or I should think they would have complied with it. This comparative statement of proportions may be interesting to those who take as much delight in a good horse as I do, and may also enable the uninitiated to select a Harlequin or a Bundoola, a Chapeau de Paille or a Goblin Grey, by comparing the measurement of the animal they want to buy with that of the model they wish to follow. I send you the outline sketch of Bukshee, who, though like John Dockery with his penmanship, "cruel troubled with the slows," contrived in 1819 to carry off the Honourable Mr. Elphinstone's Gold Cup from *nine* other maidens toddling with 9st. two miles in 4m. 37s. and 4m. 40s. He was what is now calculated "not fleet, but had great maintaining powers," and certainly at that rate of running he ought to have been timed by an eight-day clock and kept going during the meeting.

In your next number I will tell you what I think of the horses that should be sent as stallions to England, and of those that should not; in the mean time I remain yours obediently,

S. Y. S.

	Chapeau de Paille.	Bundoola. 14½h.	Fitzjames.	Harlequin. 14½h.	Antar.	Little Tough. 13½h.	Goblin Grey. 14½h.	Don Juan. 13h. 3¾in.	Pelham. 13h. 1in.
	in.	in.	in.	in.	in.	in.	in.	in.	in.
Between the ears	6½	4½	6½	4½	4½	4½	6	5	4¼
Between the eyes	7	9	7½	8½	6	6½	8½	7	7
Between the nostril and point of eye	11	12¼	11	12	11½	11	13	9	11
Breadth of cheek bone	12½	9	10½	10⅝	11	10½	9½	11	10¼
From neck roots to lower part of windpipe	15	23	18	23½	14	16	20½	21	16
Depth of brisket	27½	33	30½	33⅓	25	21¼	32½	27	31
Depth of fellers		34½	32	34½	21½	21½	29	24	26
Haunch	15½	17	15	15¼	12½	12	15½	15	15
Arm	7	8	8½	9	7¼	6¾	9½	7	7½
From shoulder point to rear point	57	59	45	58	53½	52	57	56	62
Length of quarter	19½	23	21	21½	17¼	16	22¼	20	20
Hip to hock	38	39	37½	39¼	37	35	38½	35	36
Hock to coronet		22	22½	21	22½	21	22¼	21	21½
Elbow to knee	13½	17	17	17¾	16½	15	17	15	16½
Knee to coronet		17½		15			16½	15	15
Round below the knee	7½	8	7	8	7½	6½	8½	7⅞	7¾
Round below the hock	9	8¼	8	8½	10½	10½	8¾	8	9
From between the ears to root of tail	71	75¼	71½	72	70	66½	76½	68	63
From belly to the ground	31	30½	32	31¼	31	28½	32	32	34
Hip to shoulder point		43	42½	43¾	41	40¼	43	40	43
Croup bone to neck	43		43	44	38½	36½	43¼	43	48
From between ears to tip of nose	26½	24½	24½	26	22¾	20½	26	23	20½
From hip bone to hip bone over the croup	20	20	19½	21½	18½	16	18¾	18	21
Girth all round	63	65¼	65	67⅛	63¾	61¼	65¾	62	64
Wither to shoulder point					22	22¾	27	24	28

Note.—The importance of the subject discussed in the foregoing letter will, we doubt not, be fully appreciated by every genuine sportsman. We hope that the discussion will not stop here, but that further illustrations will be sent us for insertion in No. 10. The measurement of such horses as Orelio, Harmonica, Esterhazy, Champion, Barefoot, Cornet, Baronet, Fantail, Signal, and any other known flickers, will be most acceptable.—ED.

PERFORMANCES OF BENINGBOROUGH.

BENINGBOROUGH.—A grey Arab, standing about 14 hands 3 inches, a horse of great strength and bottom, and remarkable for his capability of carrying heavy weights; was the property of that well-known sportsman, Capt. S. Beningborough; first started at the Bombay Turf Meeting, 1821, and on the 6th February carried off the Guicowar Cup, value 200 guineas, for all maidens 9st. each, beating Wahabee, Marquis, and six others easily in 4m. 38s. and

4m. 22s. On the 9th February at 9st. he won the Subscription Plate of £100 and 100 Rupees each subscriber added, two mile heats, beating five others in 4m. 12s. and 4m. 16s. On the 13th February he won the Forbes Stakes £100 and 10 Gold Mohurs each subscriber added, for all horses carrying 9st., one three mile heat, beating Lothario and Wahabee with the greatest ease. On the 16th he won the Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse, 1150 Rupees, 8st. 7lbs. each, two mile heats, beating Sulky in 4m. 12s., and cantering over the second heat. On the 20th February he won the Gold Turf Cup, value 100 guineas, given by the Turf Club in 1802. Challenge Stakes 300 Rupees. Two mile heats, 9st., beating Marquis easily in 4m. 15s., and walking over the second heat.

At the Poonah Turf Meeting, December, 1821, he walked over for the Poonah Purse £100 for all Arabs 8st. 7lbs., winners 7lbs. extra, one three mile heat.

At the Bombay Meeting, 1822, at 9st. 3lbs., he came out against that celebrated Arab Buckfoot, 9st. 3lbs., for the Bombay Subscription Plate, and after a severely contested race was beaten in 4m. 5s. and 4m. 10s. On the 22nd January, at the same weight, for a Gold Cup, presented by Henry Meriton, Esq., he was again beaten by Buckfoot in 6m. 21s., the last $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile run in 3m. 1s. On the 25th January he carried off the Forbes Stakes, £100 with 10 gold Mohurs each subscriber added, 9st. each, three miles, beating Lothario with the greatest ease; and on the 29th January was again beaten by Buckfoot for the Gold Turf Cup, 2 mile heats, 9st. each, in 4m. 9s., being drawn the 2nd heat.

At the Bombay Turf Meeting 1824, on the 13th January, he started for the Subscription Plate, two mile heats, and carrying 9st., was beaten by Fitzjames, 8st. 5lbs. and Reveller, 9st., in 4m. 5s. and 4m. 10s.

On the 11th January, 1825, he again started for the Bombay Subscription Plate, and was beaten by Shamrock, 9st., and Corinthian Tom, in 4m. 8s., being drawn the 2nd heat.

I have no memoranda by me of his having started in 1823, and believe the above are all his performances; he died at Poonah in the latter end of 1825.

Yours obediently,

MOOSAFUR.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

It was in the year 1814 (a "tough one this," you will say, Mr. Editor) that I first took my degree as a sporting character. It was at Epsom; my memory does not serve me as to who won the Derby and Oaks, but the Racing Calendar is good information on these subjects. On one of the days of the meeting that extraordinary "ould one," Bill Richmond, beat a powerful navigator all to jelly in no time with scarcely a scratch. Bill was then 52 years of age. From that time until my leaving England in 182— was at "all in the ring," as far as means would allow; cricket, boating, rackets, fishing, sparring, fencing, and billiards; and in the season, shooting, and now and then a look at my Lord Derby's or Joliffe's pack; with a peep at the prize ring, and a visit to any race meetings within convenient distance, enabled me to kill the

year rather handsomely. By-the-by, the humble task of the pedestrian must not be forgotten; for I, Mr. Editor, was rather sweet on myself in that line, and for a ten mile match, or a spurt of a quarter of a mile, was always ready to oblige a friend. With the exception of hunting and shooting, I believe it is a fact seldom disputed that sporting is much on the decline in England. "If manhood, good manhood, be not unknown in England, then am I a shotten herring!" So said lean Jack, but not so say I. However, there is little doubt that, with the exception of the two most popular and fascinating amusements mentioned above, and which for obvious reasons are without the reach of many gentlemen, all kinds of sporting is on the decline. Where can we now find such men as the Duke of Hamilton, Mellish, Fletcher Reid, Thornton, Barclay, and others, men who excelled in everything? There are, no doubt, as good shots and riders as ever were heard of, but the general (if I may be allowed the expression) sportsman, the man who could put his hand to anything and everything, is nearly extinct. No wonder, then, that the games and amusements of every description which they patronized are also on the decline! nay, that the sun of many of them has set for ever. Good fellowship has given way to cant, and the people are taught to despise the games which their sturdy forefathers were proud of. The village crowd is no longer to be seen assembled when work is over in the evening, to witness the efforts in manly sports of the younger part of the community. The hours which were spent in these health-giving and manly feats are now drivelled away in the pestilent air of the tap-room, with haggard eye and pale cadaverous look, over the pages of some one of the low and nauseous public journals. Such are some of the advantages of the March of Intellect!

But to my story. In 1817 and 1818 I saw Jack Randall, that Prince of Pugilists, triumphant in a series of combats. The prize ring was then entirely supported by the merits of the light weight men, Randall, Turner, Martin, &c.; and the heavy weights were all down in the scale. No men like Henry Pearce or Jem Belcher, distinguished alike for honesty and prowess, were to be found in the ring. Of the former it is generally admitted that no other man who has ever appeared as a boxer could have stood before him with an equal chance in his best day. His fighting weight was nearly fourteen stone (13st. 10lbs.), and his height under five feet ten inches, yet in such exact proportion was he built, that he looked rather a slight man. His activity was exceeding great, and strength enormous. One feat will convey a complete idea of the latter fact to your readers. He could lift a hundredweight (112lbs.) off the ground in his right hand, and put it three times round his head! Fancy, ye Hittites! this hand at a good length coming smash into your face! I have no doubt that many of your readers like myself, Mr. Editor, have plumed themselves not a little upon performing the same feat with a half-hundred weight (56lbs.), and others may have failed in perhaps even that; if so, all will be able duly to appreciate the feat I have related. As he (Pearce) was gifted by his Maker above all other men in these respects, so was he distinguished by the noblest feelings which are found adorning human

nature. Jem Belcher was also a most wonderful man. Indebted, however, in a great degree to a new system (putting in his blows with astonishing precision and quickness), of which he was the first inventor, for confounding, ay, and defeating his adversaries, more than to having received any peculiar qualifications (like his great opponent and conqueror) from nature. These two men never met in their best days. Both were rather stale when they fought. Belcher had lost an eye, and the Chicken had upon him the foundation of that consumption which shortly after caused his death. The battle was all in favour of Pearce, who, surprised at the ease with which he defeated his adversary, made the well-known exclamation, "Well, Jem, thou art the worst man who ever stood before me!" Before either of them in their best day it would have been farcical to have placed Crib. A great sporting character (then a captain and now an admiral) told me "that when Jem Belcher and Crib fought, although Jem had lost an eye, and had declined in general health so much as to make it difficult if not impossible to train him, that he (Belcher) only lost the battle from want of strength to continue the fight, and not from any punishment he had received; and that such was the tremendous punishment he dealt out to Crib, that Tom was quite out of his senses for *four* days after *winning* the battle." Weight seemed to have no advantage when opposed to Belcher. He stood five feet nine inches high, and weighed never more than twelve stone. Gamble, a man of fifteen stone, and upwards of six feet high, and who had fought some desperate battles, always with success, was cut to pieces by Jem in *ten minutes*. Gully was a rare good man (superior to all heavy men since his own day), but still no match for the Chicken, who beat him out of time in eight minutes. A much longer duration is generally given to this battle, which therefore requires some explanation. Fletcher Reid backed one man, and the gallant admiral (then Captain H.) before alluded to, the other. After fighting eight minutes, Gully received such a terrific hit in the head as rendered him quite insensible, and he could not come to time. During the minute or two which elapsed whilst he remained insensible, Fletcher Reid went to Captain H., and admitted that the battle was undoubtedly won, but proposed that, to prevent the disappointment consequent on the sudden and unlooked-for termination of the combat, that the men should fight on. This was agreed to, and the men were brought to the scratch, when Peace, enraged at what he imagined was foul play in giving his opponent so much extra time, rushed in wildly, and in consequence received a hit on the temple, from which he was all abroad for half an hour, and, notwithstanding his extraordinary game, his friends had much difficulty in bringing him to the scratch. He at length, however, recovered, and in one or two rounds gave poor Gully his quietus.

When on a visit in Cumberland at a friend's house I had the pleasure of seeing another very remarkable man in his line—Nicholson, the celebrated wrestler. He was a slight made man, about six feet high, and weighed only twelve stone. He wore the Champion's Belt of Cumberland against all comers, for three successive years, casting to the ground in that time men of seven-

teen stone and even upwards, some of them the best men in England. It was either during the Race Meeting of 1813 or 1814, that Nicholson, having first walked from his own house at Penrith Fell, perhaps 18 miles, to Carlisle, there won (or rather retained) the Wrestling Belt against all comers; he then won the first prizes in running and leaping; and to conclude fought with and actually beat a London third-rate pugilist, who had been brought down to amuse the chawbacons. Nature could not, however, stand such exertions, and he was never the same man after; and died not many months after I saw him. In speaking of pugilists, Hickman (the Gas) must not be forgotten, as a man gifted with the most incredible power of hitting, but nothing more. The man who would rally with him, or could not keep him out, was lost. One anecdote is rather curious. Of late years several different instruments have been invented, by which tolerably exact measurement is made of the degrees of strength which can be exerted by different persons in lifting, pulling, pressing, and hitting. Some students of the Temple had got one for the latter purpose, and by practice and the "flattering tale" which the index told, there were some amongst them who flattered themselves they would be "rum customers." They were, however, determined to see what difference existed between themselves and a known hard hitter, and therefore sent for Gas to perform on the instrument. Gas (who was somewhat lushy) being brought to the scratch, made himself up without much ceremony, and delivered his terrific right hand, when to the amazement and humiliation of the whole party the instrument was knocked into a thousand splinters! Jack Langan was a tight lad; and although I am inclined to think the Gas would have outshone him in any encounter, yet I think it would have been a first-rate match as to interest. Langan was badly advised in aspiring to the Championship at once. He might, had he come on quietly and (as he was) unknown, have picked up some proud things amongst the eleven and twelve stone men of that day. In both his fights he was unlucky. In the first it was no doubt determined beforehand that he should win, and consequently much shameful conduct took place. In the second (at Chichester) he was not at all in time to fight a man like Spring, of first-rate science, and weighing 13st. 8lbs.: whilst Langan was three inches shorter, and, weighed, on mounting the stage, 11st. 12lbs. Spring seemed to have this battle all his own way, and after the fight had lasted 20 minutes, the odds were 10 to 1 it did not continue one hour. Many (among the rest myself) relying on Jack's known game, took these tempting offers, and sacked the coin when the hour was expired. One sporting character in London, a few days before the fight, offered another gentleman 100 to 1 that the battle did not last *two hours.* This bet then was refused, as the odds were very great against any battle being of such long continuance, and particularly where big ones were concerned. An hour and three quarters was then offered and accepted. The 100 to 1 was of course won, as the fight lasted one hour and fifty-four minutes.* There had been some mistake in settling the place of fighting in this last battle, and in consequence Langan went down to

* The first, at Worcester, lasted two hours and twenty-six minutes *on turf.*

Warwick, and then crossed the country to Chichester the day before the fight, having been cramped up in a post-chaise for nearly three days without attention to exercise or diet. This was, of course, greatly against him, and tended as much as other circumstances to lose him the mill. It is only wonderful that he fought so long and so well. If persons had seen Spring as on that occasion, at the end of an hour and a half, blind of one eye, and spitting blood from heavy body hits, the opinion which went abroad that Langan was easily beaten would not have been received. Nicholson, who I have spoken of above, could have been backed against all England, for any sum of money. A noble peer (Lord L.) in the north was his patron, and ready to come down with the stumpy. His activity in leaping was wonderful. The gate of the Duke of Norfolk's deer park at Goborough, over which a very tall man could *just see*, was cleared by him without touching in any way, although the run is much up-hill to take off. He could leap all the five-barred (as they are called) gates in the country with his hands in his pockets, and on one occasion at a match he cleared forty-two (42) feet at *three rises* from a stand, that is without running to strike off, and his last leap was eighteen feet! It must however be admitted that the ground did slope a very little. In this trial he beat the best of his opponents upwards of six feet.

Pedestrianism, which was then much and deservedly patronized, is now (not at Poonah, we flatter ourselves) greatly declined. The celebrated match of Captain Barclay to do 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours, is a feat showing wonderful strength and determination, or, as we say, bottom. It has since been performed by two or three persons. Wilson's match to go fifty miles per day for twenty days, came off in 1816, and W. was winning with ease, having performed his task well for fifteen days, when he was taken into custody by order of the Blackheath magistrates, to their eternal disgrace, under the plea that he was assembling a mob, and creating disturbances. The chief actor in this shameful piece of tyranny verily met with his reward, Wilson having recovered damages in a Court of Law. Captain Barclay's match against Ward (Abraham) in which the Captain got two hours' start given him in twenty-four, but beat himself by over exertion at starting, having performed forty miles in little more than five hours. Ward and Cross, the groom, were then matched to run 100 miles against each other. Cross did ninety miles in seventeen hours (his adversary being dead beat some hours before), and then fainted and fell into a ditch. He was taken to his tent, and there recovered sufficiently to start and finish the one hundred miles in fourteen hours and some minutes, by which enormous bets were decided, great odds having been laid that neither of the parties would do the one hundred miles in sixteen hours. The above is perhaps the most wonderful pedestrian feat on record. Captain Fairburn started from Hyde Park corner to go to the thirty-sixth mile stone and return again (72 miles) in *ten hours*. The pedestrian won with eight minutes to spare. Capt. Parker (Royal Navy), *walked* fair toe and heel *seven miles* in *one hour* on the Bexley Road. The match, which I saw, for a bet of one thousand guineas to three hundred against the

performance. Many are inclined to give this the first place in pedestrian feats; but although an extraordinary and almost incredible performance (Captain Parker offered afterwards to bet a thousand guineas that no other man could be found to do the same), it was only a spurt, and did not require any great exertion of the constitution.

To *walk* six miles in one hour is within the powers of many, and I have no doubt our sporting society here contains one gentleman* (at least) who with a little care can do it with considerable ease, even in this villainous climate. Cricket was another very favourite amusement, although I came from the wrong side of the water ever to make much of a hand at it; and the season was always looked forward to with uncommon interest. On the best ground but one in England, in 1819, our Club played the Marylebone, they giving us Mr. Rudd (certainly the best gentleman player in England). The match lasted three days, and was lost by very bad management on our side, and ended in a tie. Mr. O., the celebrated pigeon shooter, bet 100 to 1 before the last ball was bowled that we should win. The ball was lightly tipped off the bat; one gent. ran, and the other stood still, and the match and bet were lost. Before breakfast, during this and other matches, there was some excellent shooting at pigeons; and after play in the evenings lots of good wine and good fellowship. Boating was another delightful amusement which we followed with unceasing and untiring avidity. Our boat ("The Rocket"), perhaps the finest of her description on the river, was a two-oared galley, rather heavy, and between forty and fifty feet long. From—— to Richmond and back again, a distance of fifty-six (56) miles in eight hours, through all the bridges, and delayed very considerably by the caution necessary to be observed in avoiding the crowds of shipping on the river (particularly that part called "the pool") was no bad work; *and nearly one hour of the eight* was spent at Putney in a certain popular amusement rendered absolutely necessary to recruit the inner man.* Matches against the boats belonging to men of war in the river, in which we were invariably successful against picked crews from several ships from superior *pluck* alone, and a trip or two (the pocket could not stand more) to the "Ship" at Greenwich to enjoy a fish dinner, and which generally ended in a jollification, and some practice in the art of crab-fishing, (getting the oar back in the water, technically so called) for those who returned in the boat usually closed the day and season's amusement. One of our matches seems to me worthy of being recorded, which took place between "the Rocket" with eight oars and a crack boat belonging to an officer, who holds the name of being the best first lieutenant in the navy, and manned by a picked crew from three 50-gun frigates then fitting out at the Dockyards near London. The distance chosen was from W—— to Gravesend and to return, something over 40 miles. The amateurs were supposed to have

* Lieut. K. mentioned in your last as performing a first-rate match belongs to the King's 6th Regiment, and not the Queen's Royals, as erroneously stated.

* The quickest thing done in this boat was *eleven miles* and *half* in forty-nine (49) minutes, with a very strong tide.

some advantage in the form of their boat, but the dexterity and lastingness which might certainly be looked for in a crew picked from upwards of 1200 men, and the heavy swell and even sea which would most likely be encountered in the lower reaches of the river, were looked to as likely to bring the chances very even, and before starting the Navy had the choice. The start took place just before high water, and the labour was moderate, as after a few miles the tide was very strong with the boats, and the distance down was done under two hours. The match became then exceedingly interesting, and many of the amateurs in the boat began to think they would be beaten, as the Navy boat had lain in their quarter about an oar's length astern for the whole distance down; and there was now a very strong tide, and heavy head swell to contend with in returning, the latter of which, in particular, was greatly against the galley. After going round the Buoy, the efforts of both parties were tremendous. The galley however very soon went ahead, and came in nearly two miles in front of the naval heroes. The day was concluded on board the frigate commanded by a noble personage whose title will be handed down to posterity as that of the greatest poetic genius of this or any other age.

Such are the amusements (with many others) which I have faintly attempted to describe, which we renounced in search of fortune and happiness in other climes. We are always and ever shall be the children of hope. Well knowing that youth and strength must have their end, we forego many pleasures and amusements in search of that which can alone render us comfortable, and smooth the down hill of life. But, alas! how many are cut off full of strength and hope, and consigned to the silent tomb, never to revisit the beloved scenes of their childhood, or dilate with joy the fond expectant breast of those by whom their tender infancy was taught and matured. Mr. Editor, I have ran riot on many subjects; should you however consider these scattered recollections worthy of your consideration, I will ever laud myself, although (like all my countrymen) a very modest man; and more, I will promise in my next to "hold hard" and confine myself to a relation of facts on sporting of different descriptions, such as I trust may not be altogether uninteresting to the majority of your sporting readers.

I remain, Sir,
Very obediently yours,
ERIN GO BRAGH.

Poonah, 20th June.

HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY.

My dear fellow, it is a difficult task you have imposed upon me; of all people in the world to call upon an idle vagabond like myself—one, as you well know, far more attached to the trigger and spear than your goose quills—to write accounts of sport! It is really a thing out of nature—though, to gratify your craving appetite, I will endeavour to describe a scene which has just occurred, to show you what misfortunes flesh is heir to. You well know I am in a wild country, the very head-quarters of Tigers; where of course my rifle is not allowed to rust in its case, for

scarcely a day passes without reports being received of the proximity of the Royal Game. We (that is *Jem* and I) were sitting over our *Tiffin Cheroot* yesterday, when a villager ran up to the tent in the utmost terror and reported that his favourite Bullock *Rumulia* had just been killed by a Royal Tiger, who was at that moment devouring him within a short distance of our camp. Of course no time was lost:—our rifles and horses were soon ready, and as many volunteers as were inclined to join directed to prepare for immediate service. Within twenty minutes our trembling and almost breathless guide conducted us to the spot, where we discovered most satisfactory proofs of the accuracy of the information;—the deep impressions made in the sand by the royal beast pointed out the bush into which he had retired to indulge in a siesta after having satisfied himself with the beef. We immediately made dispositions for securing him, and the party being drawn up in sections were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to fire by word of command; and to ensure a reserve in case of the first volley failing to do execution, the front rank were ordered to fire first (with fixed bayonets), and then kneel down prepared "to receive cavalry," while the rear rank fired over their heads. I now advanced cautiously to make a close reconnaissance, and having ascertained as I imagined the exact position of the sleeping savage, I returned to the party, and made Jim, as being the best scholar, address the men in Hindostanee, pointing out the exact spot towards which the fire should be directed, the necessity of firmness, strict attention to orders, &c..&c..

I then directed him to take command of the rear rank, while I took post on the right flank of the front. The Bayonets were fixed, —the first volley fired into the bush, and the front rank down on their marrow bones—but no roar announced success; the rear rank then also fired—but still no motion on the part of our enemy gave assurance of the accuracy of our aim: we reloaded, and held a council of war, in which it was unanimously agreed that the brute must either have been annihilated by our first discharge, or so desperately hurt as to be incapable of motion. We therefore determined ("to make assurance doubly sure") to fire another volley from the very edge of the bush; we accordingly advanced, and pouring in a deadly volley where he was supposed to be extended, brought our Bayonets to the charge and rushed in with a general shout. The gallantry of our old friend Jem led him here to leave the station I had allotted to him:—he daringly sprang through the opposing thorns, and to my horror, before I could check his progress or rush to his assistance, I saw him tripped by brambles, thrown head foremost into the very centre of the bush! I called all to the rescue. Never did men display greater coolness and courage; but, alas! Fortune was against us!—our toils were unrewarded—I picked up poor Jim covered with blood. Must I tell you the real truth?—the object I had taken for Royal Game (remember it was after Tiffin) was part of the brindled hide of the unfortunate *Rumulia*. His destroyer had absconded, and Jim had tumbled into the remains of the bloody carcase. We had a hearty laugh, he at my obliquity of vision, and, as he says (somewhat angrily, by-the-by), at playing off the humbug of not knowing a dead Bullock from a Royal Tiger; —but I assure you I was taken in

myself, and in return smiled at his *daring opinion of our simplicity, for after his opinion given in the Council of war his jumping into the bush looked very much like a bit of a lark!!* However, finding that our guide had followed the example of the Royal trespasser, we made the best of our way home—disappointed, disgusted, and cursing *Rumulia* and his owner.

You may probably laugh at us. Only come out here, and Jem swears by the powers of Moll Kelly, (and they are no joke!) that you shall see some sport, or at least *drink deep before you leave us!*

I am most particularly yours,

J. K.

THE FLOREKIN.

Florekins are amongst the non descripta, I believe, in ornithology.

A drawing can alone exhibit an adequate representation of that fine bird; it harbours in natural pastures amongst the long grass, on the extremity of lakes, and borders of swampy grounds, lying between marshy soils and the uplands. Hence its flesh seems to partake, in colour and relish, of the nature and flavour of both the wild duck and the pheasant; the colour of the flesh on the breast and wing being brown, but on the legs perfectly white, and the whole of the most delicate, juicy, and savoury flavour conceivable.

There are only three claws to its feet; the roots of the feathers of the female are of fine pink colour.

When the cock rises up, some fine black velvet feathers, which commonly lie smooth upon his head, then stand up erect, and form a tuft upon his crown and his neck.

When set by dogs, it lies close and scarcely ever rises till the fowler is so near as almost to tread upon it. The nest is made amongst the grass.

You read of them in descriptions of ancient knightly festivals of the Nevilles, Percys, Mortimers, Beauchamps, Montacutes, De Courceys, Mohuns, Courtenays, and Mowbrays, under the name, I believe, of Flanderkins; but whether they were then natives of England I am uncertain.

The height of the cock florekin of Bengal from the ground, when he stands, to the top of his back, is seventeen inches.

The height from the ground to the top of his head, when he holds it upright, is twenty-seven inches.

The length from the tip of his beak to the end of his tail is twenty-seven inches.—*From Colonel Ironside's Sketches.*

QUERIES FOR O. K.

Mr. Editor,

In reference to my friend O. K.'s second Query in his letter of November, 1829, let me suppose a case.

A and B, two black-legs, are owners of two horses; with one they win a selling purse, and C, the owner of the second horse in the race, claims him. A replies, "Take him with his engagements." Among these appears a match with Mr. B, for perhaps double his value, which he *must* lose. Query:—is the spirit of the race complied with? Or, without any roguery, suppose the owner of a horse to have imprudently matched him, is he to walk off with a 50 to ease his fall knowing that no one will stand to his horse's engagement? I conceive it to be quite

optional with the person entitled to claim whether he will allow the horse to start again. If your horse has good engagements he has no business in a race for a selling purse. If his book is bad, why are the public to lose one of the two advantages a selling purse holds out?

Yours ever,
COSEY.

CANINE DISEASES.

SIR,

Should you think the accompanying details entitled to a place in your pages you will oblige me by inserting them. Perhaps they may elicit something in answer from your more experienced contributors.

In the month of May last, a number of dogs, greyhounds and others, in this place, were attacked and carried off by a disease, which baffled all the remedies we could suggest. The first victims were a brace of English greyhounds bred in the country. The symptoms were as follows:—

1st day. Evening.—Coat staring, pustules on the back, dog eat scarce any food, a violent panting, considerable quantity of matter discharged from the nose, but the eyes clear. Gave five grains of calomel.

2nd day. Early.—Gave two tablespoonsfuls of castor oil; dog had two motions of a green colour, the eyes affected, the pustules on the back had disappeared, and the coat again fine. At night gave some coarse salt and water; dog brought up some tripe he had eaten the night before, in a swollen state and not digested, and a quantity of phlegm, and shortly afterwards had a green motion with ten or twelve tape-worms; eat nothing this day.

3rd day.—Salt and water given. Dog brought up more phlegm and had two green motions, in which 18 tape-worms, about six inches long, came away; the panting of the chest increased at mid-day —the dog very hot all over and the pulse very quick. In the evening took 13 oz. of blood, which was very hot and black, and what *the faculty* call buff, I believe. Night —gave 5 gr. calomel and 1 gr. tartar emetic, which purged the dog, of a greenish colour. The discharge of matter at the nose decreased this day.

4th day.—Gave salt and water, which produced green stools; the dog not so hot and feverish as the previous day. Palpitation of chest and heart excessive; pustules containing matter appeared on the thighs. The dog died suddenly at 8.30 a.m. Remarks: The dog was not in a weak state early in the morning, and it was hoped from his appearance that the disease had taken a favourable turn. The mouth and tongue were very foul before death.

The other dog was attacked on the evening of the day on which the former died. Not to take up too much of your room—the symptoms were much the same as above, a single worm came away in the first stage of the disease. As this dog was in good condition, and his pulse at 100, I took 15 oz. of blood on the first day and 16 oz. on the third day, and also applied blisters to the chest, the palpitation being violent as in the former case. The bowels were kept open throughout, and the dog eat broth and gunjee for the two first days. The pustules appeared on the thighs, as in the former case. This dog died on the night of the third day. He

was also in fair condition when he died.

Another greyhound died shortly afterwards; also a pointer bitch of very hardy constitution, and three or four other dogs and puppies all more or less showing the same symptoms. In the bitch's case, most violent remedies were resorted to eventually, as tobacco clysters, &c., which, though the bitch stood them, afforded no relief. She lingered some time.*

I forgot to mention that the first dog was not opened, as no competent person was at hand to examine. The second was, but no doctor was present; the lights appeared partly discoloured, and the heart was full of black blood.

While on the subject of dogs, I will mention that a little half pointer half terrier of mine voided the other day, after a dose of calomel and oil, a tape-worm four feet six inches long, and about quarter of an inch broad, in a live state. Luckily, another person was present, when it was brought for my inspection and measured as above.

I am your obt. Servt.,

TYRO.

Dharwar, 11th July, 1830.

* No disease of dogs mentioned by Blaine could be found to tally with these cases, though inflammation of the lungs appeared most like.

"A SLAP AT THE SARPENT."

Well, Mr. Editor, I have heard of many rum things on which foolish people have congratulated themselves, but to find a reader of a Sporting Magazine congratulating himself on the death of John Dockery is a species of atrocious folly of which no true sportsman could have been guilty. I have therefore no hesitation in declaring my opinion that your correspondent "Stephen" deserves burking, and regret that he has so long escaped in a country where there appears some good spears, the best *bore* any one of whom could have tickled would have been him who has no bowels of compassion. Vide list of killed page 360. But, Mr. E., I shall look to time for his condign punishment, and doubt not I shall ere long be gratified by the perusal of some such paragraph as the following in the Courier:—"*Burked*, while sneaking about the Bombproof, trying to muster courage to purchase a bit of blood, *Stephen of Malligaum*, a miserable critic and no sportsman." Let him not however flatter himself that the single-hearted honest John has departed this life; no, Mr. E., I have good reason to know that the poor fellow found it impossible to live without the lovely Phœbe and yet dreaded a leavetaking with his kind and generous master, so embarked privately; and that we shall ere long hear of his safe arrival at Tadcaster, amidst the rejoicing of his friends. Nor have I a doubt but the soft-hearted Phœbe will reward his constancy, and for ever dismiss the object of his jealousy, the redoubted Bill Bullock. As he is now, too, in easy circumstances, we may hope to hear of great doings at the wedding, and perhaps the result of a tour, if not to the Lakes, to Epsom, Newmarket, and other south country places of celebrity, furnishing a few hints to his northern countrymen and to us poor banished men of how they do the trick in the south.

. Wishing *you* every success, Mr. Editor, and the gout in both hands to *Stephen*,

I remain yours,
MISERICORDIA.

A long way from Malligaum, 13th April, 1830.

Note.—Misericordia will see by Phœbe's letter that the wedding is "past praying for," unless John lays by for the widow;—a very unlikely thing, however, with a fellow of his spirit after Phœbe's odious and insidious comparisons. —ED.

LITERATURE.

Field Sports of the North of Europe; comprised in a Personal Narrative of a Residence in Sweden and Norway in the years 1827-8. By L. Lloyd, Esq. With numerous Engravings. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

We wish—but for one thing which shall be nameless, as it would savour a little of the sordid, which we hate, detest, and execrate—we wish, but for one thing, that the *Literary Gazette* were the *Sporting Magazine;* and we wish also that we were Nimrod! Then would we do justice, with gusto, to Mr. Lloyd's trout-fishing and capercali-shooting, and wolf-trapping, and bear-hunting, and elk, hare, owl, eagle, wild-cat, badger, glutton, lynx, fox, et cetera, chasing and destroying; to the grand battues called skalls, and to all the adventures and anecdotes therewith connected;—

"Hunt all his huntings o'er again,
And with him slay the slain."

But, alas! we are only fireside instead of firelock folks; and to hunt the slipper is a more likely recreation with us than to hunt the bear. During the late hard frost, indeed, if our double-barrel (kept for the terror of thieves and burglars) had had a lock, we might, in common with our brethren of Cockney-land, have enjoyed the battues against the larks, tomtits, and other small deer in the fields and by the hedges hereabouts; but owing to the deficiency above alluded to our sporting for the season (that is to say, the unseasonable season) was prevented. We are thus, from want of recent practice, still more incompetent to compile an able and sufficient criticism on Mr. Lloyd's work; and we should hardly know which way to turn ourselves (like a bear in a skall, shot at from every side), were it not that it abounds with so many entertaining anecdotes, stories, and remarks, that, aim where we may, we cannot miss hitting something.

But though full of sporting details, we should be unjust to these volumes did we not observe that they also contain much information relative to the Scandinavian peninsula, its customs, the manners of its people, and other matters more usual in books of travel. In these respects we have seldom met with a publication of more intelligence, conveyed in a less presuming form; and we must say, in a word, that, independently of his animated descriptions of field sports, Mr. Lloyd is otherwise a very amusing and instructive author. But we will now let him speak for himself.

"I was inclined to think, that as the Scandinavian peninsula and the adjoining countries had recently been explored by so many

travellers, the generality of readers would have felt little interested in any information regarding the ordinary objects of attention that it might have been in my power to give. For these reasons I have thought it best to confine my narrative to a limited period (the season 1827-8), and mainly to sporting subjects — more particularly to the *chasse* of the bear, which, at any rate, has the charm of novelty in its favour. I have also stated many circumstances regarding the natural history of that animal, as well as of the wolf, elk, &c., together with particulars relative to the capercali, or coq du bois, and other birds, as likewise to the finny tribe common to the Scandinavian waters. These may, I trust, be interesting not only to the sportsman but to the naturalist. Rather numerous details will be found respecting the manner of destroying wild beasts in skalls; the extensive and scientific preparations for which, and the vast number of persons engaged, assume rather the appearance of a warlike armament than the chase of wild beasts. On this account, I presume, the information given will be perused with curiosity. Though the contents of the following pages are principally of a sporting nature, I have sometimes digressed, and made a few general observations respecting Sweden and Norway, and their inhabitants, which may not be altogether uninteresting to the reader. As the pursuit of the bear, during my residence abroad, was a favourite one with me, it will be found, that in addition to what fell under my own immediate observation, I have given many anecdotes relating to that animal, which, though doubtless founded on fact, are occasionally, perhaps, a little embellished. Out of these, together with the detail of my own personal adventures, a pretty good idea may be formed of Bruin when in his native wilds; and if any one of my readers should visit the Scandinavian forests for the purpose of attacking him, he will know, to a certain extent, what kind of antagonist he may expect to encounter."

This is a fair and modest account of what the book really is; and four years' residence has certainly enabled Mr. Lloyd to give us one of the best descriptions of Sweden, &c., with which the public has ever been gratified. But to the game:—Game is scarce throughout the peninsula.

"When a sportsman first visits Sweden, he would be led to imagine, from the nature of the country, that game might be very abundant; but he will soon find the contrary to be the case, for he may often walk for hours together in the finest shooting grounds imaginable, without finding a bird or other animal. For a while I was at a loss to account for this scarcity, which I knew not whether to attribute to the climate, the vermin, or other cause. But after passing some time in Sweden my wonder ceased; and it was then no longer surprising that there should be so little game (I here speak of the country generally), but that there should be any at all; as, from the constant war that is carried on against it throughout the whole year, and this in spite of the laws enacted for its preservation, one would be inclined to think game would be exterminated altogether. In the summer, and often when the birds are hardly out of their shells, the slaughter is commenced, both with traps and guns; and during the subsequent long winters, of some five or six months' duration, every device which the ingenuity of man can invent is put into

execution to destroy them. The spring of the year, however, during the period of incubation, is the most fatal to the feathered tribe; for at that time birds are, of course, more easy of approach, and they are then, at least such is the case in most parts of Swden, destroyed without mercy."

Even the bears are slain in their winter-sleep; and, in short, there seems to be no sort of security for fish, fowl, or flesh, *ferœ naturœ*, in all the land or waters of Scandinavia. The race of our friend Bruin has thus been nearly extirpated, in spite of all their saving qualities of running, walking, swimming, scratching, clawing, tearing, patting, biting, hugging, and snoozing—for indeed their persecutions appear to be what no bear could bear.

"The female bear carries her young about six months, and brings forth when in her den at the end of January, or in the course of February. The cubs, when first born, are very small; not, however, *misshapen lumps*, as it used to be said, which the mother licked into form, but bears in miniature. She has from one to four at a birth, which she suckles, according to Mr. Forsell, 'until the summer is well advanced.' Although the mother takes no nourishment during the time she continues in her den, she nevertheless preserves her condition tolerably well, and her teats furnish milk in abundance; for this reason the cubs are usually found to be very fat when they are taken in the den. Should she again be with young in the same year she does not, according to Mr. Falk, suffer her former cubs to share her den the next winter, but prepares them quarters in her neighbourhood; the succeeding summer, however, she is followed by both litters, who pass the ensuing winter all together in the mother's den. Though I cannot from personal observation verify the latter statement, I have reason to believe it is true; indeed, one of the most celebrated chasseurs in the north of Europe, an occasional companion of mine in the forest, assured me that he himself once found two distinct litters of cubs in the same den with the mother. 'She-bears,' Mr. Falk further observes, 'do not breed three years in succession; when the young are of a proper growth (which I believe is not until they are three years of age), she separates from them entirely.' The bear is a fast and good swimmer, and in hot weather bathes frequently; he climbs well, but in descending trees or precipices always comes down backwards. His sight is sharp, and senses of hearing and smelling are excellent; for these reasons, it is not often that he is to be seen. He walks with facility on his hind-legs, and in that position can bear the heaviest burdens. Indeed, Mr. Nilsson says, 'a bear has been seen walking on his hinder feet along a small tree (stock) that stretched across a river, bearing a dead horse in his fore-paws.' Though his gait is awkward, the bear can, if he pleases, as I shall by-and-by have occasion to show, go at a great pace. According to Mr. Falk, he grows to about his twentieth, and lives until his fiftieth year. The Scandinavian bear, the male at least (for the female is smaller), occasionally attains to a very great size. Indeed, I myself killed one of these animals that weighed four hundred and sixty pounds; and as this was in the winter time, when, from his stomach being contracted (which, as I have just now stated, is the

case with those animals at that season of the year), he was probably lighter by fifty or sixty pounds than he would have been during the autumnal months. Mr. Professor Nilsson states, that 'they attain to five hundred weight.' Mr. Falk, however, goes much further; for he says in his little pamphlet that he once killed a bear in a skall, 'so uncommonly large, that when slung on a pole ten men could with difficulty carry him a short distance.' He adds farther, 'His weight could not be precisely stated; but,' according to his opinion, and he had seen numbers of large and small bears, 'he weighed unflayed at least two skippunds victualic weight, or near seven hundred and fifty pounds English.' This bear, which was killed during the autumnal months, Mr. Falk described to have had so enormous a stomach as almost to resemble a cow in calf.' This animal's skull, however, which is now in my possession, is not at all remarkable in point of size. He did not die tamely; for, after receiving several balls, he dashed at the cordon of people who encompassed him on all sides, and, according to the same author, severely wounded no less than seven of them in succession. 'One of them he bit in thirty-seven different places, and so seriously in the head, that his brains were visible.' Though the people gallantly endeavoured to stop the progress of this monster, he broke through all opposition, and for the moment made his escape; very fortunately, however, a minute or two afterwards Mr. Falk succeeded in putting him *hors de combat*. Though this bear was of so enormous a size, one of Mr. Falk's under-keepers, the most celebrated chasseur in that part of the country, who saw it, and of whom I shall have occasion to speak much hereafter, assured me he himself had killed one still larger, the skin of which was, by his account, of such an extraordinary size, that I am really afraid to repeat its dimensions. He added farther, that its fat alone weighed one hundredweight, and that its *wrists* (in formation much resembling those of a human being) were of so great a thickness, that with his united hands, which were none of the smallest, he was unable to span either of them by upwards of an inch. This bear, however, he admitted, was very considerably larger than any other that he ever killed; indeed, by his account, it must have been a Daniel Lambert among his species. The powers of such animals as those of which I have just been speaking must, of course, be tremendous; and it can, therefore, readily be imagined that the inhabitants of Scandinavia have some little reason for the saying common among them, that the bear, together with the wit of one man, has the strength of ten. Some better idea of the prowess of a large bear may, however, be formed, when I state, on the authority of Mr. Falk, 'that several instances have occurred in Wermeland, within the last few years, of their climbing on to the roofs of cow-houses; these they have then torn off, and having thus gained admittance to the poor animals confined within, they slaughtered and actually carried them away by shoving, or lifting them through the aperture by which they themselves had entered.' I have heard of another bear, which, after being desperately wounded, ran at the man who fired at him, who took refuge behind a young tree; this the bear then embraced with his

arms, thinking, possibly, it was his opponent he had got hold of; he was then, however, in his last agonies, and presently fell dead to the ground, tearing up the tree by the roots in his fall."

The annexed is an illustration of the instinct of these animals:—

"As soon as the old bear heard the people advancing upon her she drove her cubs, as is usually the case when they are in danger, up into the trees, or into holes and other places of concealment, for safety. This was known from the cries of the cubs; for on these occasions the mother generally resorts to considerable violence to accomplish her purpose. She then continued her retreat.

"Frederick the First, who ruled in Sweden about a hundred years ago, was a famous bear-hunter, and the archives of the state retain authentic records of his exploits. The following are specimens, and written by M. Schönberg, the king's principal chasseur, the then Lord Maryborough of Sweden:—

"The 15th of January, 1722, I had the honour to organize this hunt (which was only one thousand six hundred paces in circumference), likewise in the parish of Tuna in Dalecarlia, in which four bears were ringed; and although, according to orders, fires were lighted behind the nets, &c., surrounding the skall-plats, yet the bears never moved out of their quarters; all the four lay quiet together in a sand-bank. Wherefore, when his majesty came to the hunt, he resolved to shoot them in the den, which was executed in the following manner:— I advanced before, carrying on my arm one of his majesty's rifles; immediately after, his majesty followed in person; after him huntsman Floton, with two rifles on his arm; and after him Colonel Lars Hierta, who had also a rifle. It was farther ordered, that a huntsman should follow fifty or sixty paces behind, with a couple of the large hounds; and that the other huntsmen should stand ready with the whole of the dogs, immediately within the nets; but that all the other attendants should remain without. When I, who went before, came so near that I could see where the bears lay, I showed them to his majesty, and presented to him his rifle. He immediately fired at one who sat himself up in the den when he saw us; which was pointed so well, that he instantly fell dead, having received the ball between the eyes. The others, notwithstanding this, never moved, but lay perfectly quiet, as if they had been dead. The huntsman, directly after the first shot, presented to his majesty one of the rifles which he carried, when the king fired a second time; and as the bears still remained quiet, the huntsman delivered to him the other rifle, and took from him the second that was discharged, when his majesty immediately fired a third shot at the bears; but even yet not one of them moved. Upon this, the king would not fire again, but ordered that in case any bear was still alive, the dogs should be set upon it, and for that purpose they were unloosed. But as the dogs did not see the bears, or know where the den was, they ran backwards and forwards within the skall-plats, until I was ordered to go to the den to see how matters stood. The bears permitted me to approach within four or five paces, when three of them sprang out, the fourth remaining dead on the spot. Two of those that sprang out had both been shot through the body, and the third was quite untouched. The two

that were wounded were taken by the dogs; but the third, which was not wounded, was driven on to his majesty's skreen, where Colonel Hierta and the other gentlemen of the suite received permission to go and shoot him, and which they accordingly did. His majesty, in the mean time, proceeded to the parsonage at Tuna, highly pleased at this extraordinary sport, and at the gratification he experienced in getting three shots at bears in their den, as it was the first time the king had an opportunity of shooting at any bear in his winter-quarters, and which also never happened again. When the hunt was over, his majesty proceeded the next day to Stockholm, and I received permission to shoot the four bears which I had reported to him were ringed in Wetmanland, and which I also did three days afterwards on my journey home. In the wood called Har, near Notbo, there lay a capital bear ringed; but as this bear, when the hunt was about half-driven, ran on the people, and severely wounded four or five men, the king ordered that all the dogs, which amounted to about sixty, should be let loose upon him, which was accordingly done, when he at once killed six or seven of them; but he was afterwards mastered by the others, so that I was enabled to give him a couple of thrusts through the body with my hanger, which, together with his life, put an end to all his fury and ferocity." The dogs, in the time of King Frederick, were, to judge by the representation of those animals at Drottningholm, of a very superior kind to what one generally sees in Sweden at the present day. They appear to have been large and powerful brutes, and are represented with spiked collars about their necks, in actual conflict with the bear. These dogs, however, were said, if I remember right, to have come from Germany or Russia. Among other anecdotes relating to Frederick the First that came to my knowledge, the following, which was obligingly furnished to me by Captain Ehrenlund, of the Swedish army, may not be altogether uninteresting; I give it in that gentleman's own words. "In the year 1737, a skall was organized near the village of Hallsta, in the parish of Tierp, in the province of Upland, at which a large bear was found and driven out of his retreat, but did not advance to the king; neither had it escaped through the line of huntsmen. The king, displeased at not getting a shot, reprimanded his ranger, or royal huntsman, Schönberg, who conducted the hunt, and insisted that no bear had been roused. In vain did Schönberg allege that several persons had seen the bear; and that he supposed the same was concealed in a hole, under a hill, which lay within the skall-plats; and he requested permission to make another attempt with his men to find him. The king, who did not accede to this proposal, set off, evidently displeased, to the residence of the clergyman in the parish of Heidunge, situated in Westmanland, about thirty miles from Tierp, in order that he might, on the following day, shoot a female bear, with two young ones which were in the neighbourhood. Schönberg, much mortified at this event, asked one of his assistants, a determined man of the name of Hillerstriom, how the king could be convinced that the bear was still remaining in the skall-plats? To which the latter answered, 'If I can get made to-night, at Ullfors forge, some iron shears (Jern-Saxar), and am fur-

nished with money to pay some strong fellows, I shall endeavour to take the bear (which is certainly to be found under the hill) alive, and convey him afterwards to Huddunge.' Schönberg, fully convinced of Hillerström's courage, consented to his wishes; and upon that drove on to Huddunge, where he had also to conduct a hunt. Hillerström, provided with the iron shears and strong ropes from the aforesaid forge, proceeded to the hill, kept watch on the bear during the night; and after several vain attempts to get him out, he daringly crept into the hole, and poked him with a long stick: upon which the bear rushed past him; but in so doing, from the narrowness of the opening, he gave him a violent squeeze. The people, however, who were placed on the outside, on his bolting from his lair, instantly pressed him down with four iron shears, which they judiciously applied to his neck and loins; and they at the same time gave him a severe blow on the forehead, with the flat or backside of an axe, which had the effect of stunning and disabling him. The bear was now bound on a sledge, and conveyed to Huddunge parsonage, where the king passed the second night, after he had shot the before mentioned three bears, and was consequently in good humour. Hillerström, before daybreak, arrived with the bear, and immediately informed Schönberg of the fortunate result of the undertaking, who requested and obtained permission to see the king as soon as he was awake. Upon which, Schönberg reported that the bear, who at the Tierp hunt had escaped into the cavern under the hill, had been taken by Hillerström, and at present lay alive, bound in the courtyard. The king, both astonished and pleased, desired Hillerström to be called in, that he might hear his account, how he had captured the bear. After which the king said to Schönberg, 'Here I present you with my watch, on condition that you give Hillerström your silver one;'—and to Hillerstrom, 'You shall be furnished with a new huntsman's uniform, and receive from my stud at Strompsholm a good horse.' After breakfast, when the king was desirous to shoot the bear, which lay in the middle of the yard, opposite the steps leading into the house (the German and Swedish huntsmen being formed on opposite sides), he gave orders that the bear should be unbound, as he wished to shoot him as he ran off; but as the order was not given to any particular huntsman, all stood still, until the king, after some moments of general silence, said to Hillerström, 'You took the bear: you will, no doubt, venture to unbind him.' As the harmony between the Swedish and German huntsmen was never particularly good, Hillerström replied, as he went up to the bear, 'The Germans might surely be able to loosen him, when the Swedes could take him.' Hillerström leisurely cut, with his hunting knife, the cords with which the bear was bound—all except one, which remained round the neck; but as he still lay quiet, Hillerström gave him a smart lash with his hunting-whip, on the hind quarters; upon which the bear sprang up, with a terrible growl, and was shot by the king ten or twelve paces from the sledge on which he had lain. The king then presented Schönberg with the rifle he had used. At the moment the bear sprang out of the sledge, several of the German huntsmen ran from their places to a little building in the vicinity; but all the Swedes stood immovable. To prove that the apprehension shown by the Germans was un-

founded, the king ordered two pigeons to be taken from the dove-cot, the one blue the other white, which should be thrown up by a German huntsman; at the same time naming which of them should be shot. The huntsman, who cast up both at the same instant, exclaimed, 'The blue, your majesty;' and immediately the king, with his rifle, shot the blue pigeon.' * *

"The king, of whom I have just narrated so many anecdotes, had a very large lion presented to him by one of the Barbary powers. There were at this time several bears kept by the butchers about the shambles in Stockholm, and his majesty, being anxious to witness a rencontre between one of these animals and the lion, ordered them to be brought into contact with each other. In the lion's den there were two apartments, into one of which the bear was introduced. On the lion, however, getting access to that animal, he found him posted in a corner; when going up to him, he gave him a slight rap with his paw, as if to see of what materials his visitor was composed. The bear not liking this kind of salutation, growled, and endeavoured to parry it. This made the lion angry; when 'with one fell swoop' with his paw, as the story goes, he laid the bear dead at his feet. It is of course idle to make a comparison between the powers of the lion and the bear, from the anecdote I have just related. I think, however, that there are bears to be found in the Scandinavian forest, that even the lord of the African deserts would find some difficulty in annihilating at a single blow."

The following are more modern anecdotes of bear-hunting, even of the present day. In 1790, a skall (that is, the surrounding of a tract by a cordon of persons, and driving all the animals, by closing in, to a centre), conducted in the usual way, led to this incident.

"One man, an old soldier, who was attached to the hallet, or stationary division of the skall, thought proper to place himself in advance of the rest in a narrow defile, through which, from his knowledge of the country, he thought it probable the bear would pass. He was right in his conjecture, for the animal soon afterwards made his appearance, and faced directly towards him. On this, he levelled and attempted to discharge his piece; but, owing to the morning being wet, the priming had got damp, and the gun missed fire. The bear was now close upon him, though it is probable that, if he had stepped to the one side, he might still have escaped; but, instead of adopting this prudent course, he attempted to drive the muzzle of his gun, to which, however, no bayonet was attached, down the throat of the enraged brute. This attack the bear parried with the skull of a fencing master; when, after wresting the gun out of the hands of the man, he quickly laid him prostrate. All might still have ended well; for the bear, after smelling at his antagonist, who was lying motionless and holding his breath, as if he had been dead, left him almost unhurt. The animal then went to the gun, which was only at two or three feet distance, and began to overhaul it with his paws. The poor soldier, however, who had brought his musket to the skall contrary to the orders of his officers, and knowing that if it was injured he should be severely punished, on seeing the apparent jeopardy in which it was placed, quietly stretched out his hand and laid hold of one end of it, the bear having it fast by the other. On observing this move, and that the man in consequence

was alive, the bear again attacked him; when seizing him with his teeth by the back of the head, as he was lying with his face to the ground, he tore off the whole of his scalp, from the nape of the neck upwards, so that it merely hung to the forehead by a strip of skin. The poor fellow, who knew that his safety depended upon his remaining motionless, kept as quiet as he was able; and the bear, without doing him much further injury, laid himself along his body. Whilst this was going forward, many of the people, and Captain Eurenius among the rest, suspecting what had happened, hastened towards the spot, and advanced within twelve or fifteen paces of the scene of action: here they found the bear still lying upon the body of the unfortunate man: sometimes the animal was occupying himself in licking the blood from his bare skull, and at others in eyeing the people:—all, however, were afraid to fire, thinking either that they might hit the man, or that, even if they killed the bear, he might in his last agonies still further mutilate the poor sufferer. In this position Captain Eurenius asserted that the soldier and the bear remained for a considerable time, until at last the latter quitted his victim and slowly began to retreat, when, a tremendous fire being opened upon him, he instantly fell dead. On hearing the shots the poor soldier jumped up, his scalp hanging over his face so as completely to blind him; when, throwing it back with his hands, he ran towards his comrades like a madman, frantically exclaiming, 'The bear, the bear!' The mischief, however, was done, and was irreparable. The only assistance he could receive was rendered to him by a surgeon, who happened to be present, and who severed the little skin which connected the scalp with the forehead, and then dressed the wound in the best manner he was able. The scalp, when separated from the head, Captain Eurenius described as exactly resembling a peruke. In one sense, the catastrophe was fortunate for the poor soldier. At this time every one in the army was obliged to wear his hair of a certain form, and he in consequence, being now without any, immediately got his discharge."

At another skall, when the bear was driven to her last resources, she, being sorely beset, "kept wheeling about from side to side to defend herself against numerous foes, several of whom she laid prostrate; and would otherwise have injured them, had not her jaw been previously fractured with a ball. Among the party was the wife of a soldier, a very powerful woman of about forty years of age, who greatly distinguished herself on this occasion. Wishing to have a share in the honours of the day, she armed herself with a stout cudgel, with which she hesitated not to give the poor bear a tremendous blow upon the head. The animal, however, did not think this treatment quite fair; and not exactly understanding the deference due to the sex, sent her heels into the place where her head ought to have been, to the no small amusement of the bystanders. Nothing daunted by what had happened, the woman caught up another stick, the former having been broken owing to the force of the blow, and again began to belabour the bear; this the beast resented, as first, by again tumbling her over. Still our Amazon was not satisfied, for laying hold of a third cudgel (the second, like the first, having

snapped in two), she renewed her attacks upon Bruin, and, in return, had to perform a third somerset in the air. The bear, being at last fairly exhausted from wounds and loss of blood, fell dead amid the shouts of her enemies."

The ferocity of the bear is shown by many tales :—

"On a Sunday afternoon, whilst two or three children were herding cattle on a Svedgefall in the forest, in the vicinity of Gras, a hamlet situated at sixteen or eighteen miles to the southward of my quarters, a large bear suddenly dashed in among them. The brute first despatched a sheep which happened to come in his way, and then a well-grown heifer: this last, in spite of the cries of the children, he then carried over a strong fence of four or five feet in height, which surrounded the Svedgefall, when, together with his prey, he was soon lost sight of in the thicket. The children now collected together the remainder of their charge, and made the best of their way to Gras, where they resided.

"Now that I am speaking of the bear's attacks upon cattle, I am reminded of an anecdote related to me by Jan Finue. The circumstance, he stated, occurred some years before, at only about twenty miles from Stjern : 'A bull was attacked in the forest by a rather small bear, when, striking his horns into his assailant, he pinned him against a tree. In this situation they were both found dead ; the bull from starvation, the bear from wounds.'"

But we must now conclude ; and that our review, from being all directed to one topic, may not be thought unbearable, we shall give a few lines touching another animal—the great horned owl, which abounds in the Scandinavian forests.

"These owls" (says Mr. Lloyd), "Doctor Mellerborg assured me, will sometimes destroy dogs. Indeed, he himself once knew an instance of the kind. He stated another circumstance showing the ferocity of these birds, which came under his immediate notice. Two men were in the forest for the purpose of gathering berries, when, one of them happening to approach near to the nest of the owl, she pounced upon him whilst he was in the act of stooping, and, fixing her talons in his back, wounded him very severely. His companion, however, was fortunately near at hand, when, catching up a stick, he lost no time in destroying the furious bird. Mr. Nilsson states that these owls not unfrequently engage in combat with the eagle himself, and that they often come off victorious. These powerful and voracious birds, that gentleman remarks, occasionally kill the fawns of the stag, roebuck, and reindeer. The largest of the birds common to the Scandinavian forests, such as the capercali, often become their prey. The hooting of these owls may often be heard during the night time in the northern forests; the sound, which is a most melancholy one, and which has given rise to many superstitions, is audible at a long distance."

And here we close, trusting that our quotations will render the author as agreeable to others as he has been to us. Of the sport, such as it is, principally treated of in these pages, he seems to have been passionately fond, and we are convinced that any young nobleman or gentleman who may wish to visit Sweden, if they had the good fortune to engage Mr. Lloyd, would have in him a most excellent and incomparable bear-leader. — *From the London Literary Gazette.*

Sketches of Bengal. By a Sportsman.

Jungle Shooting in the Rajemahâl Hills —Spotted Deer—Partridges — Civet Cat—Adventure with a *Tiger* and Wild Buffalo—Climate of Bengal—Gazelles and Jungle Fowl—Ornithology — Flying Foxes — Fishing—Wild Sow.

Monday, Oct. 1.—For some days past the towering hills of Rajemahâl had delighted our eyes on the left bank of the Ganges, and appeared the more lofty from that flat country through which we had lately passed; and, when their blue tops first rose above the distant horizon, they seemed so like the mountains of our own native land, that the view saddened even when it most delighted us; and S—, who was a genuine Welshman, grew quite pathetic upon the matter, and spouted some barbarous lines by Owen-ap-Rice-Gwynn-ap-Crw-ap-Llewllyn-ap-Cadwallador, with such patriotic energy, that my English ears did not recover it for a week afterwards. However, it was not until this morning at daybreak that the hills approached the river with a majestic sweep from the S.W.; and with ecstasy we beheld the vast forests which crowned their summits, clothed their sides, and covered a great part of the adjacent plains.

"Who's for a shot?" cried I, as standing on the flat roof of the budjrow I gazed upon the exhilarating prospect. "The jungle's too heavy!" said one—he was a lazy dog. "You'll get a fever if you shoot in the woods at this season!" cried our commandant, popping his head out of his boat's window. He was a careful old Indian; but he was a good sportsman also, and his advice was not to be sneered at. Yet the prospect of sport was too inviting to be withstood, and I put the question again—"Who's for a shot at a wild buck? Maybe some of us may be dead of cholera before the end of the damp season; so let's cut the old *Qui Hi*, and shoot whilst we can!"—"The day is a roaster—we shall be grilled to a cinder!" growled lazy-bones again. "Stay at home, then, and pray for our safe delivery!" was the reply; and, without further palaver, five of us got our things in order for the expedition.

The river was here difficult to navigate, as the manjee followed the narrow creeks which islets in this place form, and there was little danger of being left behind by the fleet.

S— and myself, being boat-companions, landed as usual together; the other party went ashore higher up the stream; and the ground was too wild and jungly for us to cross each other's place of operations.

We two mustered four dogs of the beater tribe, and four Indians, all of whom were very unwilling to go, until we armed each with a gun or pistol, which none of them would have the courage to fire off; one especially, a servant of my own, was very loth to visit these frowning forests — and I afterwards repented that I had taken him, for his blood was assuredly upon my head.

Near the river, for the breadth of perhaps 500 yards, the ground was covered with the oft-mentioned tassel-grass, which waved far above our heads, and would have been impassable but for sundry winding tracks, scarcely to be called paths, worn by wild buffaloes in their daily walks from the plain to the water. Woe to him who may encounter one in these narrow pathways! Other tracks there were of a more suspicious nature, forced apparently

by some bulky but smaller animal, through the matted grass; and we bustled smartly through this belt, for it looked a little *tigerish*. Beyond lay a plain; patches of which were under cultivation, but by far the greatest part was covered with long grass—in some places up to our middles, in others above our heads—with brakes and small coverts of grass and jungle-thorn intermixed, till they united with the almost impenetrable forest that swept down in unbroken masses from the mountains. For half a mile nothing did we see but the worthless cranes of divers species, which swarm everywhere —when, just as we had beaten a thick brake to no purpose, my mihtur shouted "*Hur'n! Hur'n!*" —"a deer! a deer!"—and a fine spotted buck was seen running from the long grass into the end of the brake. Both of us fired, but without effect.

We tried the covert diligently, and up he started again under my nose; bang, bang, went both my barrels, but mortification only was the fruit thereof. S— was a better shot, and with a brace of slugs laid him low. I congratulated S— on having killed the first bit of venison, and it was in prime condition; but "envy and malice" still rankled in my heart, and I could not help adding—"'Tis a fine buck, sure enough! but we're in the land of enchantment—I pray heaven it may not turn out to be an old woman's pig!"

"D—n the pig!" growled friend S—, and gave his *doriya* a box on the ear for having lagged behind. Black servants in India are considered as admirable safety valves, on which white gentlemen may expend the ebullition of their wrath.

My friend, though he was not without the proverbial failing of his country, was a good fellow, and one of the best shots I ever knew. This was, by chance, almost the last day we ever shot together; he was a most determined sniper, but has severely paid for his temerity: I fear that the pestilent wilds of Sohagepoor have put a stop to his proceedings for ever.

In five minutes a doe and her fawn jumped up amongst the grass; and with better luck than before, I shot her ladyship through the head, and broke her young one's leg, so that Don easily caught it.

The spotted deer of the East Indies much resembles our common fallow deer, though the spots are more regular and vivid in colour, and run into lines on the sides: the horns are small, with few tines; yet I should say that this animal is but a variety of the fallow species.

After penetrating into the heavy jungle, we soon separated; and after tearing my way through the underwood for two hours, beneath a vertical sun, and only killing a few hares and jungle-fowl, I began to backslide into my natural indolence, and with some difficulty made my way into the plain. In my walk to overtake the fleet, I was convinced of what I had suspected an hour before, that to penetrate the heavy jungle without elephants is mere folly and unnecessary exposure, and that more sport, with less trouble, is always to be found on the borders of the coverts.

The black and I had hardly cleared the woods, when a covey of sixteen partridges (the first we had seen) got up, and I managed to bring down a brace; and, following them into the long grass, reduced their number to nine.

India boasts of several kinds of partridges—the brown, the black, the long-tailed, and, I be-

lieve, another species, which it never was my fortune to meet with.

The birds shot on this day were of the first class—much larger than ours, with long pointed, light-brown feathers upon the breast; on rising they appeared as large as hen-pheasants. In the rushy belt near the Ganges, I flushed no less than nineteen wild peafowl in the course of ten minutes, but was only fortunate enough to bag a young hen. During the day we had capital sport with a civet cat, which one of the dogs put up under a bush. We baited it for half an hour; and it not only bit the dogs severely, but almost *perfumed* them into fits with its musky stench. It fell at last a victim to the intrepidity of the setter.

After a very hard day's work—not so much from the heat of the sun (which is my element) as from the inaccessible nature of the jungle thorns, which interlace each other as if on purpose to oppose sportsmen—I reached the river's bank at sunset, and, even then, had to wait for some time before the tardy budjrows made their appearance.

S— soon joined me, and we got on board, when the boats moored for the night, wondering why the other party did not arrive. We speedily were made acquainted with the reason; but, to make it more intelligible, I must commence the day's campaign with them.

They were all three cavalry-men—and two of them as gallant fox-hunters as ever topped a fence with the Duke or Colonel Berkley; but shooting was not their *forte;* and they wandered over the face of the earth till night, popping away at cranes, paddy-birds, crows, or whatever else came in their way, with the most ruthless perseverance; and for some hours skirted the deep jungles at the foot of the hills, without taking the trouble to beat them; till at length T—r, ashamed of having killed so little, hired a native to guide him into a labyrinth of the forest—his comrades declining to follow.

In a few minutes they were surprised to see T—r scamper back out of the woods, blowing and puffing at a great rate, and swearing by the immortal gods, Oriental and Occidental, that there was a tiger not forty yards off!

"Nonsense!" cried P—y; "if there had been he would not have let you off so easily."

"By Jove! I'll swear to the truth of it!" said T—r; "I saw his fawn-coloured hide as plainly as I see you! he rolled his great eyes at me, cocked up his tail, and dashed into the jungles with a loud roar!."

The native corroborated T—r's account of some large animal lurking in the bushes; he did not himself see it, but he heard the roar: and the whole party was about to retreat with speed, when a *fine bull calf* bolted out of the wood, and ran across the plain towards a cottage, *roaring* and *cocking up his tail* in the most terrible, not to say frightful, manner!!

T—r never heard the last of it. Their adventures were not yet concluded; for, as they were wading through the tall grass near the river, P—y saw a buffalo quietly lying down, and chewing the cud, amongst it. For a bit of a lark, without considering whether it was a wild or tame one, he let fly a charge of shot at the animal's rump—resolved to make up for his want of sport by bagging something *substantial*, as he termed it, at once. Up jumped the wild buffalo (for such it was), and off

ran the two fox-hunters—with such speed that they were at the water's edge in a minute; but poor T—r, being very deaf, and not quick of apprehension, was puzzled to conceive what all this turmoil was about; and the enraged buffalo was in full career against him, before he understood the unpleasantness of his situation. Before this evening I would have betted any money that Nature never intended T—r's legs to be of active service to him; I imagined them to be, like bedposts, mere passive instruments of support: but, when I saw from our budjrow the incredible speed with which they flew over the ground, I could scarcely believe my eyes, and thought that miracles would never cease!

T—r, though, had a narrow escape; the savage buffalo chased him like a devil, and must have overtaken him before he reached the river, had not most of us been eye-witnesses of his agility in distress, and with one accord fired a volley on the intruder's broad forehead, with whatever charge our guns happened to contain.

Startled at this mingled discharge of dust, partridge-shot, slugs, and bullets—though apparently unhurt—the buffalo tossed her head in the air, bellowed forth her displeasure, and stopped short, and, before we could reload, trotted sturdily back into the tassel-grass; whilst the poor dragoon spluttered through the water, threw himself head-foremost into the nearest budjrow, and cried in a lamentable novel-like tone, "Is she gone?"

Tuesday, 2nd.—Several of the party showed symptoms of yesterday's excursion, by transient fits of aguish shivering, or the low rapid pulse of incipient fever.

My servant, before mentioned, was amongst this number; and, although perfectly well on the preceding night, by the afternoon the fever (caught by wading after me through noisome woods and deep streams) had mounted to an alarming height. At 1 p.m. he brought in *tiffin*, or luncheon: I observed him stagger as he was placing a dish of curry on the table, and had I not caught him he would have fallen to the ground. My conscience told me that I was the cause of this poor fellow's illness; so I laid him on the best chintz sofa in the apartment, and sent for the doctor. But life was ebbing fast; and, although he had awoke in the morning with only a slight headache, before the sunset he had ceased to breathe.

Such are the mishaps attendant upon Indian sporting! But, however, to give the devil due, it must be owned that this season happened to be a remarkably unhealthy one in Bengal: for I should say that India, generally speaking, has by no means a bad climate for a *hot one*, were it not for that fatal epidemic the *cholera morbus*, which makes its annual rounds from province to province, like a judge on circuit, cutting off all evil-doers, and not unfrequently righteous persons also.

Towards the decline of day I landed at a village near the woods; and after beating some likely grass, plains, and jungles till nightfall, returned to the budjrow with a few brown partridges and jungle-fowl, besides a young doe of the gazelle species, which was quietly feeding with a herd in the plain of long grass when I crept up for a mile, fakir-like, on my belly, and lamed her with a bullet in the near shoulder. I wished to preserve this beautiful little antelope alive, but she was too much hurt, and I was obliged to cut her throat.

The jungle-fowl, to be found everywhere in the heavy woods,

are completely our red black-breasted game cocks in miniature, and the source from which our breed probably sprung, and was afterwards mixed with the coarser fowls of Malay and Chittagong. Before daybreak their pert bantam-like crow may repeatedly be heard as we travel through the wooded districts of India; but they do not venture far from the jungles, and are therefore difficult to come at.

Wednesday, 3rd.—Having a very lame foot, from the joint effects of a gall and mosquito-bite, I did nothing in the way of shooting but fire a few shots at alligators, as they floated lazily down the river, with their eyes and jagged tails an inch above water. Amused myself also with stuffing ornithological specimens, of which I found myself in possession of several new ones:—viz. 1. The *Beebird*, of a most beautiful green, with two long feathers in its tail, like the celebrated Boatswain or Tropic bird; short legs, of the most delicate proportions, and scarcely bigger than the large South American humming-bird, which it resembles in its shape as well as habits, being constantly on the wing to catch insects, and hovering about the crested *surput* and wild-flowers with the playfulness of a zephyr.—2. The *Jungle-Crow*, a bird of the pie genus, with a black head, neck, and breast, and reddish back, wings, and tail. On first landing in India, I saw a jungle-crow seated on a branch at some distance, and made certain that it was a *pheasant*—and indeed the first glance of this bird, when stationary, might well deceive a griff—though it is not much larger than a magpie.—3. The *Mitala*, a kind of river gull, white, with a black patch or two, red beak and legs, long pointed wings, and forked tail; about the size of a small dove: is seen constantly hovering above the Ganges, and feeds on fish, and I fear, notwithstanding its elegant shape, the floating bodies of dead men also.

Perhaps one of the most curious zoological productions of Bengal is the Flying-fox—as a large kind of bat is called. It equals an owl in size and the length of its black leathern wings, whilst its body is covered with reddish-brown hair, and its head is the very picture of a *varmint* little terrier's, with black sparkling eyes, prick-ears, and most formidable teeth. We often amused ourselves in the great avenue of Fort William, at twilight, by watching the continual combats between the bats, the crows, and the argeelas; the former coming regularly every evening to try and eject these peaceable occupants *vi et armis;* and a battle royal always ensued, when the victory was generally conceded to the overwhelming forces of the crows and argeelas, which combined against the attacks of this small but fierce band of marauders. We took part with the bats, having perhaps a fellow-feeling with their predatory habits and thirst for pillage.

Thursday, 4th.—Leg worse—very ill all the preceding night—took up my gun after breakfast, but found it wouldn't do—moralized upon the folly of imprudence and the frailty of the human body—tried out of pure friendship to dissuade S— from going ashore, but he got into the attendant *dingy* (canoe) and paddled away. Managed to hobble out and take a melancholy stroll at eve; squatted down upon a bank, and whistled "All that's bright must fade!"

Friday, 5th.—Unable to leave the sofa—watched our manjee catching fish all the morning. He was a dexterous fellow at this sport which is, I believe, peculiar to the

East Indian fisherman. In the first place, the manjee took up a long bamboo lance, pointed with several spikes, and jumped into the water without undressing—for alas! he must have skinned himself had he done so, as the lower orders of Hindostan think clothes quite superfluous articles—the offspring of pomp, vanity, and vexation. I believe they are about right. What miseries do we not endure daily in the shape of tight boots, tight breeches, tight cravats, and all the tight *et ceteras* of European costume?

Shoals of small fish had been swimming about us all the morning, with their noses above water; and with great skill the manjee darted his lance at them and generally transfixed several at each throw. They made no bad addition to our evening's meal.

Arrived early in the day at a large village, the neighbourhood of which appeared to promise sport; but, although better, I had made a vow not to shoot, and refused to accompany the rest ashore.

Whoever anchors at this village —I forget the name (unless it is Pointee)—will never forget the two picturesque islets which rise from a little cove or a bay which the Ganges forms here; they may be, perhaps, about 500 yards each in circuit, and are composed of enormous blocks of stone, from the crevices of which trees and shrubbery of every kind, from the humble aloe to the lofty palm, shoot up and overshadow the water. They are uninhabited, except by various tribes of birds, which scream and flutter round their summits in myriads; so that, their shape being conical, they may be supposed at a distance to be two enormous beehives, plumped into the water by Gog and Magog, to the horror of their inmates, the rustling of the birds' pinions sounding just like the hum of bees.

In the afternoon, a shikarree, or native sportsman, came to my budjrow, and made his salaam; telling me that the country abounded with wild-hogs and jungle-fowl, and offering to conduct me to the likeliest coverts. "Oh, my vow! oh, my foot!" I groaned—and, mustering all my fortitude, actually refused his offer. The shikarree perceived that the devil was making desperate attacks on my spirit of consistency, and said with a smile, "The jungle, Sahib, is close by; and your servant will be proud if you will ride his tattoo—so that your *Royal Highness's* foot will receive no injury." The tempter pressed me sorely; but I coolly replied, with a yawn and a lie, "Much obliged to *your Majesty*, but I do not wish to shoot—besides, my gun is not cleaned."

My rascally sirdar instantly presented the gun as clean and bright as flannel and hot water could make it.

In three minutes I was pummelling along the shikarree's scrubby old tattoo towards the jungles. On our way we beat a small plantation of sugar-canes with a dozen coolies, and roused an old wild sow. I blazed away at her hams with small shot, and fired a bullet at a quail, which rose at the same time—both, as it may be supposed, without much effect.

The shikarree grinned; but, being an older hand, did not even move the long matchlock from his shoulder, and said—"She's gone into the rushes near the *nullah*; we'll beat, if the Sahib pleases, towards each other, from end to end, and then she must give a side shot to one of us." We do so; but the cunning *su'or* again gave us the slip, by breaking through

our line, and upsetting a coolie on my starboard quarter, who shrieked and squalled as if he had been murdered.

The sun had set; and, as a tropical twilight is too brief to go hog-hunting in, I returned to the village for the night, resolved, if well enough, to land my Persian steed next morning, and, mustering more hands, to make a strong effort to bring home a genuine wild boar.

SHIKARREE.

—*From the English Sporting Magazine for April.*

THE TURF.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

This meeting was not by any means so numerously or fashionably attended as the last, notwithstanding the most inviting appearance of the list, and the extreme beauty of the weather. The average number of races per day was eight; they certainly looked well upon paper, and were no doubt interesting to the swarm of Cantabs and country-people on the Heath each afternoon; but to betting men they were singularly unattractive, not more than three or four of the stakes presenting anything like a field. The match between Clotilde and Lady Emily was one of the most complete floorers the "legs" have met with for a long time—the thing was *certain*, Lady Emily having run so badly of late, and Clotilde coming to the post with the reputation of having defeated Lucetta in the Craven week; besides, she was in the best possible condition. The calculation upon her running with Lucetta, however, was erroneous, for it was well known that the latter, like most of the horses in Pettit's stable, was not fit to run, nor, indeed, does she come out in proper time except in the October Meetings. Mr. Greville himself had so little fondness for the match, that he offered £300 forfeit in October last; this was refused, and on his going abroad a few weeks back he commissioned the Duke of Portland to pay the stake (£500 p. p.); but the Duke prudently resolved, that, as it was all the money, he might as well have a run for it. Lady Emily made all the running, and won very cleverly by a length, Clotilde stopping when near home—not, however, that she appeared like a winner at any part of the race; the result was an agreeable surprise to the "Gentlemen," who alone had taken the fives, sixes, and sevens to one, so currently offered—they were somewhat vociferous in testifying their joy in having triumphed over the Clotilde party, which was almost exclusively composed of "men of business." The Two Thousand Guineas' Stakes, like the same Stakes last year, was contested by two horses only, and again carried off by Lord Exeter, who seems to farm all the good things at Newmarket. The races does not admit of description, for Augustus had the speed of his antagonist, was never caught, and won very easy by two lengths. The event leaves Augustus where he was after the Column Stakes, as far as he is to be considered with reference to Priam; it proves, however, that the Boyces had terribly overrated their horse, for Mouse, although the finest-looking Derby horse at Newmarket, is very de-

ficient in pace—he is stout, and will probably run the distance well at Epsom, but there *speed* is also required. From the character of the betting subsequent to the race, we are induced to believe that Mouse is not to remain long in the background; the party stand very heavy upon him, and will keep him up, that they may get their money off. Augustus is something like Patron, but a finer animal, and with better action. They still assert that Mahmoud is the horse for the Derby. A good deal of uncertainty has prevailed as to The Mummer; all have been equally afraid to take or lay the odds, for it is suspected that he has been short of work, and known that if he is made fit for starting he will prove a dangerous customer. It is also certain that Sir Mark Wood has backed him to a large amount, and means to win with him if possible; towards the close of the Meeting he was backed, and is now in some favour. Brunswicker is not so fashionable as he was a few days back; he has had plenty of work lately, has improved considerably, and is a fine racing-looking nag. Little Red Rover has many friends, who fancy his strong compact figure and his running last Meeting; some of the best judges admit that if the favourites go off he may be handy, but that he is *too small*. The Derby seems now to rest between six or seven horses (not between two or three as some assert), so that the betting continues extremely favourable to those who have been making large books. For the Oakes, business has been brisker than we could have expected. Shumla, who was such a favourite in the winter, again came into the market in the course of the week, and with such force that 7 to 1 was taken freely. Her running for the Thousand Guineas drove her back with equal rapidity, Brambilla keeping company with her. Filagree would, no doubt, have become first favourite for the Oakes if she were not in the same stable as Mouche, who got into greater favour immediately after the race. It is now said that she will also go for the Derby. Several fluctuations terminated on Friday as follows:—

Derby.—3 to 1 Priam, 8 to 1 Augustus, 8 to 1 Mummer, 9 to 1 Brunswicker, 12 to 1 Little Red Rover, 12 to 1 Mahmoud, 16 to 1 Cestus, 20 to 1 Wat Tyler, 25 to 1 Mouse colt, 25 to 1 Capt. Arthur, 25 to 1 Zucharelli, 25 to 1 Brine.

Oakes.—7 to 2 Mouche, 6 to 1 Maria, 8 to 1 Charlotte West, 12 to 1 Brown Duchess, 14 to 1 Zillah, 14 to 1 Lady Blanche, 18 to 1 Brambilla, 18 to 1 Shumla.

St. Leger.—8 to 1 Raby, 8 to 1 Priam, 12 to 1 Brunswicker, 14 to 1 Lady Mowbray, 17 to 1 Hassan, 18 to 1 St. Nicholas, 20 to 1 Redstart, 20 to 1 The Barber, 25 to 1 Maria. No other mentioned.

The Duke of Grafton has sold Gondolier to Lord Tavistock for fifteen hundred guineas; this horse ran two very severe heats with Augustus in the Craven Meeting, giving 5lbs.; he has a good engagement at Goodwood. Mr. Greville's Lady Emily is sold to Mr. Forth for four hundred guineas.—*From Bell's Life in London, May 2nd*, 1830.

FANCY MELODIES.

THE MEETING OF THE FREE AND EASY.

AIR—"*There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet.*"

There is not in all London, of social resort,
A spot so renowned for grog, heavy, and port,
As the Castle, in Holborn, where gallant Tom Spring
Still musters, in myriads, the friends of the Ring.

But it is not because he is choice in his stock,
And his gin flows as bright as the stream from the rock;
Nor because I can relish a pipe of his weed,
And a pot of entire brewed by Liquorpond Reid,

That the Castle I love—'tis because I still see
Every Friday my friends of the Easy and Free;
When the song and the toast of kind feelings abound,
And care for a time in the goblet is drown'd.

In thy precincts, oh, Castle, with friends of my heart,
I could tarry all night, without wishing to start;
And, resolving together, to stick close as wax,
Our spirits would mingle like water and max.

END OF VOL. I.

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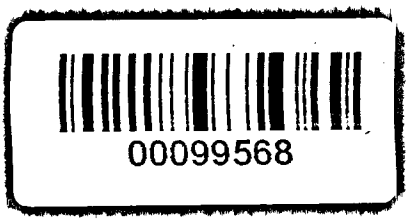
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